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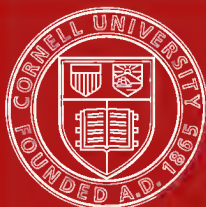


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Arrival of the Charged Figures

THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
HARRY LORREQUER,

Vol. II.



BOSTON,
LITTLE, BROWN, and COMPANY.

THE NOVELS OF CHARLES LEVER.

With an Introduction by Andrew Lang.

HARRY LORREQUER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ.

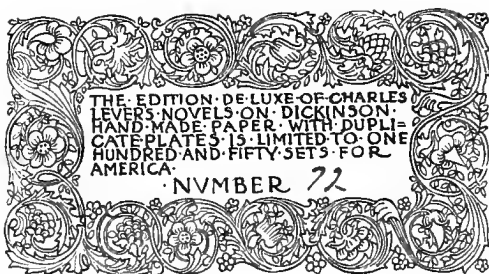
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BOSTON:
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1894.

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Arrival of the Charged Affidavits

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CHAPTER I.

THE GENDARME.

I HAD fortunately sufficient influence upon my fair friends to persuade them to leave Calais early on the morning following; and two hours before Kilkee had opened his eyes upon this mortal life we were far upon the road to Paris.

Having thus far perfectly succeeded in my plot, my spirits rose rapidly, and I made every exertion to make the road appear short to my fellow-travellers. This part of France is unfortunately deficient in any interest from scenery; large undivided tracts of waving corn-fields, with a background of apparently interminable forests, and occasionally, but rarely, the glimpse of some old time-worn château, with its pointed gable and terraced walk, are nearly all that the eye can detect in the intervals between the small towns and villages. Nothing, however, is "flat or unprofitable" to those who desire to make it otherwise; good health, good spirits, and fine weather are wonderful travelling companions, and render one tolerably independent of the charms of scenery. Every mile that separated me from Calais, and took away the chance of being overtaken, added to my gaiety, and I flatter myself that a happier party have rarely travelled that well-frequented road.

We reached Abbeville to dinner, and adjourned to the beautiful little garden of the inn for our coffee; the evening was so delightful that I proposed to walk on the Paris road until the coming up of the carriage, which required a screw, or a washer, or some such trifle, as always occurs in

French posting. To this "mamma" objected, she being tired; but added that Isabella and I might go on, and that she would take us up in half an hour. This was an arrangement so very agreeable and unlooked-for by me that I pressed Miss Bingham as far as I well could, and at last succeeded in overcoming her scruples and permitting me to shawl her. One has always a tremendous power of persuasion with the uninitiated abroad, by a reference to a standard of manners and habits totally different from our own. Thus the talismanic words, "Oh! don't be shocked; remember you are in France," did more to satisfy my young friend's mind than all I could have said for an hour. Little did she know that in England only has an unmarried young lady any liberty, and that the standard of foreign propriety on this head is far, very far, more rigid than our own.

"*La première rue à gauche,*" said an old man of whom I inquired the road. "*Et puis?*" added I.

"And then quite straight; it is a *chaussée* all the way, and you cannot mistake it."

"Now for it, mademoiselle," said I. "Let us try if we cannot see a good deal of the country before the carriage comes up."

We had soon left the town behind, and reached a beautifully shaded high-road, with blossoming fruit-trees and honeysuckle-covered cottages; there had been several light showers during the day, and the air had all the fresh, fragrant feeling of an autumn evening, so tranquillizing and calming that few there are who have not felt, at some time or other of their lives, its influence upon their minds. I fancied my fair companion did so, for as she walked beside me, her silence and the gentle pressure of her arm were far more eloquent than words.

If that extraordinary flutter and flurry of sensations which will now and then seize you when walking upon a lonely country road with a pretty girl for your companion, whose arm is linked in yours, and whose thoughts, as far as you can guess, at least, are travelling the same path with

your own, — if this be animal magnetism, or one of its phenomena, then do I swear by Mesmer. Whatever it be, delusion or otherwise, it has given me the brightest moments of my life; these are the real “winged dreams” of pleasures which outlive others of more absorbing and actual interest at the time. After all, for how many of our happiest feelings are we indebted to the weakness of our nature? The man that is wise at nineteen, *je lui en fais mes compliments*, but I assuredly do not envy him; and now, even now, when I number more years than I should like to “confess,” rather than suffer the suspicious watchfulness of age to creep on me, I prefer to “go on believing,” even though every hour of the day should show me duped and deceived. While I plead guilty to this impeachment, let me show, in mitigation, that it has its enjoyments. First, although I am the most constant and devoted man breathing, as a very cursory glance at these “Confessions” may prove, yet I have never been able to restrain myself from a propensity to make love merely as a pastime. The gambler that sits down to play cards or dice against himself may perhaps be the only person that can comprehend this tendency of mine. We both of us are playing for nothing (or love, which I suppose is synonymous), we neither of us put forth our strength; for that very reason — and in fact, like the waiter at Vauxhall, who was complimented upon the dexterity with which he poured out the lemonade, and confessed that he spent his mornings “practysing with vater,” — we pass a considerable portion of our lives in a mimic warfare which, if it seem unprofitable, is nevertheless pleasant.

After all this long tirade, need I say how our walk proceeded? We had fallen into a kind of discussion upon the singular intimacy which had so rapidly grown up between us, and which years long might have failed to engender. We attempted also to analyze the reasons for and the nature of the friendship thus so suddenly established, — a rather dangerous and difficult topic when the parties were both young, one eminently handsome, and the other dis-

posed to be most agreeable. Oh! my dear young friends of either sex, whatever your feelings be for one another, keep them to yourselves; I know of nothing half so hazardous as that "comparing of notes" which sometimes happens. Analysis is a beautiful thing in mathematics or chemistry, but it makes sad havoc when applied to the "functions of the heart."

"Mamma appears to have forgotten us," said Isabella, as she spoke, after walking for some time in silence beside me.

"Oh! depend upon it the carriage has taken all this time to repair; but are you tired?"

"Oh! by no means; the evening is delightful, but —"

"Then perhaps you are *ennuyée*," said I, half pettishly, to provoke a disclaimer, if possible. To this insidiously put query I received, as I deserved, no answer, and again we sauntered on without speaking.

"To whom does that château belong, my old friend?" said I, addressing a man on the roadside.

"To Monsieur le Marquis, sir," replied he.

"But what 's his name, though?"

"Ah! that I can't tell you," replied the man, again.

There you may perceive how, even yet, in provincial France the old respect for the aristocracy still survives. It is sufficient that the possessor of that fine place is "Monsieur le Marquis;" but any other knowledge of who he is, and what, is superfluous. "How far are we from the next village, do you know?"

"About a league."

"Indeed! Why, I thought La Scarpe was quite near us."

"Ah! you are thinking of the Amiens road."

"Yes, of course; and is not this the Amiens road?"

"Oh, no! The Amiens road lies beyond those low hills to the right. You pass the turn at the first *barrière*."

"Is it possible we could have come wrong?"

"Oh! Mr. Lorrequer, don't say so, I entreat of you."

"And what road is this, then, my friend?"

"This is the road to Albert and Péronne."

"Unfortunately, I believe he is quite right. Is there any cross-road from the village before us now to the Amiens road?"

"Yes; you can reach it about two leagues hence."

"And we can get a carriage at the inn, probably?"

"Ah! that I am not sure of. Perhaps at the Lion d'Or you may."

"But why not go back to Abbeville?"

"Oh! Mrs. Bingham must have left long since, and besides, you forget the distance; we have been walking two hours."

"Now for the village," said I as I drew my friend's arm closer within mine, and we set out in a fast walk.

Isabella seemed terribly frightened at the whole affair; what her mamma might think, and what might be her fears at not finding us on the road, and a hundred other encouraging reflections of this nature, she poured forth unceasingly. As for myself, I did not know well what to think of it, my old fondness ever for adventure being sufficiently strong in me to give a relish to anything which bore the least resemblance to one. This I now concealed, and sympathized with my fair friend upon our mishap, assuring her at the same time that there could be no doubt of our overtaking Mrs. Bingham before her arrival at Amiens.

"Ah! there is the village in the valley; how beautifully situated!"

"Oh! I can't admire anything now, Mr. Lorrequer; I am so frightened."

"But surely without cause," said I, looking tenderly beneath her bonnet.

"Is this," she answered, "nothing?" And we walked on in silence again.

On reaching the Lion d'Or we discovered that the only conveyance to be had was a species of open market-cart drawn by two horses, and in which it was necessary that my fair friend and myself should seat ourselves side by side upon straw. There was no choice; and as for Miss Bingham, I believe if an ass with panniers had presented

itself, she would have preferred it to remaining where she was. We therefore took our places, and she could not refrain from laughing as we set out upon our journey in this absurd equipage, every jolt of which threw us from side to side, and rendered every attention on my part requisite to prevent her being upset.

After about two hours' travelling we arrived at the Amiens road and stopped at the *barrière*. I immediately inquired if a carriage had passed resembling Mrs. Bingham's, and learned that it had, about an hour before, and that the lady in it had been informed that two persons, like those she asked after, had been seen in a *calèche* driving rapidly to Amiens, upon which she set out as fast as possible in pursuit.

"Certainly," said I, "the plot is thickening; but for that unlucky mistake, she might in all probability have waited here for us. Amiens is only two leagues now, so our drive will not be long, and before six o'clock we shall all be laughing over the matter as a very good joke."

On we rattled, and as the road became less frequented, and the shadows lengthened, I could not but wonder at the strange situations which the adventurous character of my life had so often involved me in. Meanwhile, my fair friend's spirits became more and more depressed, and it was not without the greatest difficulty I was enabled to support her courage. I assured her, and not altogether without reason, that though so often in my eventful career accidents were occurring which rendered it dubious and difficult to reach the goal I aimed at, yet the results had so often been more pleasant than I could have anticipated, that I always felt a kind of involuntary satisfaction at some apparent obstacle to my path, setting it down as some especial means of fortune, to heighten the pleasure awaiting me; "And now," added I, "even here, perhaps, in this very mistake of our road, the sentiments I have heard, the feelings I have given utterance to —" What I was about to say, Heaven knows, — perhaps nothing less than a downright proposal was coming; but at that critical moment a

gendarme rode up to the side of our wagon and surveyed us with the peculiarly significant scowl his order is gifted with. After trotting alongside for a few seconds he ordered the driver to halt, and, turning abruptly to us, demanded our passports. Now, our passports were at that precise moment peaceably reposing in the side-pocket of Mrs. Bingham's carriage; I, therefore, explained to the *gendarme* how we were circumstanced, and added that on arriving at Amiens the passports should be produced. To this he replied that all might be perfectly true, but he did not believe a word of it; that he had received an order for the apprehension of two English persons travelling that road; and that he should accordingly request our company back to Chantraine, the *commisnaire* of which place was his officer.

"But why not take us to Amiens?" said I; "particularly when I tell you that we can there show our passports."

"I belong to the Chantraine district," was the laconic answer; and like the gentleman who could not weep at the sermon because he belonged to another parish, this specimen of a French Dogberry would not hear reason except in his own district.

No arguments which I could think of had any effect upon him, and amid a volley of entreaty and imprecation, both equally vain, we saw ourselves turn back upon the road to Amiens, and set out at a round trot to Chantraine, on the road to Calais.

Poor Isabella, I really pitied her! Hitherto her courage had been principally sustained by the prospect of soon reaching Amiens; now there was no seeing where our adventure was to end. Besides that, actual fatigue from the wretched conveyance began to distress her, and she was scarcely able to support herself, though assisted by my arm. What a perilous position mine, — whispering consolation and comfort to a pretty girl on a lonely road, the only person near being one who comprehended nothing of the language we spoke in! Ah, how little do we know of fate, and how often do we despise circumstances that deter-

mine all our fortunes in the world! To think that a *gendarme* should have anything to do with my future lot in life, and that the real want of a passport to travel should involve the probable want of a license to marry. "Yes, it is quite in keeping," thought I, "with every step I have taken through life. I may be brought before the *maire* as a culprit, and leave him as a Benedict."

On reaching the town, we were not permitted to drive to the inn, but at once conveyed to the house of the *commis-saire*, who was also the *maire* of the district. The worthy functionary was long since in bed, and it was only after ringing violently for half an hour that a head, surmounted with a dirty cotton nightcap, peeped from an upper window, and seemed to survey the assemblage beneath with patient attention. By this time a considerable crowd had collected from the neighboring ale-houses and *cabarets*, who deemed it a most fitting occasion to honor us with the most infernal yells and shouts, as indicating their love of justice and delight in detecting knavery; and that we were both involved in such suspicion we had not long to learn. Meanwhile, the poor old *maire*, who had been an *employé* in the stormy days of the Revolution and also under Napoleon, and who fully concurred with Swift that "a crowd is a mob, if composed even of bishops," firmly believing that the uproar beneath in the street was the announcement of a new change of affairs at Paris, determined to be early in the field, and shouted, therefore, with all his lungs: "*Vive la nation! Vive la charte! A bas les autres!*" A tremendous shout of laughter saluted this exhibition of unexpected republicanism, and the poor *maire* retired from the window, having learned his mistake, covered with shame and confusion.

Before the mirth caused by this blunder had subsided, the door had opened, and we were ushered into the bureau, accompanied by the anxious crowd, all curious to know the particulars of our crime.

The *maire* soon appeared, his nightcap being replaced by a small black-velvet skull-cap, and his lanky figure envel-

oped in a tarnished silk dressing-gown; he permitted us to be seated while the *gendarme* recounted the suspicious circumstances of our travelling, and produced the order to arrest an Englishman and his wife who had arrived in one of the late Boulogne packets, and who had carried off from some banking-house money and bills to a large amount.

"I have no doubt these are the people," said the *gendarme*; "and here is the *carte descriptive*. Let us compare it: 'Forty-two or forty-three years of age.'"

"I trust, Monsieur le Maire," said I, overhearing this, "that ladies do not recognize me as so much."

"Of a pale and cadaverous aspect," continued the *gendarme*.

"Civil and complimentary, certainly," added I.

"Squints much with the left eye.' Look at Monsieur le Maire, if you please, sir," said the *gendarme*.

Upon this the old functionary, wiping his spectacles with a snuffy handkerchief, as if preparing them to examine an eclipse of the sun, regarded me fixedly for several minutes, and said, "Oh, yes, I perceive it plainly; continue the description."

"Five feet three inches,' " said the *gendarme*.

"Six feet one in England, whatever this climate may have done since."

"Speaks broken and bad French.' "

"Like a native," said I, — "at least, so said my friends in the Chaussée d'Antin in the year fifteen."

Here the catalogue ended, and a short conference between the *maire* and the *gendarme* ensued, which ended in our being committed for examination on the morrow; meanwhile, we were to remain at the inn under the surveillance of the *gendarme*.

On reaching the inn my poor friend was so completely exhausted that she at once retired to her room, and I proceeded to fulfil a promise I had made her to despatch a note to Mrs. Bingham at Amiens by a special messenger, acquainting her with all our mishaps and requesting her to come or send to our assistance. This done, and a good

supper smoking before me, of which, with difficulty, I persuaded Isabella to partake in her own room, I again regained my equanimity, and felt once more at ease.

The *gendarme* in whose guardianship I had been left was a fine specimen of his caste, — a large and powerfully built man of about fifty, with an enormous beard of grizzly brown and gray hair, meeting above and beneath his nether lip; his eyebrows were heavy and beetling, and nearly concealed his sharp gray eyes, while a deep sabre-wound had left upon his cheek a long white scar, giving a most warlike and ferocious look to his features.

As he sat apart from me for some time, silent and motionless, I could not help imagining in how many a hard-fought day he had borne a part, for he evidently, from his age and bearing, had been one of the soldiers of the Empire. I invited him to partake of my bottle of Médoc, by which he seemed flattered. When the flask became low, and was replaced by another, he appeared to have lost much of his constrained air, and seemed forgetting rapidly the suspicious circumstances which he supposed attached to me, waxed wondrous confidential and communicative, condescending to impart some traits of a life which was not without its vicissitudes, for he had been, as I suspected, one of the “Garde,” — the old Garde, — was wounded at Marengo, and received his decoration on the field of Wagram from the hands of the Emperor himself. The headlong enthusiasm of attachment to Napoleon which his brief and stormy career elicited, even from those who suffered long and deeply in his behalf, is not one of the least singular circumstances which this portion of history displays. While the rigors of the conscription had invaded every family in France, from Normandy to La Vendée; while the untilled fields, the ruined granaries, the half-deserted villages, all attested the depopulation of the land, — those talismanic words, *l'Empereur et la Gloire*, by some magic mechanism seemed all-sufficient, not only to repress regret and suffering, but even stimulate pride and nourish valor; and even yet, when it might be supposed

that, like the brilliant spectacle of a magic lantern, the gaudy pageant had passed away, leaving only the darkness and desolation behind it, the memory of those days under the Empire survives untarnished and unimpaired, and every sacrifice of friends or fortune is accounted but little in the balance when the honor of *la belle France* and the triumphs of the *grande armée* are weighed against them. The infatuated and enthusiastic followers of this great man would seem, in some respects, to resemble the drunkard in the *vaudeville*, who alleged as his excuse for drinking, that whenever he was sober, his poverty disgusted him. "My cabin," said he, "is a cell, my wife a mass of old rags, my child a wretched object of misery and malady. But give me brandy, let me only have that, and then my hut is a palace, my wife is a princess, and my child the very picture of health and happiness." So with these people, — intoxicated with the triumphs of their nation, *tête montée* with victory, they cannot exist in the horror of sobriety which peace necessarily enforces; and whenever the subject turns in conversation upon the distresses of the time or the evil prospects of the country, they call out, not, like the drunkard, for brandy, but in the same spirit they say, "Ah, if you would again see France flourishing and happy, let us once more have our *croix d'honneur*, our epaulets, our voluntary contributions, our Murillos, our Velasquez, our spoils from Venice, and our increased territories to rule over." This is the language of the Bonapartist everywhere and at all seasons; and the mass of the nation is wonderfully disposed to participate in the sentiment. The Empire was the "Æneid" of the nation, and Napoleon the only hero they could believe in. You may satisfy yourself of this easily. Every *café* will give evidence of it, every society bears testimony to it, and even the most wretched *vaudeville*, however trivial the interest, however meagre the story and poor the diction, let the Emperor but have his *rôle*, let him be as laconic as possible, carry his hands behind his back, wear the well-known low cocked hat and the *redingote grise*, the success is certain, every sentence he

utters is applauded, and not a single allusion to the Pyramids, the sun of Austerlitz, *la gloire, et la Vieille Garde*, but is sure to bring down thunders of acclamation. But I am forgetting myself, and perhaps my reader too; the conversation of the old *gendarme* accidentally led me into reflections like these, and he was well calculated in many ways to call them forth. His devoted attachment, his personal love of the Emperor, of which he gave me some touching instances, was admirably illustrated by an incident which I am inclined to tell, and hope it may amuse the reader as much as it did myself on hearing it.

When Napoleon had taken possession of the papal dominions, as he virtually did, and carried off the pope, Pius VI., to Paris, this old soldier, then a musketeer in the Garde, formed part of the company that mounted guard over the holy father. During the earlier months of the holy father's confinement he was at liberty to leave his apartments at any hour he pleased, and cross the courtyard of the palace to the chapel where he performed mass. At such moments the portion of the Imperial Guard then on duty stood under arms, and received from the august hand of the pope his benediction as he passed. But one morning a hasty express arrived from the Tuileries, and the officer on duty communicated his instructions to his party that the apostolic vicar was not to be permitted to pass, as heretofore, to the chapel, and that a most rigid superintendence was to be exercised over his movements. My poor companion had his turn for duty on that ill-starred day; he had not been long at his post when the sound of footsteps was heard approaching, and he soon saw the procession, which always attended the holy father to his devotions, advancing towards him. He immediately placed himself across the passage, and with his musket in rest, barred the exit, declaring at the same time that such were his orders. In vain the priests who formed the *cortège* addressed themselves to his heart and spoke to his feelings, and at last, finding little success by these methods, explained to him the mortal sin and crime, for which eter-

nal damnation itself might not be a too heavy retribution, if he persisted in preventing his Holiness to pass, and thus be the means of opposing an obstacle to the head of the whole Catholic Church from celebrating the mass. The soldier remained firm and unmoved, the only answer he returned being that he had his orders, and dared not disobey them. The pope, however, persisted in his resolution, and endeavored to get by, when the hardy veteran retreated a step, and placing his musket and bayonet at the charge, called out, "*Au nom de l'Empereur*," when the pious party at last yielded, and slowly retired within the palace.

Not many days after, this severe restriction was recalled, and once more the father was permitted to go to and from the chapel of the palace at such times as he pleased, and again, as before, in passing the corridor, the guards presented arms and received the holy benediction, — all except one; upon him the head of the Church frowned severely and turned his back, while extending his pious hands towards the others. "And yet," said the poor fellow, in concluding his story, — "and yet I could not have done otherwise. I had my orders, and must have followed them; and had the Emperor commanded it, I should have run my bayonet through the body of the holy father himself.

"Thus you see, my dear sir, how I have loved the Emperor, for I have many a day stood under fire for him in this world, *et il faut que j'aime encore au feu pour lui après ma mort*."

He received in good part the consolations I offered him on this head; but I plainly saw they did not, could not, relieve his mind from the horrible conviction he lay under, — that his soul's safety forever had been bartered for his attachment to the Emperor.

This story had brought us to the end of the third bottle of Médoc; and as I was neither the pope, nor had any very decided intentions of saying mass, he offered no obstacle to my retiring for the night and betaking myself to my bed.

CHAPTER II.

THE INN AT CHANTRAINE.

WHEN contrasted with the comforts of an English bedroom in a good hotel, how miserably short does the appearance of a French one fall in the estimation of the tired traveller! In exchange for the carpeted floor, the well-curtained windows, the richly-tapestried bed, the well-cushioned armchair, and the innumerable other luxuries which await him, he has nought but a narrow, uncurtained bed, a bare floor (occasionally a flagged one), three hard cane-bottomed chairs, and a looking-glass which may convey an idea of how you would look under the combined influence of the cholera and a stroke of apoplexy, one half of your face being twice the length of the other, and the entire of it of a bluish-green tint, — pretty enough in one of Turner's landscapes, but not at all becoming when applied to the "human face divine." Let no late arrival from the Continent contradict me here by his late experiences, which a stray twenty pounds and the railroads (confound them for the same!) have enabled him to acquire. I speak of matters before it occurred to all Charing Cross and Cheapside to "take the water" between Dover and Calais, and inundate the world with the wit of the Cider Cellars and the Hole in the Wall. No! In the days I write of, the travelled were of another genus, and you might dine at Véry's, or have your box at *Les Italiens*, without being dunned by your tailor at the one, or confronted with your washerwoman at the other. Perhaps I have written all this in the spite and malice of a man who feels that his sovereign only goes half as far now as heretofore, and attributes all his diminished enjoyments and restricted luxuries to the unceasing current of his country-

men, whom fate and the law of imprisonment for debt impel hither. Whether I am so far guilty or not, is not now the question; suffice it to say that Harry Lorrequer, for reasons best known to himself, lives abroad, where he will be most happy to see any of his old and former friends who take his quarters *en route*; and in the words of a bellicose brother of the pen, but in a far different spirit, he would add "that any person who feels himself here alluded to may learn the author's address at his publisher's." "Now let us go back to our muttons," as Barney Coyle used to say in the Dublin Library formerly, — for Barney was fond of French allusions, which occasionally, too, he gave in their own tongue; as once describing an interview with Lord Cloncurry, in which he broke off suddenly the conference, adding, "I told him I never could consent to such a proposition, and putting my *château* (*chapeau*) on my head, I left the house at once."

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning as, accompanied by the waiter, who, like others of his tribe, had become a kind of somnambulist *ex officio*, I wended my way up one flight of stairs, and down another, along a narrow corridor, down two steps, through an ante-chamber, and into another corridor to No. 82, my habitation for the night. Why I should have been so far conducted from the habitable portion of the house I had spent my evening in, I leave the learned in such matters to explain; as for me, I have ever remarked it, while asking for a chamber in a large, roomy hotel, the singular pride with which you are ushered up grand staircases, down passages, through corridors, and up narrow back flights till the blue sky is seen through the skylight, to No. 199, "the only spare bedroom in the house," while the silence and desolation of the whole establishment would seem to imply far otherwise, — the only evidence of occupation being a pair of dirty Wellingtons at the door of No. 7.

"Well, we have arrived at last," said I, drawing a deep sigh as I threw myself upon a rickety chair and surveyed rapidly my meagre-looking apartment.

"Yes, this is Monsieur's chamber," said the waiter, with a very peculiar look, half servile, half droll. "*Madame couche No. 28.*"

"Very well, good night!" said I, closing the door hastily, and not liking the further scrutiny of the fellow's eye as he fastened it on me, as if to search what precise degree of relationship existed between myself and my fair friend, whom he had called "madame" purposely to elicit an observation from me. "Ten to one, though," said I, as I undressed myself, "but they think she is my wife. How good! But again — Ay, it is very possible, considering we are in France. *Numéro vingt-huit*, — quite far enough from this part of the house, I should suppose, from my number. That old *gendarme* was a fine fellow. What strong attachment to Napoleon! and the story of the pope, — I hope I may remember *that*. Isabella, poor girl, this adventure must really distress her, — hope she is not crying over it. What a devil of a hard bed! — and it is not five feet long, too. And bless my soul, is this all by way of covering? Why, I shall be perished here! Oh! I must certainly put all my clothes over me in addition; unfortunately there is no hearth-rug. Well, there is no help for it now, so let me try to sleep, — *numéro vingt-huit.*"

How long I remained in a kind of uneasy, fitful slumber, I cannot tell; but I awoke shivering with cold, puzzled to tell where I was, and my brain addled with the broken fragments of half-a-dozen dreams, all mingling and mixing themselves with the unpleasant realities of my situation. "What an infernal contrivance for a bed," thought I, as my head came thump against the top, while my legs projected far beyond the foot-rail, the miserable portion of clothing over me at the same time being only sufficient to temper the night air, which in autumn is occasionally severe and cutting. "This will never do. I must ring the bell and rouse the house, if only to get a fire, if they don't possess such a thing as blankets." I immediately rose, and groping my way along the wall, endeavored to discover the bell, but in vain; and for the same satisfactory reason that Von

Troil did not devote one chapter of his work on Iceland to "snakes," — because there were none such there. What was now to be done? About the geography of my present abode I knew, perhaps, as much as the public at large know about the Coppermine River and Behring's Straits. The world, it was true, was before me, "where to choose," — admirable things for an epic, but decidedly an unfortunate circumstance for a very cold gentleman in search of a blanket. Thus thinking, I opened the door of my chamber, and not in any way resolved how I should proceed, I stepped forth into the long corridor, which was dark as midnight itself.

Tracing my path along the wall, I soon reached a door, which I in vain attempted to open; in another moment I found another and another, each of which was locked. Thus along the entire corridor I felt my way, making every effort to discover where any of the people of the house might have concealed themselves, but without success. What was to be done now? It was of no use to go back to my late abode, and find it comfortless as I left it, so I resolved to proceed in my search; by this time I had arrived at the top of a small flight of stairs which I remembered having come up, and which led to another long passage similar to the one I had explored, but running in a transverse direction; down this I now crept and reached the landing, along the wall of which I was guided by my hand, as well for safety as to discover the architrave of some friendly door where the inhabitant might be sufficiently Samaritan to lend some portion of his bedclothes. Door after door followed in succession along this confounded passage, which I began to think as long as the gallery of the lower one; at last, however, just as my heart was sinking within me from disappointment, the handle of a lock turned, and I found myself inside a chamber. How was I now to proceed? For if this apartment did not contain any of the people of the hotel, I had but a sorry excuse for disturbing the repose of any traveller who might have been more fortunate than myself in the article of blankets. To go back, however, would be absurd, having

already taken so much trouble to find out a room that was inhabited, — for that such was the case, a short, thick snore assured me, — so that my resolve was at once made to waken the sleeper and endeavor to interest him in my destitute situation. I accordingly approached the place where the nasal sounds seemed to issue from, and soon reached the post of a bed. I waited for an instant, and then began, —

“Monsieur, voulez-vous bien me permettre —”

“As to short whist, I never could make it out, so there is an end of it,” said my unknown friend, in a low, husky voice, which, strangely enough, was not totally unfamiliar to me; but when or how I had heard it before I could not then think.

“Well,” thought I, “he is an Englishman, at all events, so I hope his patriotism may forgive my intrusion; so here goes once more to rouse him, though he seems a confoundedly heavy sleeper. — I beg your pardon, sir, but unfortunately, in a point like the present, perhaps —”

“Well, do you mark the points, and I’ll score the rubber,” said he.

“The devil take the gambling fellow’s dreaming!” thought I, raising my voice at the same time. “Perhaps a cold night, sir, may suffice as my apology.”

“Cold? Oh, ay! put a hot poker in it,” muttered he; “a hot poker, a little sugar, and a spice of nutmeg, — nothing else, — then it’s delicious.”

“Upon my soul, this is too bad,” said I to myself. “Let us see what shaking will do. — Sir, sir, I shall feel obliged by —”

“Well, then, don’t shake me, and I’ll tell you where I hid the cigars, — they are under my straw hat in the window.”

“Well, really,” thought I, “if this gentleman’s confessions were of an interesting nature, this might be good fun; but as the night is cold, I must shorten the *séance*, so here goes for one effort more. — If, sir, you could kindly spare me even a small portion of your bed-clothes —”

"No, thank you, no more wine, but I'll sing with pleasure;" and here the wretch, in something like the voice of a frog with the quinsy, began: "'I'd mourn the hopes that leave me.'"

"You shall mourn something else for the same reason," said I, as, losing all patience, I seized quilt and blankets by the corner, and with one vigorous pull wrenched them from the bed and darted from the room. In a second I was in the corridor, trailing my spoil behind, which in my haste I had not time to collect in a bundle. I flew rather than ran along the passage, reached the stairs, and in another minute had gained the second gallery, but not before I heard the slam of a door behind me, and the same instant the footsteps of a person running along the corridor, who could be no other than my pursuer, effectually aroused by my last appeal to his charity. I darted along the dark and narrow passage, but soon to my horror discovered that I must have passed the door of my chamber; for I had reached the foot of a narrow back stair which led to the *grenier* and the servants' rooms, beneath the roof. To turn now would only have led me plump in the face of my injured countryman, of whose thew and sinew I was perfectly ignorant, and did not much like to venture upon. There was little time for reflection, for he had just reached the top of the stair, and was evidently listening for some clew to guide him on; stealthily and silently, and scarcely drawing breath, I mounted the narrow stairs step by step, but before I had arrived at the landing, he heard the rustle of the bedclothes and again gave chase. There was something in the unrelenting ardor of his pursuit which suggested to my mind the idea of a most uncompromising foe; and as fear added speed to my steps, I dashed along beneath the low-roofed passage, wondering what chance of escape might yet present itself. Just at this instant the hand by which I had guided myself along the wall touched the handle of a door, I turned it, it opened, I drew in my precious bundle, and closing the door noiselessly, sat down, breathless and still, upon the floor.

Scarcely was this, the work of a second, accomplished, when the heavy tread of my pursuer resounded on the floor.

"Upon my conscience it's strange if I haven't you now, my friend," said he; "you're in a *cul-de-sac* here, as they say, if I know anything of the house; and faith, I'll make a salad of you when I get you, that's all. Devil a dirtier trick ever I heard tell of."

Need I say these words had the true smack of an Irish accent?—which circumstance, from whatever cause, did not by any means tend to assuage my fears in the event of discovery.

However, from such a misfortune my good genius now delivered me; for after, traversing the passage to the end, he at last discovered another, which led by a long flight to the second story, down which he proceeded, venting at every step his determination for vengeance, and his resolution not to desist from the pursuit if it took the entire night for it.

"Well now," thought I, "as he will scarcely venture up here again, and as I may, by leaving this, be only incurring the risk of encountering him, my best plan is to stay where I am, if it be possible." With this intent, I proceeded to explore the apartment, which from its perfect stillness I concluded to be unoccupied. After some few minutes' groping I reached a low bed, fortunately empty; and although the touch of the bedclothes led to no very favorable augury of its neatness or elegance, there was little choice at this moment, so I rolled myself up in my recent booty and resolved to wait patiently for daybreak to regain my apartment.

As always happens in such circumstances, sleep came on unawares, — so, at least, every one's experience, I am sure, can testify, that if you are forced to wake early to start by some morning coach, and that unfortunately you have not got to bed till late at night, the chances are ten to one that you get no sleep whatever, simply because you are desirous of it; but make up your mind ever so resolutely that you'll not slumber, and whether your determination be built on

motives of propriety, duty, convenience, or health, the chances are just as strong that you are sound and snoring before ten minutes.

How many a man has found it impossible, with every effort of his heart and brain aiding his good wishes, to sit with unclosed eyes and ears through a dull sermon in the dog-days! How many an expectant, longing heir has yielded to the drowsy influence when endeavoring to look contrite under the severe correction of a lecture on extravagance from his uncle! Who has not felt the irresistible tendency to "drop off" in the half-hour before dinner at a stupid country-house? I need not catalogue the thousand other situations in life infinitely more "sleep-compelling" than morphine; for myself, my pleasantest and soundest moments of perfect forgetfulness of this dreary world and all its cares have been taken on an oaken bench, seated bolt upright, and *vis-à-vis* a lecturer on botany, whose calming accents, united with the softened light of an autumnal day, piercing its difficult rays through the narrow and cobwebbed windows, the odor of the recent plants and flowers aiding and abetting, all combined to steep the soul in sleep, and you sank by imperceptible and gradual steps into that state of easy slumber in which "come no dreams," and the last sounds of the lecturer's "hypogenous and perigenous" died away, becoming beautifully less, till your senses sank into rest, the syllable "rigging us—rigging us," seeming to melt away in the distance and fade from your memory. Peace be with you, Dr. A.! If I owe gratitude anywhere, I have my debt with you. The very memory I bear of you has saved me no inconsiderable sum in hop and henbane. Without any assistance from the sciences on the present occasion, I was soon asleep, and woke not till the cracking of whips and trampling of horses' feet on the pavement of the coach-yard apprised me that the world had risen to its daily labor, and that so ought I. From the short survey of my present chamber which I took on waking, I conjectured it must have been the den of some of the servants of the house upon occasion. Two low truckle-beds of the meanest

description lay along the wall opposite to mine; one of them appeared to have been slept in during the past night, but by what species of animal the Fates alone can tell. An old demi-peak saddle capped and tipped with brass, some rusty bits and stray stirrup-irons, lay here and there upon the floor; while upon a species of clothes-rack, attached to a rafter, hung a tarnished suit of postilion's livery, cap, jacket, leathers, and jack-boots, all ready for use, and evidently, from their arrangement, supposed by the owner to be a rather creditable "turn out."

I turned over these singular habiliments with much of the curiosity with which an antiquary would survey a suit of chain-armor; the long epaulets of yellow cotton cord, the heavy belt with its brass buckle, the cumbrous boots, plaited and bound with iron-like churns, were in rather a ludicrous contrast to the equipment of our light and jockey-like boys, in nankeen jackets and neat tops, that spin along over our level "Macadam."

"But," thought I, "it is full time I should get back to No. 82 and make my appearance below stairs;" though in what part of the building my room lay, and how I was to reach it without my clothes, I had not the slightest idea. A blanket is an exceedingly comfortable article of wearing apparel when in bed, but as a walking costume is by no means convenient or appropriate; while as to making a *sortie en sauvage*, however appropriate during the night, there were many serious objections if done in broad day, and with the whole establishment awake and active. The noise of mopping, scrubbing, and polishing, which is eternally going forward in a foreign inn, amply testified there was nothing which I could adopt in my present naked and forlorn condition save the uncouth and ridiculous dress of the postilion; and I need not say the thought of so doing presented nothing agreeable. I looked from the narrow window out upon the tiled roof, but without any prospect of being heard if I called ever so loudly.

The infernal noise of floor-cleansing, assisted by a Norman peasant's *chanson du pays*, the "time" being well

marked by her heavy sabots, gave even less chance to me within; so that after more than half an hour passed in weighing difficulties and canvassing plans, I determined upon donning "the blue and yellow" and setting out for my own room without delay, hoping sincerely that, with proper precaution, I should be able to reach it unseen and unobserved.

As I laid but little stress upon the figure I should make in my new habiliments, it did not cause me much mortification to find that the clothes were considerably too small, the jacket scarcely coming beneath my arms, and the sleeves being so short that my hands and wrists projected beyond the cuffs like two enormous claws; the leathers were also limited in their length, and when drawn up to a proper height, permitted my knees to be seen beneath, like the short costume of a Spanish *torreador*, but scarcely as graceful. Not wishing to encumber myself in the heavy and noisy masses of wood, iron, and leather they call *les bottes fortes*, I slipped my feet into my slippers and stole gently from the room. How I must have looked at the moment, I leave my reader to guess, as with anxious and stealthy pace I crept along the low gallery that led to the narrow staircase, down which I proceeded step by step; but just as I reached the bottom, perceived, a little distance from me, with her back turned towards me, a short, squat peasant on her knees belaboring with a brush the well-waxed floor. To pass, therefore, unobserved was impossible, so that I did not hesitate to address her, and endeavor to interest her in my behalf and enlist her as my guide.

"*Bon jour, ma chère,*" said I, in a soft, insinuating tone. She did not hear me, so I repeated, "*Bon jour, ma chère, bon jour.*"

Upon this she turned round, and looking fixedly at me for a second, called out in a thick patois, "*Ah, bon Dieu, qu'il est drôle comme ça, François! Mais ce n'est pas François!*" Saying which, she sprang from her kneeling position to her feet, and with a speed that her shape and

sabots seemed little to promise, rushed down the stairs as if she had seen the devil-himself.

"Why, what is the matter with the woman?" said I. "Surely, if I am not François, — which, God be thanked, is true, — yet I cannot look so frightful as all this would imply." I had not much time given me for consideration now, for before I had well deciphered the number over a door before me, the loud noise of several voices on the floor beneath attracted my attention, and the moment after, the heavy tramp of feet followed, and in an instant the gallery was thronged by the men and women of the house, — waiters, ostlers, cooks, scullions, *filles de chambre*, mingled with *gendarmes*, peasants, and townspeople, — all eagerly forcing their way upstairs; yet all, on arriving at the landing-place, seemed disposed to keep at a respectful distance, and bundled themselves at one end of the corridor, while I, feelingly alive to the ridiculous appearance I made, occupied the other. The gravity with which they seemed at first disposed to regard me soon gave way, and peal after peal of laughter broke out, and young and old, men and women, even to the most severe *gendarmes*, all appeared incapable of controlling the desire for merriment my most singular figure inspired. And unfortunately this emotion seemed to promise no very speedy conclusion; for the jokes and witticisms made upon my appearance threatened to renew the festivities *ad libitum*.

"*Regardez donc ses épaules*," said one.

"*Ah, mon Dieu! Il me fait l'idée d'une grenouille avec ses jambes jaunes*," cried another.

"*Il vaut son pesant de fromage pour un vaudeville*," said the director of the strolling theatre of the place. "I'll give seventy francs a week *d'appointements*, and Scribe shall write a piece expressly for himself, if he'll take it."

"May the devil fly away with your grinning baboon faces!" said I, as I rushed up the stairs again, pursued by the mob at full cry. Scarcely, however, had I reached the top step when the rough hand of the *gendarme* seized me by the shoulder, while he said in a low, husky voice,



L'entr'acte au Festin

"*C'est inutile, monsieur*, you cannot escape. The thing was well contrived, it is true; but the *gendarmes* of France are not easily outwitted, and you could not have long avoided detection, even in that dress." It was my turn to laugh now, which, to their very great amazement, I did, loud and long. That I should have thought my present costume could ever have been the means of screening me from observation, however it might have been calculated to attract it, was rather too absurd a supposition even for the mayor of a village to entertain; besides, it only now occurred to me that I was figuring in the character of a prisoner. The continued peals of laughing which this mistake on their part elicited from me seemed to afford but slight pleasure to my captor, who gruffly said, —

"When you have done amusing yourself, *mon ami*, perhaps you will do us the favor to come before the mayor."

"Certainly," I replied; "but you will first permit me to resume my own clothes. I am quite sick of masquerading *en postillon*."

"Not so fast, my friend," said the suspicious old follower of Fouché, — "not so fast; it is but right the *maire* should see you in the disguise you attempted your escape in. It must be especially mentioned in the *procès-verbal*."

"Well, this is becoming too ludicrous," said I. "It need not take five minutes to satisfy you why, how, and where I put on these confounded rags —"

"Then tell it to the *maire*, at the bureau."

"But for that purpose it is not necessary I should be conducted through the streets in broad day, to be laughed at. No, positively, I'll not go. In my own dress I'll accompany you with pleasure."

"Victor, Henri, Guillaume!" said the *gendarme*, addressing his companions, who immediately closed round me. "You see," added he, "there is no use in resisting."

Need I recount my own shame and ineffable disgrace? Alas! it is too, too true. Harry Lorrequer — whom Stultz entreated to wear his coats, the ornament of Hyde Park, the last appeal in dress, fashion, and equipage — was

obliged to parade through the mob of a market-town in France, with four *gendarmes* for his companions, and he himself habited in a mongrel character, half postilion, half Delaware Indian. The incessant yells of laughter, the screams of the children, and the outpouring of every species of sarcasm and ridicule at my expense were not all; for as I emerged from the inn-door I saw Isabella in the window. Her eyes were red with weeping, but no sooner had she beheld me than she broke out into a fit of laughter that was audible even in the street.

Rage had now taken such a hold upon me that I forgot my ridiculous appearance in my thirst for vengeance. I marched on through the grinning crowd with the step of a martyr. I suppose my heroic bearing and warlike deportment must have heightened the drollery of the scene, for the devils only laughed the more. The bureau of the *maire* could not contain one tenth of the anxious and curious individuals who thronged the entrance, and for about twenty minutes the whole efforts of the *gendarmes* were little enough to keep order and maintain silence. At length the *maire* made his appearance; and accustomed as he had been for a long life to scenes of an absurd and extraordinary nature, yet the ridicule of my look and costume was too much, and he laughed outright. This was of course the signal for renewed mirth from the crowd, while those without doors, infected by the example, took up the jest, and I had the pleasure of a short calculation, *à la Babbage*, of how many maxillary jaws were at that same moment wagging at my expense.

However, the examination commenced; and I at length obtained an opportunity of explaining under what circumstances I had left my room, and how and why I had been induced to don this confounded cause of all my misery.

"This may be very true," said the mayor, "as it is very plausible, if you have evidence to prove what you have stated —"

"If it's evidence only is wanting, Mr. Maire, I'll confirm one part of the story," said a voice in the crowd, in an

accent and tone that assured me the speaker was the injured proprietor of the stolen blankets. I turned round hastily to look at my victim, and what was my surprise to recognize a very old Dublin acquaintance, Mr. Arthur O'Leary.

"Good morning, Mr. Lorrequer," said he. "This is mighty like our old practices in College Green; but upon my conscience the *maire* has the advantage of Gabbet. It's lucky for you I know his worship, as we'd call him at home, or this might be a serious business. Nothing would persuade them that you were not Lucien Bonaparte, or the Iron Mask, or something of that sort, if they took it into their heads."

Mr. O'Leary was as good as his word. In a species of French that I'd venture to say would be perfectly intelligible in Mullingar, he contrived to explain to the *maire* that I was neither a runaway nor a swindler, but a very old friend of his, and consequently most respectable. The official was now as profuse of his civilities as he had before been of his suspicions, and most hospitably pressed us to stay for breakfast. This, for many reasons, I was obliged to decline, — not the least of which was my impatience to get out of my present costume. We accordingly procured a carriage and I returned to the hotel, screened from the gaze but still accompanied by the shouts of the mob, who evidently took a most lively interest in the entire proceeding.

I lost no time in changing my costume, and was about to descend to the salon, when the master of the house came to inform me that Mrs. Bingham's courier had arrived with the carriage, and that she expected us at Amiens as soon as possible.

"That is all right. Now, Mr. O'Leary, I must pray you to forgive the liberty I have taken with you, and also permit me to defer the explanation of many circumstances which seem at present strange, till —"

"Till *sine die*, if the story be a long one, my dear sir. There's nothing I hate so much, except cold punch."

"You are going to Paris," said I, "is it not so?"

"Yes, I'm thinking of it. I was up at Trolhatten, in Norway, three weeks ago, and I was obliged to leave it hastily, for I've an appointment with a friend in Geneva."

"Then how do you travel?"

"On foot, just as you see, except that I have a tobacco-bag upstairs and an umbrella."

"Light equipment, certainly; but you must allow me to give you a set down as far as Amiens, and also to present you to my friends there."

To this Mr. O'Leary made no objection; and as Miss Bingham could not bear any delay, in her anxiety to join her mother, we set out at once, — the only thing to mar my full enjoyment at the moment being the sight of the identical vestments I had so lately figured in, bobbing up and down before my eyes for the whole length of the stage, and leading to innumerable mischievous allusions from my friend Mr. O'Leary, which were far too much relished by my fair companion.

At twelve we arrived at Amiens, when I presented my friend Mr. O'Leary to Mrs. Bingham.

CHAPTER III.

MR. O'LEARY.

AT the conclusion of my last chapter I was about to introduce to my reader's acquaintance my friend Mr. O'Leary; and as he is destined to occupy some place in the history of these "Confessions," I may perhaps be permitted to do so at more length than his intrinsic merit at first sight might appear to warrant.

Mr. O'Leary was, and I am induced to believe is, a particularly short, fat, greasy-looking gentleman, with a head as free from phrenological development as a billiard-ball, and a countenance which, in feature and color, nearly resembled the face of a cherub carved in oak as we see them in old pulpits.

Short as is his stature, his limbs compose the least part of it. His hands and feet, forming some compensation by their ample proportions, give to his entire air and appearance somewhat the look of a small fish, with short, thick fins, vulgarly called a cobbler's thumb. His voice, varying in cadence from a deep baritone to a high falsetto, maintains throughout the distinctive characteristic of a Dublin accent and pronunciation, and he talks of the "Veel of Ovoca," and a "beef-steek," with some pride of intonation. What part of *the* Island he came originally from, or what may be his age, are questions I have the most profound ignorance of; I have heard many anecdotes which would imply his being what the French call *d'un âge mûr*, but his own observations are generally limited to events occurring since the peace of "fifteen." To his personal attractions, such as they are, he has never been solicitous of contributing by the meretricious aids of dress. His coat, calculating from its length of waist and ample skirt, would

fit Bumbo Green, while his trousers, being made of some cheap and shrinking material, have gradually contracted their limits, and look now exactly like knee-breeches, without the usual buttons at the bottom.

These, with the addition of a pair of green spectacles, the glass of one being absent, and permitting the look-out of a sharp gray eye, twinkling with drollery and good-humor, form the most palpable of his externals. In point of character, they who best knew him represented him as the best-tempered, best-hearted fellow breathing, ever ready to assist a friend, and always postponing his own plans and his own views, when he had any, to the wishes and intentions of others. Among the many odd things about him was a constant preference to travelling on foot, and a great passion for living abroad, both of which tastes he gratified, although his size might seem to offer obstacles to the one, and his total ignorance of every Continental language would appear to preclude the other. With a great liking for tobacco, which he smoked all day, a fondness for whist and malt liquors, his antipathies were few; so that except when called upon to shave more than once in the week, or wash his hands twice on the same day, it was difficult to disconcert him. His fortune was very ample; but although his mode of living was neither very ostentatious nor costly, he contrived always to spend his income. Such was the gentleman I now presented to my friends, who, I must confess, appeared strangely puzzled by his manner and appearance. This feeling, however, soon wore off; and before he had spent the morning in their company, he had made more way in their good graces, and gone farther to establish intimacy, than many a more accomplished person, with an unexceptionable coat and accurate whisker, might have effected in a fortnight. What were his gifts in this way, I am, alas! most deplorably ignorant of; it was not, Heaven knows, that he possessed any conversational talent, — of successful flattery he knew as much as a negro does of the national debt, — and yet the *bonhomie* of his character seemed to tell at once;

and I never knew him fail in any one instance to establish an interest for himself before he had completed the ordinary period of a visit.

I think it is Washington Irving who has so admirably depicted the mortification of a dandy angler who, with his beaver garnished with brown hackles, his well-poised rod, polished gaff, and handsome landing-net, with everything befitting, spends his long summer day whipping a trout stream without a rise or even a ripple to reward him, while a ragged urchin, with a willow wand and a bent pin, not ten yards distant, is covering the greensward with myriads of speckled and scaly backs, from one pound weight to four. So it is in everything, — “the race is not to the swift;” the elements of success in life, whatever be the object of pursuit, are very, very different from what we think of them at first sight. And so it was with Mr. O’Leary; and I have more than once witnessed the triumph of his homely manner and blunt humor over the more polished and well-bred taste of his competitors for favor; and what might have been the limit to such success, Heaven can only tell, if it were not that he labored under a counterbalancing infirmity sufficient to have swamped a line-of-battle ship itself. It was simply this, — a most unfortunate propensity to talk of the wrong place, person, or time in any society he found himself; and this taste for the *mal à propos* extended so far that no one ever ventured into company with him as his friend without trembling for the result. But even this, I believe his only fault, resulted from the natural goodness of his character and intentions; for believing, as he did, in his honest simplicity, that the arbitrary distinctions of class and rank were held as cheaply by others as himself, he felt small scruple at recounting to a duchess a scene in a *cabaret*, and with as little hesitation would he, if asked, have sung the “Cruiskeen Lawn” or the “Jug of Punch,” after Lablache had finished the “Al Idea” from “Figaro.” *Mauvaise honte* he had none; indeed, I am not sure that he had any kind of shame whatever, — except, possibly, when detected with a coat that bore

any appearance of newness, or if over-persuaded to wear gloves, which he ever considered as a special effeminacy.

Such was he; and how far he insinuated himself into their good graces, let the fact tell that on my return to the breakfast-room, after about an hour's absence, I heard him detailing the particulars of a route they were to take by his advice, and also learned that he had been offered, and had accepted, a seat in their carriage to Paris.

"Then I'll do myself the pleasure of joining your party, Mrs. Bingham," said he. "Bingham, I think, madam, is your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Any relation, may I ask, of a most dear friend of mine, of the same name, from Currynaslattery, in the county of Wexford?"

"I am really not aware," said Mrs. Bingham. "My husband's family are, I believe, many of them from that county."

"Ah, what a pleasant fellow was Tom!" said Mr. O'Leary, musingly, and with that peculiar tone which made me tremble, for I knew well that a reminiscence was coming. "A pleasant fellow indeed."

"Is he alive, sir, now?"

"I believe so, ma'am; but I hear the climate does not agree with him."

"Ah, then, he's abroad, — in Italy, probably?"

"No, ma'am, in Botany Bay. His brother, they say, might have saved him, but he left poor Tom to his fate, for he was just then paying his court to a Miss Crow, I think, with a large fortune. O Lord! what have I said! It's always the luck of me!" The latter exclamation was the result of a heavy plump upon the floor, Mrs. Bingham having fallen in a faint, she being the identical lady alluded to, and her husband the brother of pleasant Tom Bingham.

To hurl Mr. O'Leary out of the room by one hand, and ring the bell with the other, was the work of a moment; and with proper care and in due time, Mrs. Bingham was

brought to herself, when, most fortunately, she entirely forgot the cause of her sudden indisposition, and of course neither her daughter nor myself suffered any clew to escape us which might lead to its discovery.

When we were once more upon the road, to efface, if it might be necessary, any unpleasant recurrence to the late scene, I proceeded to give Mrs. Bingham an account of my adventure at Chantraine, in which, of course, I endeavored to render my friend O'Leary all the honors of being laughed at in preference to myself, laying little stress upon my masquerading in the jack-boots.

"You are quite right," said O'Leary, joining in the hearty laugh against him, "quite right; I was always a very heavy sleeper, — indeed, if I was n't, I would n't be here now, travelling about *en garçon*, free as air;" and here he heaved a sigh, which, from its incongruity with his jovial look and happy expression, threw us all into renewed laughter.

"But why, Mr. O'Leary, what can your sleepiness have to do with such tender recollections, — for such, I am sure, that sigh bespeaks them?"

"Ah! ma'am, it may seem strange, but it is, nevertheless, true, if it were not for that unfortunate tendency, I should now be the happy possessor of a most accomplished and amiable lady and eight hundred per annum three-and-a-half per cent stock."

"You overslept yourself on the wedding-day, I suppose?"

"You shall hear, ma'am; the story is but a short one. It is now about eight years ago, I was rambling through the South of France and had just reached Lyons, where the confounded pavement, that sticks up like pears with the points upwards, had compelled me to rest some days and recruit. For this purpose I installed myself in the *pen-sion* of Madame Gourgeaud, Rue des Petits-Carmes, — a quiet house, where we dined at twelve, ten in number, upon about two pounds of stewed beef, with garlic and carrots, a light soup (being the water which accompanied the same, to render it tender in stewing) some preserved

cherries and an omelette, with a pint bottle of Beaune (*sixième qualité*, I believe), a species of pyroligneous wine, made from the vine-stalks, but pleasant in summer with your salad. Then we played dominos in the evening, or whist for sou-points, leading altogether a very quiet and virtuous existence, or, as Madame herself expressed it, '*une vie tout à fait patriarchale*,' — of this I cannot myself affirm how far she was right in supposing the patriarchs did exactly like us. But to proceed: in the same establishment there lived a widow, an Englishwoman, whose late husband had been a wine merchant at Dijon; he had also, I suppose, from residing in that country, been imitating the patriarchs, for he died one day. Well, the lady was delayed at Lyons for some law business, and thus it came about that her husband's testament and the sharp paving-stones in the streets determined that we should be acquainted. I cannot express to you the delight of my fair countrywoman at finding that a person who spoke English had arrived at the *pension*, — a feeling I myself somewhat participated in; for, to say truth, I was not at that time a very great proficient in French. We soon became intimate, — in less time, probably, than it could otherwise have happened; for, from the ignorance of all the others of one word of English, I was enabled, during dinner, to say many soft and tender things which one does not usually venture on in company.

"I recounted my travels and told various adventures of my wanderings, till at last, from being merely amused, I found that my fair friend began to be interested in my narratives; and frequently, when passing the *bouillon* to her, I have seen a tear in the corner of her eye. In a word, 'she loved me for the dangers I had passed,' as Othello says. Well, laugh away if you like, but it's truth I am telling you." At this part of Mr. O'Leary's story we all found it impossible to withstand the ludicrous mock-heroic of his face and tone, and laughed loud and long. When we at length became silent he resumed: "Before three weeks had passed over, I had proposed and was accepted, — just

your own way, Mr. Lorrequer, taking the ball at the hop; the very same way you did at Cheltenham, the time the lady jilted you and ran off with your friend Mr. Waller. I read it all in the news, though I was then in Norway, fishing." Here there was another interruption by a laugh, — not, however, at Mr. O'Leary's expense. I gave him a most menacing look, while he continued: "The settlements were soon drawn up, and consisted, like all great diplomatic documents, of a series of 'gains and compensations:' thus, she was not to taste anything stronger than *kirschwasser* or Nantz brandy; and I limited myself to a pound of short-cut weekly; and so on. But to proceed: the lady, being a good Catholic, insisted upon being married by a priest of her own persuasion, before the performance of the ceremony at the British embassy in Paris; to this I could offer no objection, and we were accordingly united in the holy bonds the same morning, after signing the law papers."

"Then, Mr. O'Leary, you are really a married man."

"That's the very point I'm coming to, ma'am; for I've consulted all the jurists upon the subject, and they never can agree. But you shall hear. I despatched a polite note to Bishop Luscombe, and made every arrangement for the approaching ceremony, took a quarter in the Rue du Helder, near the Estaminet, and looked forward with anxiety for the day which was to make me happy, for our marriage in Lyons was only a kind of betrothal. Now, my fair friend had but one difficulty remaining, poor dear soul, — I refrain from mentioning her name for delicacy's sake, — but poor dear Mrs. Ram could not bear the notion of our going up to Paris in the same conveyance, for long as she had lived abroad, she had avoided everything French, even the language; so she proposed that I should go in the early diligence, which starts at four o'clock in the morning, while she took her departure at nine. Thus I should be some hours sooner in Paris, and ready to receive her on her arriving, besides sparing her bashfulness all reproach of our travelling together. It was no use my telling her that I always travelled on foot and hated a diligence; she coolly

replied that at our time of life we could not spare the time necessary for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, for so she supposed the journey from Lyons to Paris to be; so fearing lest any doubt might be thrown upon the ardor of my attachment, I yielded at once, remembering at the moment what my poor friend Tom Bing — O Lord, I'm at it again!"

"Sir, I did not hear."

"Nothing, ma'am; I was just going to observe that ladies of a certain time of life, and widows especially, like a lover that seems a little ardent or so, all the better." Here Mrs. Bingham blushed, her daughter bridled, and I nearly suffocated with shame and suppressed laughter.

"After a most tender farewell of my bride, or wife, I don't know which, I retired for the night with a mind vacillating between my hopes of happiness and my fears for the result of a journey so foreign to all my habits of traveling, and in which I could not but tremble at the many casualties my habitual laziness and dislike to any hours but my own choosing might involve me in.

"I had scarcely lain down in bed ere these thoughts took such possession of me that sleep, for once in my life, was out of the question; and then the misery of getting up at four in the morning, putting on your clothes by the flickering light of the porter's candle, getting your boots on the wrong feet, and all that kind of annoyance, — I am sure I fretted myself into the feeling of a downright martyr before an hour was over. 'Well, at least,' thought I, 'one thing is well done, — I have been quite right in coming to sleep at the Messageries Hôtel, where the diligence starts from, or the chances are ten to one that I never should wake till the time was past. Now, however, they are sure to call me, so I may sleep tranquilly till then.' Meanwhile I had forgotten to pack my trunk, and my papers, etc., lay all about the room in a state of considerable confusion. I rose at once with all the despatch I could muster; this took a long time to effect, and it was nearly two o'clock ere I finished and sat down to smoke a solitary pipe, — the last, as I supposed, it might be my lot to enjoy

for Heaven knows how long, Mrs. R. having expressed, rather late in our intimacy, I confess, strong opinions against tobacco within doors.

"When I had finished my little sac of the 'weed,' the clock struck three, and I started to think how little time I was destined to have in bed. In bed! 'Why,' said I, 'there is no use thinking of it now, for I shall scarcely have lain down ere I shall be obliged to get up again.' So thinking, I set about dressing myself for the road; and as the season was winter and the weather dreadfully severe, took care to array myself in all the covering I could lay hands upon, and by the time I had enveloped myself in a pair of long Hungarian gaiters, and a *kurtcha* of sheep's wool, with a brown bearskin outside, with a Welsh wig and a pair of large dark glass goggles to defend the eyes from the snow, I was not only perfectly impervious to all effects of the weather, but so thoroughly defended from any influence of sight or sound that a volcano might be hissing and thundering within ten yards of me without attracting my slightest attention. Now, I thought, instead of remaining here, I'll just step down to the coach and get snugly into the diligence, and having secured the corner of the *coupé*, resign myself to sleep with the certainty of not being left behind, and probably, too, be some miles on my journey before awaking.

"I accordingly went downstairs, and to my surprise found even at that early hour that many of the *garçons* of the house were stirring and bustling about, getting all the luggage up in the huge wooden leviathan that was to convey us on our road. There they stood, like bees around a hive, clustering and buzzing, and all so engaged that with difficulty could I get an answer to my question of what diligence it was.

"*'La diligence pour Paris, monsieur.'*

"Ah! all right, then,' said I; so, watching an opportunity to do so unobserved, for I supposed they might have laughed at me, I stepped quietly into the *coupé*, and amid the creaking of cordage and the thumping of feet on the

roof, fell as sound asleep as ever I did in my life, these sounds coming to my muffled ears soft as the echoes on the Rhine. When it was that I awoke, I cannot say; but as I rubbed my eyes and yawned after a most refreshing sleep, I perceived that it was still quite dark all around, and that the diligence was standing before the door of some inn and not moving. 'Ah!' thought I, 'this is the first stage; how naturally one always wakes at the change of horses, — a kind of instinct implanted by Providence, I suppose, to direct us to a little refreshment on the road.' With these pious feelings I let down the glass and called out to the *garçon* for a glass of brandy and a cigar. While he was bringing them, I had time to look about, and perceived, to my very great delight, that I had the whole *coupé* to myself. 'Are there any passengers coming in here?' said I, as the waiter came forward with my liquor. 'I should think not, sir,' said the fellow, with a leer. 'Then I shall have the whole *coupé* to myself?' said I. 'Monsieur need have no fear of being disturbed; I can safely assure him that he will have no one there for the next twenty-four hours.' This was really pleasant intelligence; so I chucked him a ten-sou piece, and closing up the window, as the morning was cold, once more lay back to sleep with a success that has never failed me. It was to a bright blue cloudless sky, and the sharp clear air of a fine day in winter, that I at length opened my eyes. I pulled out my watch, and discovered it was exactly two o'clock; I next lowered the glass and looked about me, and very much to my surprise discovered that the diligence was not moving, but standing very peaceably in a very crowded congregation of other similar and dissimilar conveyances, all of which seemed, I thought, to labor under some physical ailment, some wanting a box, others a body, etc., and, in fact, suggesting the idea of an infirmary for old and disabled carriages of either sex, mails and others. 'Oh! I have it,' cried I; 'we are arrived at Mont-Géran, and they are all at dinner, and from my being alone in the *coupé*, they have forgotten to call me.' I immediately opened the

door and stepped out into the inn-yard, crowded with *conducteurs*, grooms, and ostlers, who, I thought, looked rather surprised at seeing me emerge from the diligence.

“‘You did not know I was there?’ said I, with a knowing wink at one of them as I passed.

“‘*Assurément non*,’ said the fellow, with a laugh, that was the signal for all the others to join in it.

“‘Is the *table d’hôte* over?’ said I, regardless of the mirth around me.

“‘Monsieur is just in time,’ said the waiter, who happened to pass with a soup-tureen in his hand; ‘have the goodness to step this way.’

“I had barely time to remark the close resemblance of the waiter to the fellow who presented me with my brandy and cigar in the morning, when he ushered me into a large room, with about forty persons sitting at a long table, evidently waiting with impatience for the *potage* to begin their dinner. Whether it was they enjoyed the joke of having neglected to call me, or that they were laughing at my travelling costume, I cannot say; but the moment I came in, I could perceive a general titter run through the assembly.

“‘Not too late, after all, gentlemen,’ said I, marching gravely up to the table.

“‘Monsieur is in excellent time,’ said the host, making room for me beside his chair.

“Notwithstanding the incumbrance of my weighty habiliments, I proceeded to do ample justice to the viands before me, apologizing laughingly to the host by pleading a traveller’s appetite.

“‘Then you have, perhaps, come far this morning,’ said a gentleman opposite.

“‘Yes,’ said I, ‘I have been on the road since four o’clock.’

“‘And how are the roads?’ said another.

“‘Very bad,’ said I, ‘the first few stages from Lyons; afterwards much better.’ This was said at a venture, as I began to be ashamed of being always asleep before my fellow-travellers. They did not seem, however, to understand

me perfectly; and one old fellow, putting down his spectacles from his forehead, leaned over and said, —

“‘And where, may I ask, has Monsieur come from this morning?’

“‘From Lyons,’ said I, with the proud air of a man who has done a stout feat, and is not ashamed of the exploit.

“‘From Lyons!’ said one. ‘From Lyons!’ cried another. ‘From Lyons!’ repeated a third.

“‘Yes,’ said I. ‘What the devil is so strange in it? Travelling is so quick nowadays, one thinks nothing of twenty leagues before dinner.’

“The infernal shout of laughing that followed my explanation is still in my ears. From one end of the table to the other there was one continued ha, ha, ha! From the greasy host to the little hunchbacked waiter, they were all grinning away.

“‘And how did Monsieur travel?’ said the old gentleman, who seemed to carry on the prosecution against me.

“‘In the *coupé* of the *Aigle noir*,’ said I, giving the name with some pride that I was not altogether ignorant of the conveyance.

“‘Then you should certainly not complain of the roads,’ said the host, chuckling; ‘for the only journey that diligence has made this day has been from the street-door to the inn. For as they found, when the luggage was nearly packed, that the axle was almost broken through, they wheeled it round to the *cour*, and prepared another for the travellers.’

“‘And where am I now?’ said I.

“‘In Lyons,’ said twenty voices, half choked with laughter at my question.

“I was thunderstruck at the news at first; but as I proceeded with my dinner I joined in the mirth of the party, which certainly was not diminished on my telling them the object of my intended journey.

“‘I think, young man,’ said the old fellow with the spectacles, ‘that you should take the occurrence as a warning of Providence that marriage will not suit you.’

"I began to be of the same opinion; but then, there was the jointure. To be sure, I was to give up tobacco, and perhaps I should not be as free to ramble about as when a *garçon*. So, taking all things into consideration, I ordered in another bottle of Burgundy to drink Mrs. Ram's health, got my passport *viséd* for Barèges, and set out for the Pyrenees the same evening."

"And have you never heard anything more of the lady?" said Mrs. Bingham.

"Oh, yes! She was faithful to the last; for I found out when at Rome last winter that she had offered a reward for me in the newspapers, and indeed had commenced a regular pursuit of me through the whole Continent. And to tell the real fact, I should not now fancy turning my steps towards Paris if I had not very tolerable information that she is in full cry after me through the Wengern Alp, I having contrived a paragraph in 'Galignani' to seduce her thither, and where, with the blessing of Providence, if the snow sets in early, she must pass the winter."

CHAPTER IV.

PARIS.

Nothing more worthy of recording occurred before our arrival at Meurice's on the third day of our journey. My friend O'Leary had, with his usual good fortune, become indispensable to his new acquaintance, and it was not altogether without some little lurking discontent that I perceived how much less often my services were called in request since his having joined our party; his information, notwithstanding its very scanty extent, was continually relied upon, and his very imperfect French everlastingly called into requisition to interpret a question for the ladies. "Yes," thought I, "'Othello's occupation's gone.' One of two things has certainly happened, — either Mrs. Bingham and her daughter have noticed my continued abstraction of mind, and have attributed it to the real cause, the preoccupation of my affections, or thinking, on the other hand, that I am desperately in love with one or other of them, have thought that a little show of preference to Mr. O'Leary may stimulate me to a proposal at once." In either case I resolved to lose no time in taking my leave, which there could be no difficulty in doing now, as the ladies had reached their intended destination, and had numerous friends in Paris to advise and assist them; besides that I had too long neglected the real object of my trip, and should lose no time in finding out the Callonbys, and at once learn what prospect of success awaited me in that quarter. Leaving my fair friends, then, to refresh themselves after the journey, and consigning Mr. O'Leary to the enjoyment of his meerschaum, through the aid of which he had rendered his apartment like a Dutch swamp in autumn, the only portion of his own figure visible through

the mist being his short legs and heavy shoes, I set forth at last.

On reaching the house in the Rue de la Paix, where the Callonbys had resided, I learned that they were still at Baden, and were not expected in Paris for some weeks; that Lord Kilkee had arrived that morning, and was then dining at the Embassy, having left an invitation for me to dine with him on the following day, if I happened to call. As I turned from the door, uncertain whither to direct my steps, I walked on unconsciously towards the Boulevard, and, occupied as I was, thinking over all the chances before me, did not perceive where I stood till the bright glare of a large gas-lamp over my head apprised me that I was at the door of the well-known Salon des Etrangers, at the corner of the Rue Richelieu; carriages, *citadines*, and *vigilantes* were crowding, crashing, and clattering on all sides, as the host of fashion and the gaming-table were hastening to their *champ de bataille*. Not being a member of the Salon, and having little disposition to enter if I had been, I stood for some minutes looking at the crowd as it continued to press on towards the splendid and brilliantly lighted stairs which led from the very street to the rooms of this palace, for such, in the magnificence and luxury of its decorations, it really was. As I was on the very eve of turning away, a large and very handsome cab-horse turned the corner from the Boulevard, with the most perfect appointment of harness and carriage I had seen for a long time.

While I continued to admire the taste and propriety of the equipage, a young man in deep mourning sprang from the inside and stood upon the pavement before me. "*A deux heures*, Charles," said he to his servant, as the cab turned slowly round. The voice struck me as well known. I waited till he approached the lamp, to catch a glimpse of the face, and what was my surprise to recognize my cousin, Guy Lorrequer, of the 10th, whom I had not met with for six years before. My first impulse was not to make myself known to him. Our mutual position with regard to Lady Jane was so much a mystery, as regarded myself, that I

feared the result of any meeting until I was sufficiently aware of how matters stood, and whether we were to meet as friends and relations, or rivals, and consequently enemies.

Before I had time to take my resolution, Guy had recognized me, and seizing me by the hand with both his, called, "Harry, my old friend, how are you? How long have you been here? And never to call on me! Why, man, what is the meaning of this?" Before I had time to say that I was only a few hours in Paris, he again interrupted me by saying, "And how comes it that you are not in mourning? You must surely have heard it!"

"Heard what?" I cried, nearly hoarse from agitation.

"Our poor old friend Sir Guy — did n't you know? — is dead."

Only those who have felt how strong the ties of kindred are, as they decrease in number, can tell how this news fell upon my heart. All my poor uncle's kindnesses came full upon my memory; his affectionate letters of advice, his well-meant chidings too, even dearer to me than his praise and approval, completely unmanned me; and I stood speechless and powerless before my cousin as he continued to detail to me the rapid progress of Sir Guy's malady, — an attack of gout in the head, — which carried him off in three days. Letters had been sent to me in different places, but none reached; and at the very moment the clerk of my uncle's lawyer was in pursuit of me through the Highlands, where some mistaken information had induced him to follow me.

"You are, therefore," continued Guy, "unaware that our uncle has dealt so fairly by you, and, indeed, by both of us. I have got the Somersetshire estates, which go with the baronetcy, but the Cumberland property is all yours; and I heartily wish you joy of having nearly eight thousand per annum, and one of the sweetest villas that ever man fancied on Derwentwater. But come along here," continued he, and he led me through the crowded corridor and up the wide stair. "I have much to tell you, and we can

be perfectly alone here; no one will trouble themselves with us."

Unconscious of all around me, I followed Guy along the gilded and glittering lobby which led to the Salon, and it was only as the servant in rich livery came forward to take my hat and cane that I remembered where I was. Then the full sense of all I had been listening to rushed upon me, and the unfitness, and indeed the indecency, of the place for such communications as we were engaged in came most forcibly before me. Sir Guy, it is true, had always preferred my cousin to me; he it was who was always destined to succeed both to his title and his estates, and his wildness and extravagance had ever met with a milder rebuke and weaker chastisement than my follies and my misfortunes. Yet still he was my last remaining relative, — the only one I possessed in all the world to whom in any difficulty or trial I had to look up; and I felt in the very midst of my newly acquired wealth and riches, poorer and more alone than ever I had done in my lifetime. I followed Guy to a small and dimly-lighted cabinet off the great Salon, where, having seated ourselves, he proceeded to detail to me the various events which a few short weeks had accomplished. Of himself he spoke but little, and never once alluded to the Callonbys at all, — indeed, all I could learn was that he had left the army, and purposed remaining for the winter at Paris, where he appeared to have entered into all its gayety and dissipation at once.

"Of course," said he, "you will give up 'sodgering' now, — at the best it is but poor sport after five and twenty, and is perfectly unendurable when a man has the means of pushing himself in the gay world. And now, Harry, let us mix a little among the mob here; for *Messieurs les Banquiers* don't hold people in estimation who come here only for the *chapons au riz* and the *champagne frappé*, as we should seem to do were we to stay here much longer."

Such was the whirl of my thoughts, and so great the confusion in my ideas from all I had just heard, that I felt myself implicitly following every direction of my

cousin with a child-like obedience, of the full extent of which I became only conscious when I found myself seated at the table of the Salon, between my cousin Guy and an old, hard-visaged, pale-countenanced man, who, he told me in a whisper, was Polignac the minister.

What a study for the man who would watch the passions and emotions of his fellow-men would the table of a *rouge-et-noir* gambling-house present; the skill and dexterity which games of other kinds require being here wanting, leave the player free to the full abandonment of the passion. The interest is not a gradually increasing or vacillating one, as fortune and knowledge of the game favor; the result is uninfluenced by anything of his doing: with the last turned card of the croupier is he rich or ruined; and thus in the very abstraction of the anxiety is this the most painfully exciting of all gambling whatever. The very rattle of the dice-box to the hazard-player is a relief; and the thought that he is in some way instrumental to his good or bad fortune gives a turn to his thoughts. There is something so like the inevitable character of fate associated with the result of a chance, which you can in no way affect or avert, that I have, notwithstanding a strong bias for play, ever dreaded and avoided the *rouge-et-noir* table. Hitherto prudential motives had their share in the resolve; a small loss at play becomes a matter of importance to a sub in a marching regiment; and therefore I was firm in my determination to avoid the gambling-table. Now, my fortunes were altered; and as I looked at the heap of shining louis d'or which Guy pushed before me in exchange for a *billet de banque* of large amount, I felt the full importance of my altered position, mingling with the old and long-practised prejudices which years had been accumulating to fix. There is, besides, some wonderful fascination to most men in the very aspect of high play. To pit your fortune against that of another; to see whether or not your luck shall not exceed some other's, — are feelings that have a place in most bosoms, and are certainly, if not naturally existing, most easily generated in the bustle and excite-

ment of the gambling-house. The splendor of the decorations, the rich profusion of gilded ornaments, the large and gorgeously framed mirrors, the sparkling lustres, mingled their effect with the perfumed air of the apartment, filled with orange-trees and other aromatic shrubs, the dress of the company, among whom were many ladies in costumes not inferior to those of a court, the glitter of diamonds, the sparkle of stars and decorations, rendered more magical by knowing that the wearers were names in history. There, with his round but ample shoulder and large, massive head, covered with long, snow-white hair, stands one, the maker and unmaker of kings, watching with a look of ill-concealed anxiety the progress of his game. Here is Soult, with his dogged look and beetle brow; there stands Balzac, the author, — his gains here are less derived from the betting than the bettors; he is evidently “making his own” of some of them, while in the seeming *bonhomie* of his careless manner and easy *abandon* they scruple not to trust him with anecdotes and traits that from the crucible of his fiery imagination come forth like the purified gold from the furnace. And there, — look at that old and weather-beaten man, with gray eyebrows and mustachios, who throws from the breast pocket of his frock, ever and anon, a handful of gold pieces upon the table; he evidently neither knows nor cares for the amount, for the banker himself is obliged to count over the stake for him. That is Blücher, the never-wanting attendant at the Salon; he has been an immense loser, but plays on, and with the same stern perseverance with which he would pour his bold cavalry through a ravine torn by artillery, he stands by the still waning chance with a courage that never falters.

One strong feature of the levelling character of a taste for play has never ceased to impress me most forcibly; not only do the individual peculiarities of the man give way before the all-absorbing passion, but, stranger still, the very boldest traits of nationality even fade and disappear before it, and man seems, under the high-pressure power of this greatest of all stimulants, resolved into a most abstract state.

Among all the traits which distinguish Frenchmen from natives of every country, none is more prominent than a kind of never-failing elasticity of temperament which seems almost to defy all the power of misfortune to depress. Let what will happen, the Frenchman seems to possess some strong resource within himself, in his ardent temperament, upon which he can draw at will; and whether on the day after a defeat, the moment of being deceived in his strongest hopes of returned affection, the overthrow of some long-cherished wish, it matters not, he never gives way entirely. But see him at the gaming-table; watch the intense, the aching anxiety with which his eye follows every card as it falls from the hand of the croupier; behold the look of cold despair that tracks his stake as the banker rakes it in among his gains, — and you will at once perceive that here, at least, his wonted powers fail him. No jest escapes the lips of one that would joke upon the steps of the guillotine. The mocker who would jeer at the torments of revolution stands like a coward quailing before the impassive eye and pale cheek of a croupier. While I continued to occupy myself by observing the different groups about me, I had been almost mechanically following the game, placing at each deal some gold upon the table; the result, however, had interested me so slightly that it was only by remarking the attention my game had excited in others that my own was drawn towards it. I then perceived that I had permitted my winnings to accumulate upon the board, and that in the very deal then commencing, I had a stake of nearly five hundred pounds.

"Faites votre jeu! Le jeu est fait," said the croupier; *"trente-deux."*

"You have lost, by Jove!" said Guy, in a low whisper, in which I could detect some trait of agitation.

"Trente-et-un," added the croupier. *"Rouge perd, et couleur."*

There was a regular buzz of wonder through the room at my extraordinary luck, for thus, with every chance against me, I had won again.

As the croupier placed the *billets de banque* upon the table I overheard the muttered commendations of an old veteran behind me upon the coolness and judgment of my play. "So much for fortune," thought I. "My judgment consists in a perfect ignorance of the chances, and my coolness is merely a thorough indifference to success." Whether it was now that flattery had its effect upon me, or that the passion for play, so long dormant, had suddenly seized hold upon me, I know not, but my attention became from that moment riveted upon the game, and I played every deal. Guy, who had been from the first betting with the indifferent success which I have so often observed to attend upon the calculations of old and experienced gamblers, now gave up, and employed himself merely in watching my game.

"Harry," said he, at last, "I am completely puzzled as to whether you are merely throwing down your louis at hazard, or are not the deepest player I have ever met with."

"You shall see," said I, as I stooped over towards the banker and whispered, "How far is the betting permitted?"

"Fifteen thousand francs," said the croupier, with a look of surprise.

"Here goes, then!" said I; "*quinze mille francs, — rouge.*"

In a moment the *rouge* won, and the second deal I repeated the bet, and so continuing on with the like success. When I was preparing my roulette for the fifth, the banker rose, and saying, "*Messieurs, le banque est fermée pour ce soir,*" proceeded to lock his *cassette* and close the table.

"You are satisfied now," said Guy, rising; "you see you have broken the bank. And a very pretty incident to commence with, on your first introduction to a campaign in Paris."

Having changed my gold for notes, I stuffed them, with an air of well-affected carelessness, into my pocket, and strolled through the Salon, where I had now become an

object of considerably more interest than all the marshals and ministers about me.

"Now, Hal," said Guy, "I'll just order our supper in the cabinet, and join you in a moment."

As I remained for some minutes awaiting Guy's return, my attention was drawn towards a crowd, in a smaller salon, among whom the usual silent decorum of the play-table seemed held in but small respect, for every instant some burst of hearty laughter, or some open expression of joy or anger burst forth, by which I immediately perceived that they were the votaries of the roulette-table, — a game at which the strict propriety and etiquette ever maintained at *rouge-et-noir* are never exacted. As I pressed nearer, to discover the cause of the mirth, which every moment seemed to augment, guess my surprise to perceive among the foremost rank of the players my acquaintance Mr. O'Leary, whom I at that moment believed to be solacing himself with his meerschaum at Meurice's. My astonishment at how he obtained admission to the Salon was even less than my fear of his recognizing me. At no time is it agreeable to find that the man who is regarded as the *buffo* of a party turns out to be your friend; but still less is this so when the individual claiming acquaintance with you presents any striking absurdity in his dress or manner, strongly at contrast with the persons and things about him. And thus it now happened. Mr. O'Leary's external man as we met him on the Calais road, with its various accompaniments of blouse, cap, spectacles, and tobacco-pipe, were nothing very remarkable; but when the same figure presented itself among the *élégants* of the Parisian world, redolent of *eau de Portugal*, and superb in the glories of brocade waistcoats and velvet coats, the thing was too absurd, and I longed to steal away before any chance should present itself of a recognition. This, however, was impossible, as the crowd from the other table were all gathered round us, and I was obliged to stand fast, and trust that the excitement of the game, in which he appeared to be thoroughly occupied, might keep his eye fixed on another quarter. I now ob-

served that the same scene in which I had so lately been occupied at the *rouge-et-noir* table was enacting here, under rather different circumstances. Mr. O'Leary was the only player, as I had just been, — not, however, because his success absorbed all the interest of the bystanders, but that, unfortunately, his constant want of it elicited some strong expression of discontent and mistrust from him, which excited the loud laughter of the others, but of which, from his great anxiety in the game, he seemed totally unconscious.

"*Faites votre jeu, messieurs,*" said the croupier.

"Wait a bit till I change this," said Mr. O'Leary, producing an English sovereign; the action interpreted his wishes, and the money was converted into *coupons de jeu*.

I now discovered one great cause of the mirth of the bystanders, — at least the English portion of them. Mr. O'Leary, when placing his money upon the table, observed the singular practice of announcing aloud the amount of his bet, which, for his own information, he reduced to Irish currency; thus the stillness of the room was every instant broken by a strong Irish accent pronouncing something of this sort, — "five francs, four and a penny;" "ten francs, eight and three ha'pence." The amusement thus caused was increased by the excitement his losses threw him into. He now ceased to play for several times, when at last he made an offering of his usual stake.

"*Perd,*" said the croupier, raking in the piece with a contemptuous air at the smallness of the bet, and in no way pleased that the interest Mr. O'Leary excited should prevent the other players from betting.

"*Perd,*" said O'Leary, again. "Devil another song you sing than *perd*; and I'm not quite clear you're not cheating all the while, — only, God help you if you are!"

As he so said, the head of a huge blackthorn stick was half protruded across the table, causing renewed mirth; for among other regulations, every cane, however trifling, is always demanded at the door, and thus a new subject of

astonishment arose as to how he had succeeded in carrying it with him into the Salon.

"Here's at you again," said O'Leary, regardless of the laughter, and covering three or four numbers with his *jetons*.

Round went the ball once more, and once more he lost.

"Look, now, devil a lie in it; he makes them go wherever he pleases. I'll take a turn now at the tables, — fair play's a jewel; and we'll see how you'll get on."

So saying, he proceeded to insinuate himself into the chair of the croupier, whom he proposed to supersede, by no very gentle means. This was of course resisted, and as the loud mirth of the bystanders grew more and more boisterous, the cries of "*A la porte! A la porte!*" from the friends of the bank rang through the crowd.

"Go it, Pat, go it, Pat!" said Guy, over my shoulder, who seemed to take a prodigious interest in the proceedings.

At this unexpected recognition of his nativity, — for Mr. O'Leary never suspected he could be discovered by his accent, — he looked across the table and caught my eye at once.

"Oh, I'm safe now! Stand by me, Mr. Lorrequer, and we'll clear the room."

So saying, and without any further provocation, he upset the croupier, chair and all, with one sudden jerk upon the floor, and giving a tremendous kick to the *cassette*, sent all the five-franc pieces flying over him; he then jumped upon the table, and brandishing his blackthorn through the ormolu lustre, scattered the wax-lights on all sides, accompanying the exploit by a yell that would have called up all Connemara at midnight, if it had only been heard there. In an instant the *gendarmes*, always sufficiently near to be called in if required, came pouring into the room, and supposing the whole affair had been a preconcerted thing to obtain possession of the money in the bank, commenced capturing different members of the company who appeared, by enjoying the confusion, to be favoring and assisting it. My cousin Guy was one of the first so treated, — a proceed-

ing to which he responded by an appeal rather in favor with most Englishmen, and at once knocked down the *gendarme*. This was the signal for a general engagement; and accordingly, before an explanation could possibly be attempted, a most terrific combat ensued, the Frenchmen in the room siding with the *gendarmerie* and making common cause against the English, who, although greatly inferior in number, possessed considerable advantage, from long habit in street-rows and boxing encounters. As for myself, I had the good fortune to be pitted against a very pursy and unwieldy Frenchman, who *sacré'd* to admiration, but never put in a single blow at me. While, therefore, I amused myself practising what old Cribb called "the one, two," upon his fat carcass I had abundant time and opportunity to watch all that was doing about me; and truly a more ludicrous affair I never beheld. Imagine about fifteen or sixteen young Englishmen, most of them powerful, athletic fellows, driving an indiscriminate mob of about five times their number before them, who, with courage enough to resist, were yet so totally ignorant of the boxing art that they retreated pell-mell before the battering phalanx of their sturdy opponents, — the most ludicrous figure of all being Mr. O'Leary himself, who, standing upon the table, laid about him with a brass lustre that he had unstrung, and did considerable mischief with this novel instrument of warfare, crying out the entire time, "Murder every mother's son of them!" "Give them another taste of Waterloo!" Just as he had uttered the last patriotic sentiment, he received a slight admonition from behind by the point of a *gendarme's* sword, which made him leap from the table with the alacrity of a harlequin, and come plump down among the thickest of the fray. My attention was now directed elsewhere, for above all the din and *tapage* of the encounter I could plainly hear the row-dow-dow of the drums and the measured tread of troops approaching, and at once guessed that a reinforcement of the *gendarmerie* were coming up. Behind me there was a large window with a heavy scarlet curtain before it; my resolution was

at once taken; I floored my antagonist, whom I had till now treated with the most merciful forbearance, and immediately sprang behind the curtain. A second's consideration showed that in the search that must ensue this would afford no refuge, so I at once opened the sash and endeavored to ascertain at what height I was above the ground beneath me. The night was so dark that I could see nothing; but judging from the leaves and twigs that reached to the window that it was a garden beneath, and auguring from the perfumed smell of the shrubs that they could not be tall trees, I resolved to leap, — a resolve I had little time to come to, for the step of the soldiers was already heard upon the stair. Fixing my hat, then, down upon my brows, and buttoning my coat tightly, I let myself down from the window-stool by my hands, and fell upon my legs in the soft earth of the garden, safe and unhurt. From the increased clamor and din overhead, I could learn the affray was at its height, and had little difficulty in detecting the sonorous accent and wild threats of my friend Mr. O'Leary high above all the other sounds around him. I did not wait long, however, to enjoy them, but at once set about securing my escape from my present bondage. In this I had little difficulty, for I was directed by a light to a small door, which, as I approached, I found led into the den of the *concierge*, and also communicated by another door with the street. I opened it therefore at once, and was in the act of opening the second, when I felt myself seized by the collar by a strong hand, and on turning round saw the sturdy figure of the *concierge* himself, with a drawn bayonet within a few inches of my throat. "*Tenez, mon ami,*" said I, quietly; and placing half a dozen louis, some of my recent spoils, in his hand, at once satisfied him that, even if I were a robber, I was at least one that understood and respected the conveniences of society. He at once relinquished his hold and dropped his weapon, and pulling off his cap with one hand, to draw the cord which opened the *porte-cochère* with the other, bowed me politely to the street. I had scarcely had time to insinuate myself into the dense

mass of the people whom the noise and confusion within had assembled around the house, when the double door of the building opened, and a file of *gendarmes* came forth, leading between them my friend Mr. O'Leary and some others of the rioters, — among whom I rejoiced to find my cousin did not figure. If I were to judge from his disordered habiliments and scarred visage, Mr. O'Leary's resistance to the constituted authorities must have been a vigorous one; and the drollery of his appearance was certainly not decreased by his having lost the entire brim of his hat, — the covering of his head bearing, under these distressing circumstances, a strong resemblance to a saucepan.

As I could not at that moment contribute in any way to his rescue, I determined on the following day to be present at his examination and render him all the assistance in my power. Meanwhile, I returned to Meurice's, thinking of every adventure of the evening much more than of my own changed condition and altered fortunes.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS.

THE first thing which met my eye when waking in the morning, after the affair at the Salon, was the *rouleau* of *billets de banque* which I had won at play; and it took several minutes before I could persuade myself that the entire recollection of the evening had any more solid foundation than a heated brain and fevered imagination. The sudden spring from being a subaltern in the 4—th, with a few hundreds per annum, *pour tout potage*, to becoming the veritable proprietor of several thousands, with a handsome house in Cumberland, was a consideration which I could scarcely admit into my mind, so fearful was I that the very first occurrence of the day should dispel the illusion and throw me back into the dull reality which I was hoping to escape from.

There is no adage more true than the old Roman one, that what we wish, we readily believe; so I had little difficulty in convincing myself that all was as I desired, — although, certainly, my confused memory of the past evening contributed little to that conviction. It was, then, amid a very whirl of anticipated pleasures and new schemes for enjoying life that I sat down to a breakfast, at which, that I might lose no time in commencing my race, I had ordered the most exquisite viands which even French cookery could accomplish for the occasion.

My plans were soon decided upon. I resolved to remain only long enough in Paris to provide myself with a comfortable travelling carriage, secure a good *courier*, and start for Baden, when I trusted that my pretensions, whatever favor they might have been once received with, would certainly now, at least, be listened to with more prospect of being successful.

I opened the "Galignani's" paper of the day to direct me in my search, and had scarcely read a few lines before a paragraph caught my eye which not a little amused me; it was headed: "Serious Riot at the Salon des Etrangers, and Attempt to rob the Bank."

"Last evening, among the persons who presented themselves at the table of this fashionable resort, were certain individuals who, by their manners and dress, bespoke anything rather than the rank and condition of those who usually resort there, and whose admission is still unexplained, notwithstanding the efforts of the police to unravel the mystery. The proprietors of the bank did not fail to remark these persons, but scrupled, from fear of disturbing the propriety of the Salon, to take the necessary steps for their exclusion, reserving their intention to the adoption of precautions against such intrusions in future, — unfortunately, as it turned out eventually; for towards eleven o'clock one of these individuals, having lost a considerable sum at play, proceeded in a very violent and outrageous manner to denounce the bank, and went so far as to accuse the croupier of cheating. This language, having failed to excite the disturbance it was evidently intended to promote, was soon followed up by a most dreadful personal attack upon the banker, in which he was thrown from his seat, and the *cassette*, containing several thousand francs in gold and notes, immediately laid hold of. The confusion now became considerable, and it was apparent that the whole had been a preconcerted scheme. Several persons, leaping upon the table, attempted to extinguish the great lustre of the Salon, in which bold attempt they were most spiritedly resisted by some of the other players and the *gendarmes*, who had by this time arrived in force. The riot was quelled after a prolonged and desperate resistance, and the rioters, with the exception of two, were captured and conveyed to prison, where they await the result of a judicial investigation, of which we shall not fail to lay the particulars before our readers.

"Since our going to press we have learned that one of the ring-leaders in this vile scheme is a noted English *escroc*, — a swindler, who was already arrested at C — for travelling with a false passport, but who contrives, by some collusion with another of the gang, to evade the local authorities. If this be the case, we trust he will speedily be detected and brought to punishment."

Whatever amusement I had found in reading the commencing portion of this ridiculous misstatement, the allu-

sion in the latter part by no means afforded me equal pleasure; and I saw in one rapid glance how much annoyance, and how many delays and impediments, a charge even of this ridiculous nature might give rise to in my present circumstances. "My passport, however, will settle all," thought I, as I thrust my hand towards my pocket, in which I had placed it along with some letters.

Guess my misery to discover that the whole of the pocket had been cut away, — probably in the hope of obtaining the *billets de banque* I had won at play, but which I had changed from that pocket to a breast one on leaving the table. This at once led me to suspect that there might be some truth in the suspicion of the newspaper writer of a preconcerted scheme, and at once explained to me what had much puzzled me before, — the extreme rapidity with which the elements of discord were propagated; for the whole affair was the work of a few seconds. While I continued to meditate on these matters, the waiter entered with a small note in an envelope, which a *commissionnaire* had just left at the hotel for me, and went away, saying there was no answer. I opened it hastily, and read: —

DEAR H., — The confounded affair of last night has induced me to leave this for a few days; besides that, I have obtained a most excellent reason for absenting myself in the presence of a black eye which will prevent my appearance in public for a week to come. As you are a stranger here, you need not fear being detected. With all its *désagréments*, I can't help laughing at the adventure, and I am heartily glad to have had the opportunity of displaying old Jackson's science upon those wretched *gendarmes*.

Yours truly,

G. L.

"This certainly," thought I, "improves my position. Here is my cousin Guy — the only one to whom, in any doubt or difficulty here, I could refer — here he is, flown, without letting me know where to address him or find him out." I rang my bell hastily, and having written a line on my card requesting Lord Kilkee to come to me as soon as

he could, despatched it to the Rue de la Paix. The messenger soon returned with an answer that Lord Kilkee had been obliged to leave Paris late the evening before, having received some important letters from Baden. My anxiety now became greater. I did not know but that the moment I ventured to leave the hotel I should be recognized by some of the witnesses of the evening's fray; and all thoughts of succoring poor O'Leary were completely forgotten in my fear for the annoyances the whole of this ridiculous affair might involve me in. Without any decision as to my future steps, I dressed myself and proceeded to pay my respects to Mrs. Bingham and her daughter, who were in the same hotel, and whom I had not seen since our arrival.

As I entered the drawing-room I was surprised to find Miss Bingham alone. She appeared to have been weeping, — at least the efforts she made to appear easy and in good spirits contrasted a good deal with the expression of her features as I came in. To my inquiries for Mrs. Bingham, I received for answer that the friends Mrs. Bingham had expected having left a few days before for Baden, she had resolved on following them, and had now merely driven out to make a few purchases before her departure, which was to take place in the morning.

There is something so sad in the thought of being deserted and left by one's friends under any circumstances that I cannot express how much this intelligence affected me. It seemed, too, like the last drop of bad news filling up the measure, that I was to be suddenly deprived of the society of the very few friends about me just as I stood most in need of them.

Whether or not Miss Bingham noticed my embarrassment, I cannot say; but certainly she seemed not displeased, and there was in the half-encouraging tone of her manner something which led me to suspect that she was not dissatisfied with the impression her news seemed to produce upon me.

Without at all alluding to my own improved fortune, or to the events of the preceding night, I began to talk over

the coming journey, and expressed my sincere regret that, having lost my passport under circumstances which might create some delay, I could not join their party as I should otherwise have done.

Miss Bingham heard this speech with rather more emotion than so simple a declaration was calculated to produce; and while she threw down her eyes beneath their long dark lashes and colored slightly, asked, —

“And did you really wish to come with us?”

“Undoubtedly,” said I.

“And is there no other objection than the passport?”

“None whatever,” said I, warming as I spoke; for the interest she appeared to take in me completely upset all my calculations. Besides that, I had never seen her looking so handsome; and *that*, as the French wisely remark, *vaut toujours quelque chose*.

“Oh! then, pray come with us, which you can do, for mamma has just got a passport for her nephew along with her own; and as we really don’t want *him*, nor *he us*, we shall both be better pleased to be free of each other, and you can easily afterwards have your own forwarded to Baden by post.”

“Ah! but,” said I, “how shall I be certain, if I take so flattering an offer, that you will forgive me for filling up the place of the dear cousin? For, if I conjecture aright, it is *le cher Edouard* that purposes to be your companion.”

“Yes, you have guessed quite correctly. But you must not tax me with inconsistency, but really I have grown quite tired of my poor cousin since I saw him last night.”

“And you used to admire him most prodigiously.”

“Well, well, that is all true; but I do so no longer.”

“Eh! *perche?*” said I, looking cunningly in her eye.

“For reasons that Mr. Lorrequer shall never know if he has to ask them,” said the poor girl, covering her eyes with her hands and sobbing bitterly.

What I thought, said, or did upon this occasion, with all my most sincere desire to make a clean breast of it in these “Confessions,” I know not; but this I do know, — that two

hours after, I found myself still sitting upon the sofa beside Miss Bingham, whom I had been calling Emily all the while, and talking more of personal matters and my own circumstances than is ever safe or prudent for a young man to do with any lady under the age of his mother.

All that I can now remember of this interview is the fact of having arranged my departure in the manner proposed by Miss Bingham, — a proposition to which I acceded with an affectation of satisfaction that I fear went very far to deceive my fair friend. Not that the pleasure I felt in the prospect was altogether feigned; but certainly the habit of being led away by the whim and temper of the moment had so much become part of my nature that I had long since despaired of ever guarding myself against the propensity I had acquired of following every lead which any one might throw out for me. And thus, as poor Harry Lorrequer was ever the first man to get into a row at the suggestion of a friend, so he only waited the least possible pressing on any occasion to involve himself in any scrape or misfortune that presented itself, provided there was only some one good enough to advise him to do so.

As I entered my own room to make preparations for my departure, I could not help thinking over all the events thus crowded into the space of a few hours. My sudden possession of wealth; my prospects at Callonby still undecided; my scrape at the Salon; my late interview with Miss Bingham, in which I had only stopped short of a proposal to marry, — were almost sufficient to occupy any reasonable mind; and so I was beginning to suspect, when the waiter informed me that the *commissaire* of police was in waiting below and wished to speak to me. Affecting some surprise at the request, which I at once perceived the object of, I desired him to be introduced. I was quite correct in my guess. The information of my being concerned in the affair at the Salon had been communicated to the authorities, and the *commissaire* had orders to obtain bail for my appearance at the Tribunal de Justice on that day week, or commit me at once to prison. The *commissaire* politely

gave me till evening to procure the required bail, satisfying himself that he could adopt measures to prevent my escape, and took his leave. He had scarcely gone when Mr. Edward Bingham was announced, — the reason for this visit I could not so easily divine; but I had little time allowed for my conjectures, as the same instant a very smart, dapper little gentleman presented himself, dressed in all the extravagance of French mode. His hair, which was permitted to curl upon his shoulders, was divided along the middle of the head; his mustachios were slightly upturned and carefully waxed; and his small chin-tuft, or Henri-Quatre, most gracefully pointed; he wore three most happily contrasting colored waistcoats, and spurs of glittering brass. His visit was of scarcely five minutes' duration, but was evidently the opening of a breaching battery by the Bingham family in all form, — the object of which I could at least guess at.

My embarrassments were not destined to end here; for scarcely had I returned Mr. Bingham's eighth salutation at the end of the staircase when another individual presented himself before me. This figure was in every respect the opposite of my last visitor. Although framed perfectly upon the late Parisian school of dandyism, his, however, was the *Ecole militaire*. Le Capitaine Eugène de Joncourt, for so he introduced himself, was a portly personage of about five and thirty or forty years of age, with that mixture of *bonhomie* and ferocity in his features which the soldiers of Napoleon's army either affected or possessed naturally. His features, which were handsome, and the expression of which was pleasing, were, as it seemed, perverted, by the warlike turn of a most terrific pair of whiskers and mustachios, from their naturally good-humored bent; and the practised frown and quick turn of his dark eye were evidently only the acquired advantages of his military career. A handsome mouth, with singularly regular and good teeth, took much away from the stern look of the upper part of his face, and contributed, with the aid of a most pleasing voice, to impress you in his favor. His

dress was a blue braided frock decorated with the *cordon* of the Legion; but neither these, nor the clink of his long cavalry spurs, were necessary to convince you that the man was a soldier. Besides that, there was that mixture of urbanity and *aplomb* in his manner which showed him to be perfectly accustomed to the usages of the best society.

"May I beg to know," said he, as he seated himself slowly, "if this card contains your name and address?" handing me at the same moment one of my visiting-cards. I immediately replied in the affirmative.

"You are in the English service?"

"Yes."

"Then may I entreat your pardon for the trouble of these questions and explain the reason of my visit? I am the friend of Le Baron d'Haultpenne, with whom you had the altercation last night at the Salon, and in whose name I have come to request the address of a friend on your part."

"Ho, ho!" thought I, "the baron is then the stout gentleman that I pummelled so unmercifully near the window. But how came he by my card? And besides, in a row of that kind, I am not aware how far the matter can be conceived to go farther than what happens at the moment." These were the thoughts of a second of time, and before I could reply, the captain resumed, —

"You seem to have forgotten the circumstance, and so, indeed, should I like to do; but, unfortunately, D'Haultpenne says that you struck him with your walking-cane, so you know, under such a state of things, there is but one course."

"But gently," added I; "I had no cane whatever last evening."

"Oh! I beg pardon," interrupted he. "But my friend is most positive in his account, and describes the altercation as having continued from the Salon to the street, when you struck him, and at the same time threw him your card. Two of your officers were also present; and although, as it appears from your present forgetfulness, the thing took place in the heat and excitement of the moment, still —"

"But still," said I, catching up his last words, "I never did strike the gentleman as you describe, never had any altercation in the street, and —"

"Is that your address?" said the Frenchman, with a slight bow.

"Yes, certainly it is."

"Why, then," said he, with a mild curl of his upper lip, half smile, half derision, —

"Why, then, make yourself perfectly easy," I replied. "If any one has by an accident made use of my name, it shall not suffer by such a mistake. I shall be quite at your service the moment I can find out a friend to refer you to."

I had much difficulty to utter these few words with a suitable degree of temper, so stung was I by the insolent demeanor of the Frenchman, whose coolness and urbanity seemed only to increase every moment.

"Then I have the honor to salute you," said he, rising, with great mildness in his voice, "and shall take the liberty to leave my card for the information of your friend."

So saying, he placed his card upon the table: "Le Capitaine Eugène de Joncourt, Cuirassiers de la Garde."

"I need not press upon Monsieur the value of despatch."

"I shall not lose a moment," said I, as he clattered down the stairs of the hotel with that perfect swaggering *nonchalance* which your foreigner is always an adept in; and I returned to my room to meditate upon my numerous embarrassments and think over the difficulties which every moment was contributing to increase the number of.

"The indictment has certainly many counts," thought I.

Imprimis, a half-implied but fully comprehended promise to marry a young lady, with whom, I confess, I only intend to journey this life — as far as Baden.

Secondly, a charge of swindling — for such the imputation amounts to — at the Salon.

Thirdly, another unaccountable delay in joining the Callonbys, with whom I am every hour in the risk of being *compromis*.

And lastly, a duel in perspective with some confounded Frenchman who is at this very moment practising at a pistol-gallery.

Such were the heads of my reflections, and such the agreeable impressions my visit to Paris was destined to open with; how they were to be followed up remains to be told.

CHAPTER VI.

CAPTAIN TREVANION'S ADVENTURE.

As the day was now waning apace, and I was still unprovided with any one who could act as my second, I set out upon a search through the various large hotels in the neighborhood, trusting that amid my numerous acquaintance I should be fortunate enough to find some of them at Paris. With a most anxious eye I scanned the lists of arrivals at the usual haunts of my countrymen in the Rue Rivoli and the Place Vendôme, but without success; there were long catalogues of "milors," with their "couriers," etc., but not one name known to me in the number.

I repaired to Galignani's Library, which, though crowded as ever with English, did not present to me one familiar face. From thence I turned into the Palais Royal, and at last, completely jaded by walking and sick from disappointment, I sat down upon a bench in the Tuileries Gardens.

I had scarcely been there many minutes when a gentleman accosted me in English, saying, "May I ask if this be your property?" showing at the same time a pocket-book which I had inadvertently dropped in pulling out my handkerchief. As I thanked him for his attention, and was about to turn away, I perceived that he continued to look very steadily at me. At length he said, —

"I think I am not mistaken; I have the pleasure to see Mr. Lorrequer, who may, perhaps, recollect my name, Trevanion, of the 43d. The last time we met was at Malta."

"Oh! I remember perfectly. Indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I did not; for to your kind offices there I am

indebted for my life. You must surely recollect the street row near the battery?"

"Yes, that was rather a brisk affair while it lasted; but, pray, how long have you been here?"

"Merely a few days; and most anxious am I to leave as soon as possible, — for independently of pressing reasons to wish myself elsewhere, I have had nothing but trouble and worry since my arrival, and at this instant am involved in a duel without the slightest cause that I can discover, and, what is still worse, without the aid of a single friend to undertake the requisite negotiation for me."

"If my services can in any way assist —"

"Oh, my dear Captain, this is really so great a favor that I cannot say how much I thank you."

"Say nothing whatever, but rest quite assured that I am completely at your disposal; for although we are not very old friends, yet I have heard so much of you from some of ours that I feel as if we had been long acquainted."

This was an immense piece of good fortune to me; for of all the persons I knew, he was the most suited to aid me at this moment. In addition to a thorough knowledge of the Continent and its habits, he spoke French fluently, and had been the most distinguished authority in the duello to a large military acquaintance; joining to a consummate tact and cleverness in his diplomacy a temper that never permitted itself to be ruffled, and a most unexceptionable reputation for courage. In a word, to have had Trevanion for your second was not only to have secured odds in your favor, but, still better, to have obtained the certainty that, let the affair take what turn it might, you were sure of coming out of it with credit.

He was the only man I have ever met who had much mixed himself in transactions of this nature, and yet never, by any chance, had degenerated into the fire-eater; more quiet, unassuming manners it was impossible to meet with, and in the various anecdotes I had heard of him, I had always traced a degree of forbearance that men of less known bravery might not have ventured to practise. At

the same time, when once roused by anything like premeditated insult or predetermined affront, he became almost ungovernable, and it would be safer to beard the lion in his den than cross his path. Among the many stories, and there were a great many current in his regiment, concerning him, there was one so singularly characteristic of the man that as I have passingly mentioned his name here, I may as well relate it; at the same time premising that as it is well known, I may only be repeating an often-heard tale to many of my readers.

When the regiment to which Trevanion belonged became part of the army of occupation in Paris, he was left at Versailles seriously ill from the effects of a sabre-wound he received at Waterloo, and from which his recovery at first was exceedingly doubtful. At the end of several weeks, however, he became out of danger, and was able to receive the visits of his brother officers whenever they were fortunate enough to obtain a day's leave of absence to run down and see him. From them he learned that one of his oldest friends in the regiment had fallen in a duel during the time of his illness, and that two other officers were dangerously wounded, — one of whom was not expected to survive. When he inquired as to the reasons of these many disasters, he was informed that since the entrance of the allies into Paris the French officers, boiling with rage and indignation at their recent defeat, and smarting under the hourly disgrace which the presence of their conquerors suggested, sought out, by every means in their power, opportunities of insult; but always so artfully contrived as to render the opposite party the challenger, thus reserving to themselves the choice of the weapons. When, therefore, it is borne in mind that the French are the most expert swordsmen in Europe, little doubt can exist as to the issue of these combats; and, in fact, scarcely a morning passed without three or four English or Prussian officers being carried through the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, if not dead, at least seriously wounded, and condemned to carry with them through life the inflictions of a sanguinary and savage spirit of vengeance.

While Trevanion listened to this sad recital, — and scarcely did a day come without adding to the long catalogue of disasters, — he at once perceived that the quiet deportment and unassuming demeanor which so strongly characterize the English officer were construed by their French opponents into evidences of want of courage, and saw that to so systematic a plan for slaughter no common remedy could be applied, and that some *coup d'état* was absolutely necessary to put it down once and forever.

In the history of these sanguinary *rencontres* one name was continually recurring, generally as the principal, sometimes the instigator, of the quarrel. This was an officer of a chasseur regiment who had the reputation of being the best swordsman in the whole French army, and was no less distinguished for his "skill at fence" than his uncompromising hatred of the British, with whom alone, of all the allied forces, he was ever known to come in contact. So celebrated was the Capitaine Auguste Gendemar for his pursuits that it was well known at that time in Paris that he was the president of a duelling club associated for the express and avowed object of provoking to insult, and as certainly dooming to death, every English officer upon whom they could fasten a quarrel.

The Café Phillidor, at that period in the Rue Vivienne, was the rendezvous of this reputable faction; and here *le capitaine* reigned supreme, receiving accounts of the various "affairs" which were transacting, counselling and plotting for the future. His ascendancy among his countrymen was perfectly undisputed; and being possessed of great muscular strength, with that peculiar *farouche* exterior without which courage is nothing in France, he was in every way calculated for the infamous leadership he assumed.

It was, unfortunately, to this same *café*, being situated in what was called the English quarter, that the officers of the 43d regiment were in the habit of resorting, totally unaware of the plots by which they were surrounded, and quite unsuspecting the tangled web of deliberate and cold-blooded assassination in which they were involved; and

here took place the quarrel, the result of which was the death of Trevanion's friend, a young officer of great promise, and universally beloved in his regiment.

As Trevanion listened to these accounts, his impatience became daily greater that his weak state should prevent his being among his brother officers when his advice and assistance were so imperatively required, and where, amid all the solicitude for his perfect recovery, he could not but perceive they ardently wished for his presence.

The day at last arrived; and restored to something like his former self, Trevanion once more appeared in the mess-room of his regiment. Amid the many sincere and hearty congratulations on his recovered looks were not a few half-expressed hints that he should not go much out into the world for some little time to come. To these friendly admonitions Trevanion replied by a good-humored laugh and a ready assurance that he understood the intended kindness, and felt in no wise disposed to be invalided again. "In fact," said he, "I have come up here to enjoy life a little, — not to risk it; but among the sights of your gay capital, I must certainly have a peep at your famed captain, of whom I have heard too much not to feel an interest in him."

Notwithstanding the many objections to this, made with a view to delay his visit to the Phillidor to a later period, it was at length agreed that they should all repair to the *café* that evening, but upon the express understanding that every cause of quarrel should be strictly avoided, and that their stay should be merely sufficient to satisfy Trevanion's curiosity as to the appearance of the renowned captain.

It was rather before the usual hour of the *café's* filling that a number of English officers, among whom was Trevanion, entered the salon of the Phillidor; having determined not to attract any unusual attention, they broke into little knots and parties of threes and fours, and dispersed through the room, where they either sipped their coffee or played at dominoes, then, as now, the staple resource of a French *café*.

The clock over the *comptoir* struck eight, and at the same instant a waiter made his appearance, carrying a small table, which he placed beside the fire; and having trimmed a lamp and placed a large armchair before it, was about to withdraw, when Trevanion, whose curiosity was roused by the singularity of these arrangements, determined upon asking for whose comfort they were intended. The waiter stared for a moment at the question with an air as if doubting the seriousness of him who put it, and at last replied, "*Pour Monsieur le Capitaine, je crois,*" with a certain tone of significance upon the latter words.

"*Le capitaine!* but what captain?" said he, carelessly; "for I am a captain, and that gentleman there, — and there, too, is another," at the same instant throwing himself listlessly into the well-cushioned chair, and stretching out his legs at full length upon the hearth.

The look of horror which this quiet proceeding on his part elicited from the poor waiter so astonished Trevanion that he could not help saying, "Is there anything the matter with you, my friend? Are you ill?"

"No, monsieur, not ill, — nothing the matter with *me*; but *you*, sir, oh, you, sir, pray come away!"

"*Me!*" said Trevanion, — "me! Why, my good man, I was never better in my life; so now just bring me my coffee and the '*Moniteur*,' if you have it. There, don't stare that way, but do as I bid you."

There was something in the assured tone of these few words that either overawed or repressed every rising feeling of the waiter for his interrogator, for, silently handing his coffee and the newspaper, he left the room; not, however, without bestowing a parting glance so full of terror and dismay that our friend was obliged to smile at it. All this was the work of a few minutes, and not until the noise of new arrivals had attracted the attention of his brother officers did they perceive where he had installed himself, and to what danger he was thus, as they supposed, unwittingly exposed.

In perfect misery at what they conceived their own fault

in not apprising him of the sacred character of that place, they stood silently looking at him as he continued to sip his coffee, apparently unconscious of every thing and person about him.

It was now, however, too late for remonstrance; for already several French officers had noticed the circumstance, and by their interchange of looks and signs openly evinced their satisfaction at it, and their delight at the catastrophe which seemed inevitable to the luckless Englishman.

There was now a more than ordinary silence in the *café*, which at all times was remarkable for the quiet and noiseless demeanor of its frequenters, when the door was flung open by the ready waiter, and the Capitaine Auguste Gendemar entered. He was a large, squarely-built man, with a most savage expression of countenance, which a bushy beard and shaggy, overhanging mustache served successfully to assist; his eyes were shaded by deep, projecting brows and long eyebrows slanting over them and increasing their look of piercing sharpness; there was in his whole air and demeanor that certain French air of swaggering bullyism which ever remained in those who, having risen from the ranks, maintained the look of ruffianly defiance which gave their early character for courage its peculiar merit.

To the friendly salutations of his countrymen he returned the slightest and coldest acknowledgments, throwing a glance of disdain around him as he wended his way to his accustomed place beside the fire; this he did with as much of noise and swagger as he could well contrive, his sabre and sabretasche clanking behind, his spurs jangling, and his heavy step made purposely heavier to draw upon him the notice and attention he sought for. Trevanion alone testified no consciousness of his entrance, and appeared totally engrossed by the columns of his newspaper, from which he never lifted his eyes for an instant. *Le capitaine* at length reached the fire-place, when, no sooner did he behold his accustomed seat in the possession of

another than he absolutely started back with surprise and anger.

What might have been his first impulse it is hard to say, for as the blood rushed to his face and forehead, he clenched his hands firmly, and seemed for an instant, as he eyed the stranger, like a tiger about to spring upon its victim; this was but for a second, for turning rapidly round towards his friends, he gave them a look of peculiar meaning, showing two rows of white teeth, with a grin which seemed to say, "I have taken my line;" and he had done so. He now ordered the waiter, in a voice of thunder, to bring him a chair. This he took roughly from him and placed, with a crash, upon the floor, exactly opposite that of Trevanion, and still so near as scarcely to permit of his sitting down upon it. The noisy vehemence of this action at last appeared to have roused Trevanion's attention, for he now, for the first time, looked up from his paper and quietly regarded his *vis-à-vis*. There could not in the world be a stronger contrast to the bland look and courteous expression of Trevanion's handsome features than the savage scowl of the enraged Frenchman, in whose face the strong and ill-repressed workings of passion were twitching and distorting every lineament and line; indeed, no words could ever convey half so forcibly as did that look, insult, — open, palpable, deep, determined insult!

Trevanion's eyes, which had been merely for a moment lifted from his paper, again fell, and he appeared to take no notice whatever of the extraordinary proximity of the Frenchman, still less of the savage and insulting character of his looks.

Le capitaine, having thus failed to bring on the explanation he sought for, proceeded to accomplish it by other means; for taking the lamp, by the light of which Trevanion was still reading, he placed it at his side of the table, and at the same instant stretching across his arm, he plucked the newspaper from his hand, giving at the same moment a glance of triumph towards the bystanders, as though he would say, "You see what he must submit to."

Words cannot describe the astonishment of the British officers as they beheld Trevanion, under this gross and open insult, content himself by a slight smile and half bow, as if returning a courtesy, and then throw his eyes downwards, as if engaged in deep thought, while the triumphant sneer of the French at this unaccountable conduct was absolutely maddening to them to endure.

But their patience was destined to submit to stronger proof; for at this instant *le capitaine* stretched forth one enormous leg, cased in his massive jack-boot, and with a crash deposited the heel upon the foot of their friend Trevanion. At length he is roused, thought they, for a slight flush of crimson flitted across his cheek, and his upper lip trembled with a quick, spasmodic twitching; but both these signs were over in a second, and his features were as calm and unmoved as before, and his only appearance of consciousness of the affront was given by his drawing back his chair and placing his legs beneath it, as if for protection.

This last insult, and the tame forbearance with which it was submitted to, produced all their opposite effects upon the bystanders, and looks of ungovernable rage and derisive contempt were every moment interchanging; indeed, were it not for the all-absorbing interest which the two great actors in the scene had concentrated upon themselves, the two parties must have come at once into open conflict.

The clock of the *café* struck nine, — the hour at which Gendemar always retired; so calling to the waiter for his glass of brandy, he placed his newspaper upon the table, and putting both his elbows upon it, and his chin upon his hands, he stared full in Trevanion's face with a look of the most derisive triumph, meant to crown the achievement of the evening. To this, as to all his former insults, Trevanion appeared still insensible, and merely regarded him with his never-changing half-smile. The brandy arrived; *le capitaine* took it in his hand, and with a nod of most insulting familiarity saluted Trevanion, adding with a loud voice, so as to be heard on every side, — “*À votre*

courage, Anglais." He had scarcely swallowed the liquor when Trevanion rose slowly from his chair, displaying to the astonished gaze of the Frenchman the immense proportions and gigantic frame of a man well known as the largest officer in the British army; with one stride he was beside the chair of the Frenchman, and with the speed of light-



ning he seized his nose by one hand, while with the other he grasped his lower jaw, and wrenching open his mouth with the strength of an ogre, he spat down his throat.

So sudden was the movement that before ten seconds had elapsed all was over, and the Frenchman rushed from the room, holding the fragments of his jaw-bone (for it was fractured!), and followed by his countrymen, who from that hour deserted the *Café Phillidor*; nor was there ever any mention of the famous captain during the stay of the regiment in Paris.

CHAPTER VII.

DIFFICULTIES.

WHILE we walked together towards Meurice's I explained to Trevanion the position in which I stood; and having detailed at full length the row at the Salon and the imprisonment of O'Leary, entreated his assistance in behalf of him, as well as to free me from some of my many embarrassments.

It was strange enough — though at first so pre-occupied was I with other thoughts that I paid but little attention to it — that no part of my eventful evening seemed to make so strong an impression on him as my mention of having seen my cousin Guy and heard from him of the death of my uncle. At this portion of my story he smiled with so much significance of meaning that I could not help asking his reason.

"It is always an unpleasant task, Mr. Lorrequer, to speak in any way, however delicately, in a tone of disparagement of a man's relative; and therefore, as we are not long enough acquainted —"

"But pray," said I, "waive that consideration, and only remember the position in which I now am. If you know anything of this business, I entreat you to tell me; I promise to take whatever you may be disposed to communicate, in the same good part it is intended."

"Well, then, I believe you are right. But first, let me ask you how do you know of your uncle's death? For I have reason to doubt it."

"From Guy; he told me himself."

"When did you see him, and where?"

"Why, I have just told you; I saw him last night at the Salon."

"And you could not be mistaken?"

"Impossible! Besides, he wrote to me a note which I received this morning, — here it is."

"Hem, ha! Well, are you satisfied that it is his handwriting?" said Trevanion, as he perused the note slowly twice over.

"Why, of course — But stop — You are right; it is not his hand, nor do I know the writing, now that you direct my attention to it. But what can that mean? You surely do not suppose that I have mistaken any one for him? For, independent of all else, his knowledge of my family and my uncle's affairs would quite disprove that."

"This is really a complex affair," said Trevanion, musingly. "How long may it be since you saw your cousin, — before last night, I mean?"

"Several years, — above six, certainly."

"Oh! it is quite possible, then," said Trevanion, musingly. "Do you know, Mr. Lorrequer, this affair seems more puzzling to me than to you, and for this plain reason, — I am disposed to think you never saw your cousin last night."

"Why, confound it, there is one circumstance that I think may satisfy you on that head. You will not deny that I saw some one who very much resembled him; and, certainly, as he lent me above three thousand francs to play with at the table, it looks rather more like his act than that of a perfect stranger."

"Have you got the money?" asked Trevanion, dryly.

"Yes," said I; "but certainly you are the most unbelieving of mortals, and I am quite happy that I have yet in my possession two of the *billets de banque*; for, I suppose, without them, you would scarcely credit me." I here opened my pocket-book and produced the notes.

He took them, examined them attentively for an instant, held them between him and the light, refolded them, and, having placed them in my pocket-book, said: "I thought as much, — they are forgeries."

"Hold!" said I; "my cousin Guy, whatever wildness he may have committed, is yet totally incapable of —"

"I never said the contrary," replied Trevanion, in the same dry tone as before.

"Then what can you mean? For I see no alternative between that and totally discrediting the evidence of my senses."

"Perhaps I can suggest a middle course," said Trevanion; "lend me, therefore, a patient hearing for a few moments, and I may be able to throw some light upon this difficult matter. You may never have heard that there is, in this same city of Paris, a person so extremely like your cousin Guy that his most intimate friends have daily mistaken one for the other; and this mistake has the more often been made from the circumstances of their both being in the habit of frequenting the same class in society, where, knowing and walking with the same people, the difficulty of discriminating has been greatly increased. This individual, who has too many aliases for one to know which to particularize him by, is one of that numerous order of beings which a high state of civilization is always engendering and throwing up on the surface of society; he is a man of low birth and mean connections, but gifted with most taking manners and an unexceptional address and appearance. These advantages, and the possession of apparently independent means, have opened to him the access to a certain set of people who are well known and well received in society, and obtained for him, what he prizes much more, the admission into several clubs where high play is carried on. In this mixed assemblage, which sporting habits and gambling (that grand leveller of all distinctions) have brought together, this man and your cousin Guy met frequently; and from the constant allusion to the wonderful resemblance between them, your eccentric cousin, who, I must say, was never too select in his acquaintances, frequently amused himself by practical jokes upon his friends which served still more to nurture the intimacy between them; and from this habit, Mr. Dudley Morewood — for such is his latest patronymic — must have enjoyed frequent opportunities of hearing much of

your family and relations, — a species of information he never neglected, though at the moment it might appear not so immediately applicable to his purposes. Now, this man, who knows of every new English arrival in Paris with as much certainty as the police itself, would at once be aware of your being here; and having learned from Guy how little intercourse there had been of late years between you, would not let slip an opportunity of availing himself of the likeness if anything could thereby turn to his profit."

"Stop!" cried I. "You have opened my eyes completely; for now I remember that as I continued to win last night, this man, who was playing hazard at another table, constantly borrowed from me, but always in gold, invariably refusing the bank-notes as too high for his game."

"There his object was clear enough; for besides obtaining *your* gold, he made you the means of disseminating his false *billets de banque*."

"So that I have been actually playing and winning upon this fellow's forgeries," said I, "and am perhaps at this very instant inscribed in the *Livre noir* of the police as a most accomplished swindler! But what could be the intention of his note this morning?"

"As to that," said Trevanion, "it is hard to say. One thing you may assuredly rely upon, — it is not an unnecessary epistle, whatever be its object; he never wastes his powder when the game flies too high. So we must only wait patiently for the unravelment of his plans, satisfied that we, at least, know something. What most surprises me is his venturing at present to appear in public; for it is not above two months since an escapade of his attracted so much attention in the play world here that he was obliged to leave, and it was supposed that he would never return to Paris."

"One piece of good fortune there is at least," said I, "which, I can safely say, repays me for any and all the annoyance this unhappy affair may cause me, — it is, that my poor old uncle is still alive and well. Not all my anti-

cipated pleasures in newly acquired wealth could have afforded me the same gratification that this fact does; for although never so much his favorite as my cousin, yet the sense of protection, the feeling of confidence which is inseparable from the degree of relationship between us, standing, as he has ever done, in the light of a father to me, is infinitely more pleasurable than the possession of riches, which must ever suggest to me the recollection of a kind friend lost to me forever. But so many thoughts press on me, so many effects of this affair are staring me in the face, I really know not which way to turn, nor can I even collect my ideas sufficiently to determine what is first to be done."

"Leave all that to me," said Trevanion; "it is a tangled web, but I think I can unravel it. Meanwhile, where does the captain reside? For among all your pressing engagements, this affair with the Frenchman must come off first; and for this reason, although you are not really obliged to give him satisfaction, by his merely producing your card and insisting that you are to be responsible for the misdeeds of any one who might show it as his own address, yet I look upon it as a most fortunate thing, while charges so heavy may be at this moment hanging over your head as the proceedings of last night involve, that you have a public opportunity of meeting an antagonist in the field, — thereby evincing no fear of publicity nor any intention of absconding; for be assured that the police are at this moment in possession of what has occurred, and from the *fracas* which followed, are well disposed to regard the whole as a concerted scheme to seize upon the property of the *banque*, — a not uncommon wind-up here when luck fails. My advice is, therefore, meet the man at once; I shall take care that the prefect is informed that you have been imposed upon by a person passing himself off as your relative, and enter bail for your appearance whenever you are called upon. That being done, we shall have time for a moment's respite to look around us and consider the other bearings of this difficult business."

"Here, then, is the card of address," said I: "Eugène

de Joncourt, Capitaine de Cavalerie, No. 8, Chaussée d'Antin."

"De Joncourt! why, confound it, this is not so pleasant; he is about the best shot in Paris, and a very steady swordsman besides. I don't like this."

"But you forget, he is the friend, not the principal, here."

"The more good fortune yours," said Trevanion, dryly; "for I acknowledge I should not give much for your chance at twenty paces opposite his pistol. Then who is the other?"

"Le Baron d'Haultpenne," said I, "and his name is all that I know of him; his very appearance is unknown to me."

"I believe I am acquainted with him," said Trevanion; "but here we are at Meurice's. Now I shall just write a few lines to a legal friend who will manage to liberate Mr. O'Leary, whose services we shall need, — two persons are usual on each side in this country, — and then 'to business.'"

The note written and despatched, Trevanion jumped into a cab and set out for the Chaussée d'Antin, leaving me to think over, as well as I could, the mass of trouble and confusion in which twenty-four hours of life in Paris had involved me.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATION.

It was past seven o'clock when Trevanion made his appearance, accompanied by O'Leary; and having in a few words informed me that a meeting was fixed for the following morning near St. Cloud, proposed that we should at once go to dinner at Véry's, after which we should have plenty of time to discuss the various steps to be taken. As we were leaving the hotel for this purpose, a waiter requested of me to permit M. Meurice to speak a few words to me; which having agreed to, I entered the little bureau where this Czar of Hotels sits enthroned, — and what was my surprise to learn the request he had to prefer was nothing less than that I would so far oblige him as to vacate the apartment I possessed in the hotel, adding that my compliance would confer upon him the power to accommodate a "Milord" who had written for apartments and was coming with a large suite of servants. Suspecting that some rumor of the late affair at Frascati's might have influenced my friend Meurice in this unusual demand, I abruptly refused, and was about to turn away, when he, perhaps guessing that I had not believed his statements, handed me an open letter, saying, "You see, sir, this is the letter; and as I am so pressed for spare room, I must now refuse the writer."

As my eye glanced at the writing, I started back with amazement to perceive it was in my cousin Guy's hand, requesting that apartments might be retained for Sir Guy Lorrequer, my uncle, who was to arrive in Paris by the end of the week. If any doubt had remained on my mind as to the deception I had been duped by, this would completely have dispelled it; but I had long before been convinced of

the trick, and only wondered how the false Guy — Mr. Dudley Morewood — had contrived to present himself to me so opportunely, and by what means, in so short a space of time, he had become acquainted with my personal appearance.

As I mentioned this circumstance of the letter to Trevanion, he could not conceal his satisfaction at his sagacity in unravelling the mystery, while this new intelligence confirmed the justness and accuracy of all his explanations.

As we walked along towards the Palais Royal, Trevanion endeavored, not very successfully, to explain to my friend O'Leary the nature of the trick which had been practised, promising at another time some revelations concerning the accomplished individual who had planned it, which in boldness and daring eclipsed even this.

Any one who in waking has had the confused memory of a dream in which events have been so mingled and mixed as to present no uniform narrative, but only a mass of strange and incongruous occurrences, without object or connection, may form some notion of the state of restless excitement my brain suffered from as the many and conflicting ideas my late adventures suggested, presented themselves to my mind in rapid succession.

The glare, the noise, and the clatter of a French *café* are certainly not the agents most in request for restoring a man to the enjoyment of his erring faculties; and if I felt addled and confused before, I had scarcely passed the threshold of Véry's when I became absolutely like one in a trance. The large salon was more than usually crowded, and it was with difficulty that we obtained a place at a table where some other English were seated, among whom I recognized my lately made acquaintance, Mr. Edward Bingham.

Excepting a cup of coffee, I had taken nothing the entire day; and so completely did my anxieties of different kinds subdue all appetite that the most exquisite viands of this well-known restaurant did not in the least tempt me. The champagne alone had any attraction for me; and seduced by the icy coldness of the wine, I drank copiously. This

was all that was wanting to complete the maddening confusion of my brain, and the effect was instantaneous: the lights danced before my eyes; the lustres whirled round; and as the scattered fragments of conversation on either side met my ear, I was able to form some not very inaccurate conception of what insanity might be. Politics and literature, Mexican bonds and Noblet's legs, *pâtés de perdreaux* and the quarantine laws, the *extrême gauche* and *roulette*, Victor Hugo and *rouge-et-noir*, had formed a species of grand *ballet d'action* in my fevered brain, and I was perfectly beside myself. Occasionally, too, I would revert to my own concerns, although I was scarcely able to follow up any train of thought for more than a few seconds together, and totally inadequate to distinguish the false from the true. I continued to confound the counterfeit with my cousin, and wonder how my poor uncle, for whom I was about to put on the deepest mourning, could possibly think of driving me out of my lodgings. Of my duel for the morning I had the most shadowy recollection, and could not perfectly comprehend whether it was O'Leary or myself was the principal, and, indeed, cared but little. In this happy state of independent existence I must have passed a considerable time; and as my total silence when spoken to, or my irrelevant answers, appeared to have tired out my companions, they left me to the uninterrupted enjoyment of my own pleasant imaginings.

"Do you hear, Lorrequer," at last said Trevanion, — "are you asleep, my dear friend? This gentleman has been good enough to invite us to breakfast to-morrow at St. Cloud."

I looked up, and was just able to recognize the well-trimmed mustachio of Mr. Edward Bingham as he stood mumbling something before me.

"St. Cloud, — what of St. Cloud?" said I.

"We have something in that quarter to-morrow."

"What is it, O'Leary? Can we go?"

"Oh! certainly. Our engagement is an early one."

"We shall accept your polite invitation with pleasure —"
Here he stooped over and whispered something in my ear,

—what, I cannot say; but I know that my reply, now equally lost to me, produced a hearty fit of laughing to my two friends.

My next recollection is finding myself in a crowded box at the theatre. It seems that O'Leary had acceded to a proposal from some of the other party to accompany them to the Porte St. Martin, where Mrs. Bingham and her daughter had engaged a box. Amid all the confusion which troubled thoughts and wine produced in me, I could not help perceiving a studied politeness and attention on the part of Mr. Edward Bingham towards me; and my first sobering reflection came on finding that a place was reserved for me beside Miss Bingham, into which, by some contrivance I can in no wise explain, I found myself almost immediately installed. To all the excitement of champagne and punch let the attractions of a French ballet be added, and with a singularly pretty companion at your side, to whom you have already made sufficient advances to be aware that you are no longer indifferent to her, and I venture to predict that it is much more likely your conversation will incline to flirting than political economy, and, moreover, that you make more progress during the performance of one single *pas de deux* upon the stage than you have hitherto done in ten morning calls, with an unexceptionable whisker and the best-fitting gloves in Paris. Alas! alas! it is only the rich man that ever wins at *rouge-et-noir*. The well-insured Indiaman, with her cargo of millions, comes safe into port; while the whole venture of some hardy veteran of the wave founders within sight of his native shore. So is it ever. Where success would be all and everything, it never comes; but only be indifferent or regardless, and fortune is at your feet, suing and imploring your acceptance of her favors. What would I not have given for one half of that solicitude now so kindly expressed in my favor by Miss Bingham if syllabled by the lips of Lady Jane Caltonby! How would my heart have throbbed for one light smile from one, while I ungratefully basked in the openly avowed preference of the other! These were my first thoughts, — what were the succeeding ones?

"*Elle est très bien !*" said a Frenchwoman, turning round in the box next to us, and directing at the same moment the eyes of a mustachioed hero upon my fair companion.

What a turn to my thoughts did this unexpected ejaculation give rise to! I now began to consider her more attentively, and certainly concurred fully in the Frenchwoman's verdict. I had never seen her look half so well before. The great fault in her features, which were most classically regular, lay in the monotony and uniform character of their expression. Now this was quite changed. Her cheek was slightly flushed, and her eyes more brilliant than ever; while her slightly parted lips gave a degree of speaking earnestness to her expression that made her perfectly beautiful.

Whether it was from this cause, I cannot say, but I certainly never felt so suddenly decided in my life from one course to its very opposite, as I now did to pay attention to my lovely companion. And here, I fear, I must acknowledge, in the honesty of these confessional details, that vanity had also its share in the decision. To be the admitted and preferred suitor of the prettiest woman in company, is generally a strong inducement to fall desperately in love with her, independently of other temptations for so doing.

How far my successes tallied with my good intentions in this respect, I cannot now say. I only remember that more than once O'Leary whispered to me something like a caution of some sort or other; but Emily's encouraging smiles and still more encouraging speeches had far more effect upon me than all the eloquence of the united service, had it been engaged in my behalf, would have effected. Mrs. Bingham, too, — who, to do her justice, seemed but little cognizant of our proceedings, — from time to time evinced that species of motherly satisfaction which *very* young men rejoice much in, and older ones are considerably alarmed at.

The play over, O'Leary charged himself with the protection of madam, while I enveloped Emily in her shawl and drew her arm within my own. What my hand had to do with hers, I knew not; it remains one of the unexplained

difficulties of that eventful evening. I have, it is true, a hazy recollection of pressing some very taper and delicately formed fingers; and remember, too, the pain I felt next morning on awaking, by the pressure of a too tight ring, which had, by some strange accident, found its way to my finger, for which its size was but ill adapted.

"You will join us at supper, I hope," said Mrs. Bingham, as Trevanion handed her to her carriage. "Mr. Lorrequer, Mr. O'Leary, we shall expect you."

I was about to promise to do so, when Trevanion suddenly interrupted me, saying that he had already accepted an invitation which would, unfortunately, prevent us; and having hastily wished the ladies good-night, hurried me away so abruptly that I had not a moment given for even one parting look at the fair Emily.

"Why, Trevanion," said I, "what invitation are you dreaming of? I, for one, should have been delighted to have gone home with the Bingham's."

"So I perceived," said Trevanion, gravely; "and it was for that precise reason I so firmly refused what, individually, I might have been most happy to accept."

"Then pray have the goodness to explain —"

"It is easily done. You have already, in recounting your manifold embarrassments, told me enough of these people to let me see that they intend you should marry among them; and, indeed, you have gone quite far enough to encourage such an expectation. Your present excited state has led you sufficiently far this evening, and I could not answer for your not proposing in all form before the supper was over; therefore I had no other course open to me than positively to refuse Mrs. Bingham's invitation. But here we are now at the *Cadran Rouge*; we shall have our lobster and a glass of Moselle, and then to bed, for we must not forget that we are to be at St. Cloud by seven."

"Ah! that is a good thought of yours about the lobster," said O'Leary; "and now, as you understand these matters, just order supper, and let us enjoy ourselves."

With all the accustomed despatch of a restaurant, a

most appetizing little supper made its speedy appearance; and although now perfectly divested of the high excitement which had hitherto possessed me, my spirits were excellent, and I never more relished our good fare and good fellowship.

After a full bumper to the health of the fair Emily had been proposed and drained by all three, Trevanion again explained how much more serious difficulty would result from any false step in that quarter than from all other scrapes collectively.

This he represented so strongly that for the first time I began to perceive the train of ill consequences that must inevitably result, and promised most faithfully to be guided by any counsel he might feel disposed to give me.

"Ah! what a pity," said O'Leary, "it is not my case. It's very little trouble it would cost any one to break off a match for *me*. I had always a most peculiar talent for those things."

"Indeed!" said Trevanion. "Pray may we know your secret? For, perhaps, ere long we may have occasion for its employment."

"Tell it by all means," said I.

"If I do," said O'Leary, "it will cost you a patient hearing; for my experiences are connected with two episodes in my early life which, although not very amusing, are certainly instructive."

"Oh! by all means let us hear them," said Trevanion; "for we have yet two bottles of Chambertin left, and must finish them ere we part."

"Well, agreed," said O'Leary; "only once for all, as what I am about to confide is strictly confidential, you must promise never even to allude to it hereafter in even the most remote manner, much less indulge in any unseemly mirth at what I shall relate."

Having pledged ourselves to secrecy and a becoming seriousness, O'Leary began his story as follows.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. O'LEARY'S FIRST LOVE.

"It was during the viceroyalty of the Duke of Richmond that the incidents I am about to mention took place. That was a few years since, and I was rather younger and a little more particular about my dress than at present." Here the little man threw a calm glance of satisfaction upon his uncouth habiliments that nearly made us forget our compact and laugh outright. "Well, in those wild and headstrong days of youthful ardor I fell in love, — desperately in love; and as always is, I believe, the case with our early experiments in that unfortunate passion, the object of my affection was in every way unsuited to me. She was a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed maiden, with a romantic imagination and a kind of half-crazed poetic fervor that often made me fear for her intellect. I'm a short, rather fat, — I was always given this way," — here he patted a waistcoat that would fit Daniel Lambert, — "happy-minded little fellow, that liked my supper of oysters at the Pigeon-house, and my other creature comforts, and hated everything that excited or put me out of my way, just as I would have hated a blister. Then, the devil would have it — for as certainly as marriages are made in heaven, flirtations have something to say to the other place — that I should fall most irretrievably in love with Lady Agnes Moreton. Bless my soul, it absolutely puts me in a perspiration, this hot day, just to think over all I went through on her account! For, strange to say, the more I appeared to prosper in her good graces, the more did she exact on my part; the pursuit was like Jacob's ladder, — if it did lead to heaven, it was certainly an awfully long journey, and very hard on one's legs. There was not an amusement she could think of, no matter

how unsuited to my tastes or my abilities, that she did not immediately take a violent fancy to; and then there was no escaping, and I was at once obliged to go with the tide, and Heaven knows if it would not have carried me to my grave if it were not for the fortunate (I now call it) accident that broke off the affair forever. One time she took a fancy for yachting; and all the dangles about her—and she had always had a *cordon* of them, young *aides-de-camp* of her father the general, and idle hussars in clanking sabretasches and most absurd mustaches—approved of the taste, and so kept filling her mind with anecdotes of corsairs and smugglers that at last nothing would satisfy her till I—I, who always would rather have waited for low water and waded the Liffey in all its black mud than cross over in the ferry-boat, for fear of sickness—I was obliged to put an advertisement in the newspaper for a pleasure-boat, and before three weeks saw myself owner of a clinker-built schooner of forty-eight tons that by some mockery of fortune was called ‘The Delight.’ I wish you saw me, as you might have done every morning for about a month, as I stood on the Custom-house quay giving orders for the outfit of the little craft. At first, as she bobbed and pitched with the flood-tide, I used to be a little giddy and rather qualmish, but at last I learned to look on without my head reeling. I began to fancy myself very much of a sailor,—a delusion considerably encouraged by a huge blue jacket and a sou’wester, both of which, though it was in the dog-days, Agnes insisted upon my wearing, saying I looked more like Dirk Hatteraick, who, I understood, was one of her favorite heroes in Walter Scott. In fact, after she suggested this, she and all her friends called me nothing but ‘Dirk.’

“Well, at last, after Heaven knows how many excuses on my part and entreaties for delay, a day was appointed for our first excursion. I shall never forget that day,—the entire night before it I did not close my eyes; the skipper had told me, in his confounded sea-jargon, that if the wind was in one quarter we should have a short, toss-

ing sea; and if in another, a long, rolling swell; and if in a third, a happy union of both: in fact, he made it out that it could not possibly blow right, — an opinion I most heartily coincided in; and most devoutly did I pray for a calm that would not permit of our stirring from our moorings, and thus mar our projected party of pleasure. My prayer was unheard; but my hopes rose, on the other hand, for it blew tremendously during the entire night, and although there was a lull towards morning, the sea, even in the river, was considerable.

“I had just come to the conclusion that I was safe for this time, when the mate poked his head into the room and said, —

“‘Mr. Brail wishes to know, sir, if he ’ll bend the new mainsail to-day, as it’s blowing rather fresh, and he thinks the spars light.’

“‘Why, the devil take him, he would not have us go out in a hurricane! Surely, Pipes, we could not take out ladies to-day?’

“‘Oh! bless your heart, yes, sir; it blows a bit, to be sure, but she’s a good sea-boat, and we can run for Arklow or the Hook if it comes fresher.’

“‘Oh, nonsense! there’s no pleasure in that; besides, I’m sure they won’t like it, — the ladies won’t venture, you ’ll see.’

“‘Ay, sir, but they’re all on board a’ready; there’s eight ladies in the cabin and six on deck, and as many hampers of victuals and as much crockery as if we were goin’ to Madeira. Captain Grantham, sir, the soldier officer with the big beard, is a-mixing punch in the grog-tub.’

“‘From the consequences of this day I proclaim myself innocent,’ said I, with a solemn voice, as I drew on my duck trousers and prepared to set out.

“‘And the mainsail, sir?’ said the mate, not understanding what I said.

“‘I care not which,’ said I, doggedly; ‘act or, part in this wilful proceeding I’ll not take.’

“‘Ay, ay, sir,’ said the stupid wretch; ‘then I’ll say

you're a coming, and he may stretch the large canvas; for the skipper says he likes a wet jacket when he has gentlemen out.'

"Never did a victim put on a flame-colored garment, the emblem of fate, and set out on the march of death with a heavier heart than did I put on my pilot-coat that morning to join my friends.

"My last hope deserted me as I saw the little vessel lying beside the quay; for I continued to trust that in getting out from the dock some accident or mischance might occur to spoil our sport. But no; there she lay, rolling and pitching in such a way that, even at anchor, they could not stand on the deck without holding. Amid the torrent of compliments for the perfection of all my arrangements, and innumerable sweet things on my taste in the decoration and fitting up of my cabin, I scarcely felt myself afloat for some minutes, and we got under way amid a noise and uproar that absolutely prevented the possibility of reflection.

"Hitherto our destination had not been mentioned, and as all the party appealed to Lady Agnes, I could not be less gallant, and joined them in their request.

"Well, then, what do you think of Lambay?' said she, looking at the same moment towards the skipper.

"We can make it, my lady,' said the man, 'but we'll have a roughish sea of it, for there's a strong point of westward in the wind.'

"Then don't think of it,' said I. 'We have come out for pleasure, not to make our friends sick or terrify them. It does very well for us men.'

"There you are, Dirk, with your insolent sneers about women's nerves and female cowardice. Now, nothing but Lambay will content me, — what say you, ladies?'

"A general reply of approval met this speech, and it was carried by acclamation.

"Lambay then be it,' said I, with the voice of a man who, entreating to be shot, is informed that he cannot be afforded that pleasure, as his sentence is to be hanged.

“But I must hasten over these painful recollections. We dropped down the river, and soon left the lighthouse and its long pier behind us, the mast bending like a whip, and the sea boiling like barm over the lee gunwale. Still, the spirit of our party only rose the lighter, and nothing but eulogies upon the trim and sailing of the craft resounded on all sides. The din and buzz of the conversation went on only more loudly and less restrictedly than if the party had been on shore, and all, even myself, seemed happy, for up to this moment I had not been sea-sick; yet certain treacherous sensations, that alternately evinced themselves in my stomach and my head, warned me of what was in store for me. The word was now given to tack; I was in the act of essaying a soft speech to Lady Agnes, when the confounded cry was heard of ‘Ready about! Starboard there; let go sheets and tacks! Stand by, haul!’ The vessel plunged head-foremost into the boiling sea, which hissed on either bow; the heavy boom swung over, carrying my hat along with it—and almost my head too. The rest of the party, possibly better informed than myself, speedily changed their places to the opposite side of the boat, while I remained holding on fast by the gunwale, till the sea, rushing over what was now become the lee side, carried me head over heels into the shingle ballast in the waist. Lord, how they did laugh! Agnes, too, who never before could get beyond a very faint smile, grew almost hysterical at my performance. As for me, I only wanted this to complete my long-threatened misfortune; sea-sickness, in all its most miserable forms, set in upon me, and ere half an hour I lay upon that heap of small stones as indifferent to all around and about me as though I were dead. Oh, the long, dreary hours of that melancholy day! it seemed like a year. They tacked and tacked, they wore, beat, and tacked again, the sea washing over me, and the ruffianly sailors trampling upon me without the slightest remorse whenever they had any occasion to pass back or forward. From my long trance of suffering I was partly roused by the steward shaking my shoulder, saying, —

“The gentlemen wish to know, sir, if you ’d like sum’at to eat, as they ’re a goin’ to have a morsel; we are getting into slack water now.’

“Where are we?’ I replied, in a sepulchral voice.

“Off the Hook, sir. We have had a most splendid run, but I fear we ’ll catch it soon; there’s some dirty weather to the westward.’

“God grant it!’ said I, piously and in a low tone.

“Did you say you ’d have a bit to eat, sir?’

“No! Eat! Am I a cannibal? Eat—go away. Mark me, my good fellow, I ’ll pay you your wages, if ever we get ashore; you ’ll never set another foot aboard with me.’

“The man looked perfectly astounded as he moved away, and my thoughts were soon engrossed by the proceedings near me. The rattle of knives and the jingling of plates and glasses went on very briskly for some time, accompanied by various pleasant observations of my guests, for such I judged them, from the mirth which ever followed them. At last I thought I heard my name, or at least what they pleased to use as its substitute, mentioned; I strained my ears to listen, and learned that they were pretending to plan a run over to Cowes and see the regatta. This they discussed then for about twenty minutes in a very loud voice, purposely to see its effects upon me; but as I was now aware of the trick, I gave no signs of any intelligence.

“‘Poor Dirk,’ said Grantham, ‘I believe by this time he cares very little which way her head lies; but here comes something better than all our discussions. Lady Agnes, sit here; Miss Pelham, here’s a dry cushion for you. Did you say a wing, Lady Mary?’

“Now began the crash and clatter of dinner,—champagne corks popping, glasses ringing, and all that peculiar admixture of *fracas* and fun which accompanies a scrambled meal. How they did laugh and eat, ay, and drink too! Grantham’s punch seemed to have its success, for, sick as I was, I could perceive the voices of the men grow gradually louder, and discovered that two gentlemen who had been remarkably timid in the morning, and scarcely opened

their lips, were now rather uproariously given, and one even proposed to sing.

“‘If any man,’ thought I, ‘were to look for an instant at the little scene now enacting here, what a moral would he reap from it! Talk of the base ingratitude of the world, you cannot say too much of it. Who would suppose that it was *my* boat these people were assembled in; that it was *my* champagne these people were drinking; that *my* venison and *my* pheasants were feeding those lips which rarely spoke except to raise a joke at my expense?’ My chagrin increased my sickness, and my sickness redoubled my chagrin.

“‘Mr. Brail,’ said I, in a low whisper, ‘Mr. Brail.’

“‘Did you speak, sir?’ said he, with about as much surprise in his manner as though he had been addressed by a corpse.

“‘Mr. Brail,’ said I, ‘is there any danger here?’

“‘Lord love you, no, sir; she’s walking Spanish, and the sea going down. We shall have lovely weather, and they’re all enjoying it, sir, — the ladies.’

“‘So I perceive,’ said I, with a groan, — ‘so I perceive; but, Mr. Brail, could you do nothing — just to — to — startle them a little, I mean for fun only? Just ship a heavy sea or two, — I don’t care for a little damage, Mr. Brail; and if it were to wash over the dinner service and all the wine, I should not like it worse.’

“‘Why, sir, you are getting quite funny; the sickness is going.’

“‘No, Mr. Brail, worse than ever; my head is in two pieces, and my stomach in the back of my mouth. But I should like you to do this, — so just manage it, will you? And there’s twenty pounds in my pocket-book, you can have it, — there now, won’t you oblige me? And hark ye, Mr. Brail, if Captain Grantham were to be washed over by mere accident, it cannot be helped; accidents are always occurring in boating parties. Go now; you know what I mean.’

“‘But, sir — ’ began he.

“Well, then, Mr. Brail, you won’t, — very well. Now all I have to say is this, that the moment I can find strength to do it, I’ll stave out a plank; I’ll scuttle the vessel, — that’s all; I have made up my mind, and look to yourselves now.’

“Saying these words, I again threw myself upon the ballast, and as the gay chorus of a drinking-song was wafted across me, prayed devoutly that we might all go down to the bottom. The song over, I heard a harsh, gruff voice mixing with the more civilized tones of the party, and soon perceived that Mr. Brail was recounting my proposal, amid the most uproarious shouts of laughter I ever listened to. Then followed a number of pleasant suggestions for my future management, one proposing to have me tried for mutiny and sentenced to a good ducking over the side; another, that I should be tarred on my back, — to which latter most humane notion the fair Agnes subscribed, averring that she was resolved upon my deserving my sobriquet of Dirk Hatteraick. My wrath was now the master even of deadly sickness. I got upon my knees, and having in vain tried to reach my legs, I struggled aft. In this posture did I reach the quarter-deck. What my intention precisely was in this excursion, I have no notion of now, but I have some very vague idea that I meant to react the curse of Kehama upon the whole party. At last I mustered strength to rise; but alas! I had scarcely reached the standing position when a tremendous heel of the boat to one side threw me in the gunwale, and before I was able to recover my balance, a second lurch pitched me headlong into the sea. I have, thank God, no further recollection of my misfortunes. When I again became conscious, I found myself wrapped up in a pilot-coat while my clothes were drying. The vessel was at anchor in Wexford, my attached friends had started for town with post-horses, leaving me no less cured of love than aquatics.

“‘The Delight’ passed over in a few days to some more favored son of Neptune, and I hid my shame and my misfortunes by a year’s tour on the Continent.”

"Although I acknowledge," said Trevanion, "that hitherto I have reaped no aid from Mr. O'Leary's narrative, yet I think it is not without a moral."

"Well, but," said I, "he has got another adventure to tell us; we have quite time for it, so pray pass the wine and let us have it."

"I have just finished the Burgundy," said O'Leary; "and if you will ring for another flask, I have no objection to let you hear the story of my second love."

CHAPTER X.

MR. O'LEARY'S SECOND LOVE.

"You may easily suppose," began Mr. O'Leary, "that the unhappy termination of my first passion served as a shield to me for a long time against my unfortunate tendencies towards the fair; and such was really the case. I never spoke to a young lady for three years after without a reeling in my head, so associated in my mind was love and sea-sickness. However, at last, what will not time do? It was about four years from the date of this adventure when I became so oblivious of my former failure as again to tempt my fortune! My present choice, in every way unlike the last, was a gay, lively girl of great animal spirits and a considerable turn for raillery that spared no one; the members of her own family were not even sacred in her eyes, and her father, a reverend dean, as frequently figured among the ludicrous as his neighbors.

"The Evershams had been very old friends of a rich aunt of mine, — who never, by the by, had condescended to notice me till I made their acquaintance; but no sooner had I done so than she sent for me and gave me to understand that in the event of my succeeding to the hand of Fanny Eversham, I should be her heir and the possessor of about sixty thousand pounds. She did not stop here, but by canvassing the dean in my favor, speedily put the matter on a most favorable footing, and in less than two months I was received as the accepted suitor of the fair Fanny, then one of the reigning *belles* of Dublin.

"They lived at this time about three miles from town, in a very pretty country, where I used to pass all my mornings, and many of my evenings too, in a state of happiness

that I should have considered perfect if it were not for two unhappy blots, — one, the taste of my betrothed for laughing at her friends; another, the diabolical propensity to talk politics of my intended father-in-law. To the former I could submit; but with the latter, submission only made bad worse; for he invariably drew up as I receded, dryly observing that with men who had no avowed opinions, it was ill agreeing, or that with persons who kept their politics as a schoolboy does his pocket-money, never to spend, and always ready to change, it was unpleasant to dispute. Such taunts as these I submitted to as well as I might, secretly resolving that as I never knew the meaning of Whig and Tory, I'd contrive to spend my life, after marriage, out of the worthy dean's diocese.

"Time wore on, and at length to my most pressing solicitations it was conceded that a day for our marriage should be appointed. Not even the unlucky termination of this my second love affair can deprive me of the happy *souvenir* of the few weeks which were to intervene before our destined union.

"The mornings were passed in ransacking all the shops where wedding finery could be procured; laces, blondes, velvets, and satins littered every corner of the deanery; and there was scarcely a carriage in a coachmaker's yard in the city that I had not sat and jumped in, to try the springs, by the special directions of Mrs. Eversham, who never ceased to impress me with the awful responsibility I was about to take upon me in marrying so great a prize as her daughter, — a feeling I found very general among many of my friends at the Kildare Street Club.

"Among the many indispensable purchases which I was to make, and about which Fanny expressed herself more than commonly anxious, was a saddle-horse for me. She was a great horsewoman, and hated riding with only a servant, and had given me to understand as much about half a dozen times each day for the last five weeks. How shall I acknowledge it? Equestrianism was never my forte. I had all my life considerable respect for the horse as an animal,

—pretty much as I regarded a lion or a tiger; but as to any intention of mounting upon the back, of one and taking a ride, I should as soon have dreamed of taking an airing upon a giraffe; and as to the thought of buying, feeding, and maintaining such a beast at my own proper cost, I should just as soon have determined to purchase a pillory or a ducking-stool by way of amusing my leisure hours.

“However, Fanny was obstinate. Whether she suspected anything or not, I cannot say; but nothing seemed to turn her from her purpose. And although I pleaded a thousand things in delay, yet she each day grew more impatient, and at last I saw that there was nothing for it but to submit.

“When I arrived at this last and bold resolve, I could not help feeling that to possess a horse and not be able to mount him, was only deferring the ridicule; and as I had so often expressed the difficulty I felt in suiting myself as a cause of my delay, I could not possibly come forward with anything very objectionable, or I should be only the more laughed at. There was then but one course to take; a fortnight still intervened before the day which was to make me happy, and I resolved to take lessons in riding during the interval, and by every endeavor in my power become, if possible, able to pass muster in the saddle before my bride.

“Poor old Lalouette understood but little of the urgency of the case when I requested his leave to take my lessons each morning at six o’clock, for I dared not absent myself during the day without exciting suspicion. And never, I will venture to assert, did knight-errant of old strive harder for the hand of his lady-love than did I during that weary fortnight. If a hippogriff had been the animal I bestrode, instead of being, as it was, an old wall-eyed gray, I could not have felt more misgivings at my temerity, or more proud of my achievement. In the first three days the unaccustomed exercise proved so severe that when I reached the deanery I could hardly move, and crossed the floor pretty much as a pair of compasses might be supposed to do if performing that exploit. Nothing, however, could

equal the kindness of my poor dear mother-in-law in embryo, and even the dean too. Fanny, indeed, said nothing, but I rather think she was disposed to giggle a little. But my rheumatism, as it was called, was daily inquired after, and I was compelled to take some infernal stuff in my port wine at dinner that nearly made me sick at table.

“‘I am sure you walk too much,’ said Fanny, with one of her knowing looks. ‘Papa, don’t you think he ought to ride? It would be much better for him.’

“‘I do, my dear,’ said the dean. ‘But then, you see, he is so hard to be pleased in a horse. Your old hunting days have spoiled you; but you must forget Melton and Grant-ham, and condescend to keep a hack.’

“‘I must have looked confoundedly foolish here, for Fanny never took her eyes off me, and continued to laugh in her own wicked way.

“‘It was now about the ninth or tenth day of my purgatorial performances; and certainly if there be any merit in fleshly mortifications, these religious exercises of mine should stand my part hereafter. A review had been announced in the Phoenix Park which Fanny had expressed herself most desirous to witness; and as the dean would not permit her to go without a chaperon, I had no means of escape, and promised to escort her. No sooner had I made this rash pledge than I hastened to my confidential friend Lalouette, and having imparted to him my entire secret, asked him, in a solemn and imposing manner, ‘Can I do it?’

“‘The old man shook his head dubiously, looked grave, and muttered at length, ‘Mosch depend on de horse.’

“‘I know it, I know it, I feel it,’ said I, eagerly; ‘then where are we to find an animal that will carry me peaceably through this awful day, — I care not for its price?’

“‘*Votre affaire ne sera pas trop chère,*’ said he.

“‘Why, how do you mean?’ said I.

“‘He then proceeded to inform me that by a singularly fortunate chance there took place that day an auction of ‘cast horses,’ as they are termed, which had been used in

the horse police force, and that from long riding, and training to stand fire, nothing could be more suitable than one of these, being both easy to ride and not given to start at noise.

"I could have almost hugged the old fellow for his happy suggestion, and waited with impatience for three o'clock to come, when we repaired together to Essex Bridge, at that time the place selected for these sales.

"I was at first a little shocked at the look of the animals drawn up; they were mostly miserably thin, most of them swelled in the legs, few without sore backs, and not one eye, on an average, in every three; but still they were all high-steppers, and carried a great tail.

"'There's your *affaire*,' said the old Frenchman, as a long-legged, fiddle-headed beast was led out, turning out his fore-legs so as to endanger the man who walked beside him.

"'Yes, there's blood for you,' said Charley Dycer, seeing my eye fixed on the wretched beast; 'equal to fifteen stone with any fox-hounds. Safe in all his paces, and warranted sound, — except,' added he, in a whisper, 'a slight spavin in both hind legs, ring bone, and a little touched in the wind.' Here the animal gave an approving cough. 'Will any gentleman say fifty pounds to begin?'

But no gentleman did. A hackney coachman, however, said five, and the sale was opened; the beast trotting up and down nearly over the bidders at every moment, and plunging on so that it was impossible to know what was doing.

"'Five ten — fifteen — six pounds; thank you, sir, — guineas.'

"'Seven pounds,' said I, bidding against myself, not perceiving that I had spoken last.

"'Thank you, Mr. Moriarty,' said Dycer, turning towards an invisible purchaser supposed to be in the crowd; 'thank you, sir, — you'll not let a good one go in that way.'

"Every one here turned to find out the very knowing gentleman, but he could nowhere be seen.

"Dycer resumed: 'Seven ten for Mr. Moriarty. Going

for seven ten, — a cruel sacrifice. There's action for you, — playful beast.'

"Here the devil had stumbled, and nearly killed a basket-woman with two children.

"'Eight,' said I, with a loud voice.

"'Eight pounds, — quite absurd,' said Dycer, almost rudely; 'a charger like that for eight pounds — going for eight pounds — going — nothing above eight pounds — no reserve, gentlemen, you are aware of that! They are all, as it were, his Majesty's stud — no reserve whatever — last time — eight pounds — gone!'

"Amid a very hearty cheer from the mob, — God knows why, but a Dublin mob always cheer, — I returned, accompanied by a ragged fellow, leading my new purchase after me with a hay halter. 'What is the meaning of those letters?' said I, pointing to a very conspicuous "G. R.," with sundry other enigmatical signs, burned upon the animal's hind-quarter.

"'That's to show he was a po-lis,' said the fellow, with a grin; 'and whin ye ride with ladies, ye must turn the decoy side.'

"The auspicious morning at last arrived; and strange to say, the first waking thought was of the unlucky day that ushered in my yachting excursion four years before. Why this was so, I cannot pretend to guess; there was but little analogy in the circumstances, — at least so far as anything had then gone. 'How is Marius?' said I to my servant as he opened my shutters. Here let me mention that a friend of the Kildare Street Club had suggested this name from the remarkably classic character of my steed's countenance; his nose, he assured me, was perfectly Roman.

"'Marius is doing finely, sir, barring his cough and the thrifle that ails his hind-legs.'

"'He'll carry me quietly, Simon, eh?'

"'Quietly. I'll warrant he'll carry you quietly, if that's all.'

"Here was comfort; for Simon had lived forty years as pantry boy with my mother, and knew a great deal about

horses. I dressed myself, therefore, in high spirits; and if my pilot jacket and oil-skin cap in former days had half persuaded me that I was born for marine achievements, certainly my cords and tops that morning went far to convince me that I must have once been a very keen sportsman somewhere without knowing it.

It was a delightful July day that I set out to join my friends, who, having recruited a large party, were to rendezvous at the corner of Stephen's Green; thither I proceeded in a certain ambling trot which I have often observed is a very favorite pace with timid horsemen and gentlemen of the medical profession. I was hailed with a most hearty welcome by a large party as I turned out of Grafton Street, among whom I perceived several friends of Miss Eversham, and some young dragoon officers, not of my acquaintance, but who appeared to know Fanny intimately, and were laughing heartily with her as I rode up.

"I don't know if other men have experienced what I am about to mention or not; but certainly to me there is no more painful sensation than to find yourself among a number of well-mounted, well-equipped people, while the animal you yourself bestride seems only fit for the kennel. Every look that is cast at your unlucky steed and every whispered observation about you are so many thorns in your flesh, till at last you begin to feel that your appearance is for very little else than the amusement and mirth of the assembly, and every time you rise in your stirrups you excite a laugh.

"Where, for mercy's sake, did you find that creature?" said Fanny, surveying Marius through a glass.

"Oh, him, eh? Why, he is a handsome horse, if in condition, — a charger, you know; that's his style."

"Indeed," lisped a young lancer, 'I should be devilish sorry to charge or be charged with him.' And here they all chuckled at this puppy's silly joke, and I drew up to repress further liberties.

"Is he anything of a fencer?" said a young country gentleman.

“‘To judge from his near eye, I should say much more of a boxer,’ said another.

“Here commenced a running fire of pleasantry at the expense of my poor steed, which, not content with attacking his physical, extended to his moral qualities; an old gentleman near me observing that I ought not to have mounted him at all, seeing that he was so deuced groggy! To which I replied by insinuating that if others present were as free from the influence of ardent spirits, society would not be a sufferer, — an observation that I flatter myself turned the mirth against the old fellow, for they all laughed for a quarter of an hour after.

“Well, at last we set out in a brisk trot, and, placed near Fanny, I speedily forgot all my annoyances in the prospect of figuring to advantage before her. When we reached College Green the leaders of the party suddenly drew up, and we soon found that the entire street opposite the Bank was filled with a dense mob of people, who appeared to be swayed hither and thither like some mighty beast as the individuals composing it were engaged in close conflict. It was nothing more nor less than one of those almost weekly rows which then took place between the students of the University and the townspeople, and which rarely ended without serious consequences. The numbers of people pressing on to the scene of action soon blocked up our retreat, and we found ourselves most unwilling spectators of the conflict. Political watchwords were loudly shouted by each party; and at last the students, who appeared to be yielding to superior numbers, called out for the intervention of the police. The aid was nearer than they expected; for at the same instant a body of mounted policemen, whose high helmets rendered them sufficiently conspicuous, were seen trotting at a sharp pace down Dame Street. On they came, with drawn sabres, led by a well-looking gentleman-like personage in plain clothes, who dashed at once into the midst of the fray, issuing his orders and pointing out to his followers to secure the ring-leaders. Up to this moment I had been a most patient and

rather amused spectator of what was doing. Now, however, my part was to commence, for at the word 'charge,' given in a harsh, deep voice by the sergeant of the party, Marius, remembering his ancient instinct, pricked up his ears, cocked his tail, flung up both his hind legs till they nearly broke the provost's windows, and plunged into the thickest of the fray like a devil incarnate.

"Self-preservation must be a strong instinct, for I well remember how little pain it cost me to see the people tumbling and rolling before and beneath me, while I continued to keep my seat. It was only the moment before, and that immense mass were in man-to-man encounter; now, all the indignation of both parties seemed turned upon me. Brickbats were loudly implored, and paving-stones begged to throw at my devoted head; the wild huntsman of the German romance never created half the terror nor one tenth of the mischief that I did in less than fifteen minutes, for the ill-starred beast continued twining and twisting like a serpent, plunging and kicking the entire time, and occasionally biting too, — all which accomplishments, I afterwards learned, however little in request in civil life, are highly prized in the horse police.

"Every new order of the sergeant was followed in his own fashion by Marius, who very soon contrived to concentrate in my unhappy person all the interest of about fifteen hundred people.

"'Secure that scoundrel!' said the magistrate, pointing with his finger towards me as I rode over a respectable-looking old lady with a gray muff. 'Secure him! Cut him down!'

"'Ah, devil's luck to him if he do!' said a newsmonger with a broken shin.

"On I went, however; and now, as the Fates would have it, instead of bearing me out of further danger, the confounded brute dashed onwards to where the magistrate was standing, surrounded by policemen. I thought I saw him change color as I came on. I suppose my own looks were none of the pleasantest, for the worthy man evidently liked



1. 1. 1.



Mr O'Leary charges a Mob.

them not. Into the midst of them we plunged, upsetting a corporal, horse and all, and appearing as if bent upon reaching the alderman.

“Cut him down, for Heaven’s sake! Will nobody shoot him?” said he, with a voice trembling with fear and anger.

“At these words a wretch lifted up his sabre and made a cut at my head. I stooped suddenly, and throwing myself from the saddle, seized the poor alderman around the neck, and we both came rolling to the ground together. So completely was he possessed with the notion that I meant to assassinate him that while I was endeavoring to extricate myself from his grasp, he continued to beg his life in the most heartrending manner.

“My story is now soon told. So effectually did they rescue the alderman from his danger that they left me insensible; and I only came to myself some days after by finding myself in the dock in Green Street, charged with an indictment of nineteen counts, the only word of truth of which lay in the preamble, for the ‘devil inciting’ me only, would ever have made me the owner of that infernal beast, the cause of all my misfortunes. I was so stupefied with my beating that I know little of the course of the proceedings. My friends told me afterwards that I had a narrow escape from transportation; but for the greatest influence exerted in my behalf I should certainly have passed the autumn in the agreeable recreation of pounding oyster-shells or carding wool; and it certainly must have gone hard with me, for, stupefied as I was, I remember the sensation in court when the alderman made his appearance with a patch over his eye. The affecting admonition of the little judge—who, when passing sentence upon me, adverted to the former respectability of my life and the rank of my relatives—actually made the galleries weep.

“Four months to Newgate and a fine to the king then rewarded my taste for horse-exercise; and it’s no wonder if I prefer going on foot.

“As to Miss Eversham, the following short note from the dean concluded my hopes in that quarter:—

DEANERY, Wednesday morning.

SIR, — After the very distressing publicity to which your late conduct has exposed you, the so open avowal of political opinions at variance with those (I will say) of every gentleman, and the recorded sentence of a judge on the verdict of twelve of your countrymen, I should hope that you will not feel my present admonition necessary to inform you that your visits at my house shall cease.

The presents you made my daughter when under our unfortunate ignorance of your real character, have been addressed to your hotel, and I am your most obedient, humble servant,

OLIVER EVERSHAM.

“Here ended my second affair *par amours* ; and I freely confess to you that if I can only obtain a wife in a sea-voyage or a steeplechase, I am likely to fulfil one great condition in modern advertising, ‘as having no incumbrance, nor any objection to travel.’”

CHAPTER XI.

THE DUEL.

MR. O'LEARY had scarcely concluded the narrative of his second adventure when the gray light of the breaking day was seen faintly struggling through the half-closed curtains, and apprising us of the lateness of the hour.

"I think we shall just have time for one finishing flask of Chambertin," said O'Leary, as he emptied the bottle into his glass.

"I forbid the banns, for one," cried Trevanion. "We have all had wine enough, considering what we have before us this morning; and besides, you are not aware it is now past four o'clock. So, *garçon, garçon*, there! — how soundly the poor fellow sleeps! — let us have some coffee, and then inquire if a carriage is in waiting at the corner of the Rue Vivienne."

The coffee made its appearance, — very much, as it seemed, to Mr. O'Leary's chagrin, who, however, solaced himself by sundry "small glasses" to correct the coldness of the wine he had drunk, and at length recovered his good-humor.

"Do you know, now," said he, after a short pause, in which we had all kept silence, "I think what we are about to do is the very ugliest way of finishing a pleasant evening. For my own part, I like the wind-up we used to have in 'Old Trinity' formerly, when, after wringing off half a dozen knockers, breaking the lamps at the post-office, and getting out the fire-engines of Werburgh's parish, we beat a few watchmen and went peaceably to bed."

"Well, not being an Irishman," said Trevanion, "I'm half disposed to think that even our present purpose is nearly as favorable to life and limb; but here comes my

servant. Well, John, is all arranged and the carriage ready?"

Having ascertained that the carriage was in waiting, and that the small box — brass-bound and Bramah-locked — reposed within, we paid our bill and departed. A cold, raw, misty-looking morning, with masses of dark, lowering clouds overhead, and channels of dark and murky water beneath, were the pleasant prospects which met us as we issued forth from the *café*. The lamps which hung suspended midway across the street — we speak of some years since — creaked, with a low and plaintive sound, as they swung backwards and forwards in the wind. Not a footstep was heard in the street, nothing but the heavy patter of the rain as it fell ceaselessly upon the broad pavement. It was, indeed, a most depressing and dispiriting accompaniment to our intended excursion; and even O'Leary, who seemed to have but slight sympathy with external influences, felt it, for he spoke but little, and was scarcely ten minutes in the carriage till he was sound asleep. This was, I confess, a great relief to me; for however impressed I was, and to this hour am, with the many sterling qualities of my poor friend, yet I acknowledge that this was not precisely the time I should have cared for their exercise, and would have much preferred the companionship of a different order of person, even though less long acquainted with him. Trevanion was, of all others, the most suitable for this purpose; and I felt no embarrassment in opening my mind freely to him upon subjects which, but twenty-four hours previous, I could not have imparted to a brother.

There is no such unlocker of the secrets of the heart as the possibly near approach of death. Indeed, I question if a great deal of the bitterness the thought of it inspires does not depend upon that very circumstance. The reflection that the long-treasured mystery of our lives (and who is there without some such?) is about to become known, and the secret of our inmost heart laid bare, is in itself depressing. Not one kind word nor one embracing adieu to those

we are to leave forever can be spoken or written without calling up its own story of half-forgotten griefs, or, still worse, at such a moment, of happiness never again to be partaken of.

"I cannot explain why," said I to Trevanion, "but although it has unfortunately been pretty often my lot to have gone out on occasions like this, both as principal and friend, yet never before did I feel so completely depressed and low-spirited; and never, in fact, did so many thoughts of regret arise before me for much of the past, and sorrow for the chance of abandoning the future —"

"I can understand," said Trevanion, interrupting. "I have heard of your prospects in the Callonby family, and certainly, with such hopes, I can well conceive how little one would be disposed to brook the slightest incident which could interfere with their accomplishment; but now that your cousin Guy's pretensions in that quarter are at an end, I suppose, from all I have heard, that there can be no great obstacle to yours."

"Guy's pretensions at an end! For Heaven's sake tell me all you know of this affair; for up to this moment I am in utter ignorance of everything regarding his position in the Callonby family."

"Unfortunately," replied Trevanion, "I know but little; but still that little is authentic, Guy himself having imparted the secret to a very intimate friend of mine. It appears, then, that your cousin had heard that the Callonbys had been very civil to you in Ireland and made all manner of advances to you, — having done so under the impression that you were the *other* nephew of Sir Guy, and consequently the heir of a large fortune, that is, Guy himself, — and that they had never discovered the mistake during the time they resided in Ireland, when they not only permitted, but even encouraged the closest intimacy between you and Lady Jane. Is so far true?"

"I have long suspected it. Indeed, in no other way can I account for the reception I met with from the Callonbys. But is it possible that Lady Jane could have lent herself to anything so unworthy —"

"Pray hear me out," said Trevanion, who was evidently struck by the despondency of my voice and manner. "Guy, having heard of their mistake, and arguing well to himself from this evidence of their disposition, no sooner heard of their arrival in Paris than he came over here and got introduced to them. From that time he scarcely ever left their house, except to accompany them into society or to the theatres. It is said that with Lady Jane he made no progress. Her manner, at the beginning cold and formal, became daily more so, until at last he was half disposed to abandon the pursuit, — in which, by the by, he has since confessed, ambitious views entered more than any affection for the lady, — when the thought struck him to benefit by what he supposed at first to be the great bar to his success. He suddenly pretended to be only desirous of intimacy with Lady Jane from having heard so much of her from you; affected to be greatly in your confidence; and, in fact, assumed the character of a friend cognizant of all your feelings and hopes, and ardently desiring, by every means in his power, to advance your interests —"

"And was it thus he succeeded?" I broke in.

"'T was thus he endeavored to succeed," said Trevanion.

"Ah! with what success I but too well know," said I. "My uncle himself showed me a letter from Guy in which he absolutely speaks of the affair as settled, and talks of Lady Jane as about to be his wife."

"That may be all quite true; but a little consideration of Guy's tactics will show what he intended, for I find that he induced your uncle, by some representations of his, to make the most handsome proposals, with regard to the marriage, to the Callonbys, and that, to make the story short, nothing but the decided refusal of Lady Jane — who at length saw through his entire game — prevented the match."

"And then she did refuse him?" said I, with ill-repressed exultation.

"Of that there can be no doubt; for independently of all the gossip and quizzing upon the subject to which Guy was

exposed in the coteries, he made little secret of it himself, openly avowing that he did not consider a repulse a defeat, and that he resolved to sustain the siege as vigorously as ever."

However interested I felt in all Trevanion was telling me, I could not help falling into a train of thinking over my first acquaintance with the Callonbys. There are, perhaps, but few things more humiliating than the knowledge that any attention or consideration we have met with has been paid us in mistake for another; and in the very proportion that they were prized before, are they detested when the truth is known to us.

To all the depressing influences these thoughts suggested, came the healing balm that Lady Jane was true to me; that she at least, however others might be biassed by worldly considerations, — that she cared for me, for myself alone. My reader (alas! for my character for judgment) knows upon how little I founded the conviction; but I have often, in these "Confessions," avowed my especial failing to be a great taste for self-deception, and here was a capital occasion for its indulgence.

"We shall have abundant time to discuss this later on," said Trevanion, laying his hand upon my shoulder to rouse my wandering attention, "for now, I perceive, we have only eight minutes to spare."

As he spoke, a dragoon officer, in an undress, rode up to the window of the carriage, and looking steadily at our party for a few seconds, asked if we were "*Messieurs les Anglais*;" and almost without waiting for reply, added, "You had better not go any farther in your carriage, for the next turn of the road will bring you in sight of the village."

We accordingly stopped the driver, and having with some difficulty aroused O'Leary, got out upon the road. The stranger here gave his horse to a groom and proceeded to guide us through a corn-field by a narrow path, with whose windings and crossings he appeared quite conversant. We at length reached the brow of a little hill, from

which an extended view of the country lay before us, showing the Seine winding its tranquil course between the richly tilled fields, dotted with many a pretty cottage. Turning abruptly from this point, our guide led us, by a narrow and steep path, into a little glen planted with poplars and willows. A small stream ran through this, and by the noise we soon detected that a mill was not far distant, which another turning brought us at once in front of.

And here I cannot help dwelling upon the scene which met our view. In the porch of the little rural mill sat two gentlemen, one of whom I immediately recognized as the person who had waited upon me, and the other I rightly conjectured to be my adversary. Before them stood a small table covered with a spotless napkin, upon which a breakfast equipage was spread, — a most inviting melon and a long, slender-necked bottle, reposing in a little ice-pail, forming part of the picture. My opponent was coolly enjoying his cigar, a half-finished cup of coffee beside him; his friend was occupied in examining the caps of the duelling-pistols, which were placed upon a chair. No sooner had we turned the angle which brought us in view than they both rose, and taking off their hats with much courtesy, bade us good morning.

“May I offer you a cup of coffee?” said Monsieur de Joncourt to me as I came up, at the same time filling it out, and pushing over a little flask of cognac towards me.

A look from Trevanion decided my acceptance of the proffered civility, and I seated myself in the chair beside the baron. Trevanion meanwhile had engaged my adversary in conversation along with the stranger who had been our guide, leaving O’Leary alone unoccupied, which, however, he did not long remain; for although uninvited by the others, he seized a knife and fork and commenced a vigorous attack upon a partridge-pie near him, and with equal absence of ceremony uncorked the champagne and filled out a foaming goblet, nearly one third of the whole bottle, adding, —

“I think, Mr. Lorrequer, there’s nothing like showing

them that we are just as cool and unconcerned as themselves."

If I might judge from the looks of the party, a happier mode of convincing them of our "free and easy" feelings could not possibly have been discovered. From any mortification this proceeding might have caused me, I was speedily relieved by Trevanion calling O'Leary to one side while he explained to him that he must nominally act as second on the ground, as Trevanion, being a resident in Paris, might become liable to a prosecution should anything serious arise, while O'Leary, as a mere passer through, could cross the country into Germany and avoid all trouble.

O'Leary at once acceded, — perhaps the more readily because he expected to be allowed to return to his breakfast; but in this he soon found himself mistaken, for the whole party now rose, and, preceded by the baron, followed the course of the little stream.

After about five minutes walking we found ourselves at the outlet of the glen, which was formed by a large stone quarry, making a species of amphitheatre, with lofty walls of rugged granite rising thirty or forty feet on either side of us. The ground was smooth and level as a boarded floor, and certainly, to amateurs in these sort of matters presented a most perfect spot for a "meeting."

The stranger who had just joined us could not help remarking our looks of satisfaction at the choice of the ground, and observed to me, —

"This is not the first affair that this little spot has witnessed, and the 'Mill of St. Cloud' is, I think, the very best 'meet' about Paris."

Trevanion, who during these few minutes had been engaged with De Joncourt, now drew me aside.

"Well, Lorrequer, have you any recollection now of having seen your opponent before, or can you make a guess at the source of all this?"

"Never till this instant," said I, "have I beheld him," as I looked towards the tall, stoutly built figure of my adver-

sary, who was very leisurely detaching a cordon from his tightly fitting frock, — doubtless to prevent its attracting my aim.

“Well, never mind, I shall manage everything properly. What can you do with the small-sword, for they have rapiers at the mill?”

“Nothing whatever; I have not fenced since I was a boy.”

“No matter, then, we’ll fight at a *barrière*, — I know they’re not prepared for that from Englishmen; so just step on one side now, and leave me to talk it over.”

As the limited nature of the ground did not permit me to retire to a distance, I became involuntarily aware of a dialogue which even the seriousness of the moment could scarcely keep me from laughing at, outright.

It was necessary, for the sake of avoiding any possible legal difficulty in the result, that O’Leary should give his assent to every step of the arrangement; and being almost totally ignorant of French, Trevanion had not only to translate for him, but also to render in reply O’Leary’s own comments or objections to the propositions of the others.

“Then it is agreed, — we fight at a *barrière*,” said Captain de Joncourt.

“What’s that, Trevanion?”

“We have agreed to place them at a *barrière*,” replied Trevanion.

“That’s strange,” muttered O’Leary to himself, who, knowing that the word meant a “turnpike,” never supposed it had any other signification.

“*Vingt-quatre pas, n’est-ce-pas ?*” said De Joncourt.

“Too far,” interposed Trevanion.

“What does he say now?” asked O’Leary.

“Twenty-four paces for the distance.”

“Twenty-four of my teeth, he means,” said O’Leary, snapping his fingers. “What does he think of the length of Sackville Street? Ask him that, will ye?”

“What says Monsieur?” said the Frenchman.

“He thinks the distance much too great.”

"He may be mistaken," said the Captain, half sneeringly. "My friend is *de la première force*."

"That must be something impudent, from your looks, Mr. Trevanion. Isn't it a thousand pities I can't speak French?"

"What say you, then, to twelve paces? Fire together, and two shots each, if the first fire be inconclusive," said Trevanion.

"And if necessary," added the Frenchman, carelessly, "conclude with these," touching the swords with his foot as he spoke.

"The choice of the weapon lies with us, I opine," replied Trevanion. "We have already named pistols, and by them we shall decide this matter."

It was at length, after innumerable objections, agreed upon that we should be placed back to back, and, at a word given, each walk forward to a certain distance marked out by a stone, where we were to halt, and at the signal "*Un*," "*Deux*," turn round and fire.

This, which is essentially a French invention in duelling, was perfectly new to me, but by no means so to Trevanion, who was fully aware of the immense consequence of not giving even a momentary opportunity for aim to my antagonist; and in this mode of firing the most practised and deadly shot is liable to err, particularly if the signal be given quickly.

While Trevanion and the Captain were measuring out the ground, a little circumstance which was enacted near me was certainly not over-calculated to strengthen my nerve. The stranger who had led us to the ground had begun to examine the pistols, and finding that one of them was loaded, turned towards my adversary, saying, "*De Hault-penne*, you have forgotten to draw the charge. Come, let us see what vein you are in." At the same time, drawing off his large cavalry glove, he handed the pistol to his friend. "A double-napoleon you don't hit the thumb."

"Done!" said the other, adjusting the weapon in his hand. The action was scarcely performed, when the bettor

flung the glove into the air with all his force. My opponent raised his pistol, waited for an instant till the glove, having attained its greatest height, turned to fall again; then click went the trigger, the glove turned round and round half a dozen times, and fell about twenty yards off, and the thumb was found cut clearly off at the juncture with the hand.

This — which did not occupy half as long as I have spent in recounting it — was certainly a pleasant introduction to standing at fifteen yards from the principal actor; and I should doubtless have felt it in all its force, had not my attention been drawn off by the ludicrous expression of grief in O'Leary's countenance, who evidently regarded me as already defunct.

"Now, Lorrequer, we are ready," said Trevanion, coming forward; and then, lowering his voice, added, "All is in your favor; I have won the 'word,' which I shall give the moment you halt. So turn and fire at once. Be sure not to go too far round in the turn, — that is the invariable error in this mode of firing; only, no hurry! — Be calm."

"Now, messieurs," said De Joncourt as he approached with his friend leaning upon his arm, and placed him in the spot allotted to him. Trevanion then took my arm, and placed me back to back to my antagonist. As I took up my ground, it so chanced that my adversary's spur slightly grazed me, upon which he immediately turned round, and with the most engaging smile, begged a "thousand pardons," and hoped I was not hurt.

O'Leary, who saw the incident and guessed the action aright, called out, —

"Oh, the cold-blooded villain! the devil a chance for you, Mr. Lorrequer."

"Messieurs, your pistols," said De Joncourt, who, as he handed the weapons and repeated once more the conditions of the combat, gave the word to march.

I now walked slowly forward to the place marked out by the stone; but it seemed that I must have been in advance of my opponent, for I remember some seconds elapsed be-

fore Trevanion coughed slightly, and then with a clear, full voice called out, "*Un,*" "*Deux!*" I had scarcely turned myself half round, when my right arm was suddenly lifted up, as if by a galvanic shock. My pistol jerked upwards and exploded the same moment, and then dropped power-



lessly from my hand, which I now felt was covered with warm blood from a wound near the elbow. From the acute but momentary pang this gave me, my attention was soon called off; for scarcely had my arm been struck, when a loud clattering noise to the left induced me to turn, and then, to my astonishment, I saw my friend O'Leary about twelve feet from the ground, hanging on by some ash

twigs that grew from the clefts of the granite. Fragments of broken rock were falling around him, and his own position momentarily threatened a downfall. He was screaming with all his might; but what he said was entirely lost in the shouts of laughter of Trevanion and the Frenchmen, who could scarcely stand with the immoderate exuberance of their mirth.

I had no time to run to his aid, — which, although wounded, I should have done, — when the branch he clung to slowly yielded with his weight, and the round, plump figure of my poor friend rolled over the little cleft of rock, and after a few faint struggles came tumbling heavily down, and at last lay peaceably in the deep heather at the bottom, his cries the whole time being loud enough to rise even above the vociferous laughter of the others.

I now ran forward, as did Trevanion, when O'Leary, turning his eyes towards me, said, in the most piteous manner, —

"Mr. Lorrequer, I forgive you; here is my hand. Bad luck to their French way of fighting, that's all; it's only good for killing one's friend. I thought I was safe up there, come what might."

"My dear O'Leary," said I, in an agony which prevented my minding the laughing faces around me, "surely you don't mean to say that I have wounded *you*?"

"No, dear, not wounded, only killed me outright, — through the brain it must be, from the torture I'm suffering.

The shout with which this speech was received sufficiently aroused me; while Trevanion, with a voice nearly choked with laughter, said, —

"Why, Lorrequer, did you not see that your pistol, on being struck, threw your ball high up on the quarry? Fortunately, however, about a foot and a half above Mr. O'Leary's head, whose most serious wounds are his scratched hands and bruised bones from his tumble."

This explanation, which was perfectly satisfactory to me, was by no means so consoling to poor O'Leary, who lay

quite unconscious to all around, moaning in the most melancholy manner. Some of the blood, which continued to flow fast from my wound, having dropped upon his face, roused him a little, but only to increase his lamentation for his own destiny, which he believed was fast accomplishing.

"Through the skull, clean through the skull, and preserving my senses to the last! Mr. Lorrequer, stoop down, — it is a dying man asks you: don't refuse me a last request. There's neither luck nor grace, honor nor glory, in such a way of fighting; so just promise me you'll shoot that grinning baboon there when he's going off the ground, since it's the fashion to fire at a man with his back to you. Bring him down, and I'll die easy."

And with these words he closed his eyes and straightened out his legs, stretched his arms on either side, and arranged himself as much corpse fashion as the circumstances of the ground would permit, while I now freely participated in the mirth of the others, which, loud and boisterous as it was, never reached the ears of O'Leary.

My arm had now become so painful that I was obliged to ask Trevanion to assist me in getting off my coat. The surprise of the Frenchmen on learning that I was wounded was very considerable, O'Leary's catastrophe having exclusively engaged all attention. My arm was now examined, when it was discovered that the ball had passed through from one side to the other, without apparently touching the bone; the bullet and the portion of my coat carried in by it both lay in my sleeve. The only serious consequence to be apprehended was the wound of the blood-vessel, which continued to pour forth blood unceasingly, and I was just surgeon enough to guess that an artery had been cut.

Trevanion bound his handkerchief tightly across the wound and assisted me to the high road, which, so sudden was the loss of blood, I reached with difficulty. During all these proceedings nothing possibly could be more kind and considerate than the conduct of our opponents. All the bold and swaggering air which they had deemed the *essentielle*

before, at once fled, and in its place we found the most gentlemanlike attention and true politeness.

As soon as I was enabled to speak upon the matter, I begged Trevanion to look to poor O'Leary, who still lay upon the ground in a state of perfect unconsciousness. Captain de Joncourt, on hearing my wish, at once returned to the quarry, and with the greatest difficulty persuaded my friend to rise and endeavor to walk, which at last he did attempt, calling him to bear witness that it perhaps was the only case on record where a man with a bullet in his brain had made such an exertion.

With a view to my comfort and quiet, they got him into D'Haultpenne's cab; and having undertaken to send Dupuytren to me immediately on my reaching Paris, took their leave, and Trevanion and I set out homeward.

Not all my exhaustion and debility, nor even the acute pain I was suffering, could prevent my laughing at O'Leary's adventure; and it required all Trevanion's prudence to prevent my indulging too far in my recollection of it.

When we reached Meurice's I found Dupuytren in waiting, who immediately pronounced the main artery of the limb as wounded, and almost as instantaneously proceeded to pass a ligature round it. This painful business being concluded, I was placed upon a sofa; and being plentifully supplied with lemonade and enjoined to keep quiet, left to my own meditations, such as they were, till evening, — Trevanion having taken upon him to apologize for our absence at Mrs. Bingham's *déjeuner*, and O'Leary being fast asleep in his own apartment.

CHAPTER XII.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS. — A FIRST LOVE.

I KNOW of no sensations so very nearly alike as those felt on awaking after very sudden and profuse loss of blood, and those resulting from a large dose of opium. The dizziness, the confusion, and the abstraction at first, gradually yielding, as the senses become clearer, to a vague and indistinct consciousness; then the strange mistiness in which fact and fiction are wrapped up,—the confounding of persons and places and times, not so as to embarrass and annoy, for the very debility you feel subdues all irritation, but rather to present a panoramic picture of odd and incongruous events more pleasing than otherwise.

Of the circumstances by which I was thus brought to a sick couch I had not even the most vague recollection; the faces and the dress of all those I had lately seen were vividly before me, but how, and for what purpose, I knew not. Something in their kindness and attention had left an agreeable impression upon my mind, and without being able, or even attempting to trace it, I felt happy in the thought. While thus the “hour before” was dim and indistinct, the events of years past were vividly and brightly pictured before me; and strange, too, the more remote the period, the more did it seem palpable and present to my imagination. For so it is, there is in memory a species of mental long-sightedness which, though blind to the object close beside you, can reach the blue mountains and the starry skies which lie full many a league away. Is this a malady? or is it rather a providential gift to alleviate the tedious hours of the sick-bed and cheer the lonely sufferer, whose thoughts are his only realm?

My school-boy days in all their holiday excitement; the bank where I had culled the earliest cowslips of the year; the clear but rapid stream where days long I have watched the speckled trout as they swam peacefully beneath, or shook their bright fins in the gay sunshine; the gorgeous dragon-fly that played above the water and dipped his bright wings in its ripple, — they were all before me. And then came the thought of school itself, with its little world of boyish cares and emulations, — the early imbibed passion for success; the ardent longing for superiority; the high and swelling feeling of the heart, as home drew near, to think that I had gained the wished-for prize, the object of many an hour's toil, the thought of many a long night's dream; my father's smile; my mother's kiss! Oh! what a very world of tender memory that one thought suggests; for what are all our later successes in life — how bright soever our fortune be — compared with the early triumphs of our infancy! Where, among the jealous rivalry of some, the cold and half-wrung praise of others, the selfish and unsympathizing regard of all, shall we find anything to repay us for the swelling ecstasy of our young hearts as those who have cradled and loved us grow proud in our successes? For myself, a life that has failed in every prestige of those that prophesied favorably, years that have followed on each other only to blight the promise that kind and well-wishing friends foretold, leave but little to dwell upon that can be reckoned as success. And yet, some moments I have had which half seemed to realize my early dream of ambition and rouse my spirit within me; but what were they all, compared to my boyish glories? What the passing excitement one's own heart inspires in its lonely and selfish solitude when compared with that little world of sympathy and love our early home teemed with, as, proud in some trifling distinction, we fell into a mother's arms and heard our father's "God bless you, boy?" No, no; the world has no requital for this. It is like the bright day-spring, which as its glories gild the east, display before us a whole world of beauty and promise. Blighted hopes

have not withered, false friendships have not scathed, cold, selfish interest has not yet hardened our hearts or dried up our affections, and we are indeed happy; but equally like the burst of morning is it fleeting and short-lived, and equally so, too, does it pass away, never, never to return.

From thoughts like these my mind wandered on to more advanced years, when, emerging from very boyhood, I half believed myself a man, and was fully convinced I was in love.

Perhaps, after all, for the time it lasted — ten days, I think — it was the most sincere passion I ever felt. I had been spending some weeks at a small watering-place in Wales with some relatives of my mother. There were, as might be supposed, but few “distractions” in such a place, save the scenery and an occasional day’s fishing in the little river of Dolgelly, which ran near. In all these little rambles which the younger portion of the family made together, frequent mention was ever being made of a visit from a very dear cousin, and to which all looked forward with the greatest eagerness, — the elder ones of the party with a certain air of quiet pleasure, as though they knew more than they said, and the younger with all the childish exuberance of youthful delight. Clara Mourtray seemed to be, from all I was hourly hearing, the very paragon and pattern of everything. If any one was praised for beauty, Clara was immediately pronounced much prettier; did any one sing, Clara’s voice and taste were far superior. In our homeward walk, should the shadows of the dark hills fall with a picturesque effect upon the blue lake, some one was sure to say, “Oh, how Clara would like to sketch that!” In short, there was no charm nor accomplishment ever the gift of woman that Clara did not possess, or, what amounted pretty much to the same thing, that my relatives did not implicitly give her credit for. The constantly recurring praises of the same person affect us always differently as we go on in life. In youth the prevailing sentiment is an ardent desire to see the prodigy of whom we have heard so much; in after years, heartily to detest what hourly hurts

our self-love by comparisons, — we would take any steps to avoid meeting what we have inwardly decreed to be a “bore.” The former was my course; and though my curiosity was certainly very great, I had made up my mind to as great a disappointment, and half wished for the long arrival as a means of criticising what they could see no fault in.

The wished-for evening at length came, and we all set out upon a walk to meet the carriage which was to bring the long-wished-for Clara among us. We had not walked above a mile when the eager eye of the foremost detected a cloud of dust upon the road at some distance, and after a few minutes more, four posters were seen coming along at a tremendous rate. The next moment *she* was making the tour of about a dozen uncles, aunts, cousins, and *cousines*, none of whom, it appeared to me, felt any peculiar desire to surrender the hearty embrace to the next of kin in succession. At last she came to me, when, perhaps, in the confusion of the moment, nor exactly remembering whether or not she had seen me before, she stood for a moment silent, a deep blush mantling her lovely cheek, masses of waving brown hair disordered and floating upon her shoulders, her large and liquid blue eyes beaming upon me. One look was enough; I was deeply, irretrievably in love.

“Our cousin Harry, Harry Lorrequer, — wild Harry, as we used to call him, Clara,” said one of the girls, introducing me.

She held out her hand and said something with a smile, — what, I know not, nor can I tell how I replied; but something absurd it must have been, for they all laughed heartily, and the worthy papa himself tapped my shoulder jestingly, adding, —

“Never mind, Harry; you will do better one day, or I am much mistaken in you.”

Whether I was conscious that I had behaved foolishly or not, I cannot well say; but the whole of that night I thought over plans innumerable how I should succeed in putting myself forward before “Cousin Clara,” and vindi-

cating myself against any imputation of schoolboy mannerism that my first appearance might have caused.

The next day we remained at home. Clara was too much fatigued to walk out, and none of us would leave her. What a day of happiness that was! I knew something of music, and could sing a second. Clara was delighted at this, for the others had not cultivated singing much. We therefore spent part of the morning in this way. Then she produced her sketch-book, and I brought out mine, and we had a mutual interchange of prisoners. What cutting out of leaves and detaching of rice-paper landscapes! Then she came out upon the lawn to see my pony leap, and promised to ride him the following day. She patted the greyhounds, and said Gypsy, which was mine, was the prettiest. In a word, before night fell, Clara had won my heart in its every fibre, and I went to my room the very happiest of mortals.

I need not chronicle my next three days, — to me the most glorious *trois jours* of my life. Clara had evidently singled me out and preferred me to all the rest. It was beside *me* she rode, upon *my* arm she leaned in walking, and, to fill me with delight unutterable, I overheard her say to my uncle: "Oh, I doat upon dear Harry! And it is so pleasant, for I'm sure Mortimer will be so jealous."

"And who is Mortimer?" thought I; "he is a new character in the piece, of whom we have seen nothing."

I was not long in doubt upon this head, for that very day, at dinner, the identical Mortimer presented himself. He was a fine, dashing-looking, soldier-like fellow, of about thirty-five, with a heavy mustache and a bronzed cheek, — rather grave in his manner, but still perfectly good-natured, and when he smiled showing a most handsome set of regular teeth. Clara seemed less pleased (I thought) at his coming than the others, and took pleasure in tormenting him by a thousand pettish and frivolous ways, which I was sorry for, as I thought he did not like it, and used to look half chidingly at her from time to time, but without any effect, for she just went on as before, and

generally ended by taking my arm and saying: "Come away, Harry. *You* always are kind, and never look sulky; I can agree with *you*." These were delightful words for me to listen to; but I could not hear them without feeling for him, who evidently was pained by Clara's avowed preference for me, and whose years — for I thought thirty-five at that time a little verging upon the patriarchal — entitled him to more respect.

"Well," thought I, one evening, as this game had been carried rather farther than usual, "I hope she is content now, for certainly Mortimer is jealous;" and the result proved it, for the whole of the following day he absented himself, and never came back till late in the evening. He had been, I found, from a chance observation I overheard, at the bishop's palace, and the bishop himself, I learned, was to breakfast with us in the morning.

"Harry, I have a commission for you," said Clara. "You must get up very early to-morrow, and climb the Cader mountain, and bring me a grand bouquet of the blue and purple heath that I liked so much the last time I was there. Mind, very early, for I intend to surprise the bishop to-morrow with my taste in a nosegay."

The sun had scarcely risen as I sprang from my bed and started upon my errand. Oh, the glorious beauty of that morning's walk! As I climbed the mountain, the deep mists lay upon all around, and except the path I was treading, nothing was visible; but before I reached the top, the heavy masses of vapor were yielding to the influence of the sun, and as they rolled from the valleys up the mountain sides, were every instant opening new glens and ravines beneath me, bright in all their verdure, and speckled with sheep, whose tinkling bells reached me even where I stood.

I counted above twenty lakes, at different levels below me, — some brilliant and shining like polished mirrors; others, not less beautiful, dark and solemn with some mighty mountain shadow. As I looked landward, the mountains reared their huge crests, one above the other, to the farthest any eye could reach. Towards the opposite

side, the calm and tranquil sea lay beneath me, bathed in the yellow gold of a rising sun; a few ships were peaceably lying at anchor in the bay; and the only thing in motion was a row-boat, the heavy, monotonous stroke of whose oars rose in the stillness of the morning air. Not a single habitation of man could I descry, nor any vestige of a human being, except that mass of something upon a rock far down beneath were one, and I think it must have been, for I saw a sheep-dog ever returning again and again to the same spot.

My bouquet was gathered, the gentian of the Alps, which is found here, also contributing its evidence to show where I had been to seek it, and I turned home.

The family were at breakfast as I entered, — at least so the servants said, for I only remembered then that the bishop was our guest, and that I could not present myself without some slight attention to my dress. I hastened to my room, and scarcely had I finished, when one of my cousins, a little girl of eight years, came to the door and said, —

“Harry, come down; Clara wants you.”

I rushed downstairs, and as I entered the breakfast-parlor, stood still with surprise. The ladies were all dressed in white, and even my little cousin wore a gala costume that almost amazed me.

“My bouquet, Harry! I hope you have not forgotten it,” said Clara, as I approached.

I presented it at once, when she gayly and coquettishly held out her hand for me to kiss. This I did, my blood rushing to my face and temples the while, and almost depriving me of consciousness.

“Well, Clara, I *am* surprised at you,” said Mortimer. “How can you treat the poor boy so?”

I grew deadly pale at these words, and turning round, looked at the speaker full in the face. “Poor fellow!” thought I, “he is jealous, and I am really grieved for him;” and turned again to Clara.

“Here it is — oh, how handsome, papa!” said one of the younger children, running eagerly to the window as a very

pretty open carriage with four horses drew up before the house.

"The bishop has taste," I murmured to myself, scarcely deigning to give a second look at the equipage.

Clara now left the room, but speedily returned, her dress changed, and shawled as if for a walk. What could all this mean? And the whispering, too, what is all that? And why are they all so sad? Clara has been weeping.

"God bless you, my child! Good by!" said my aunt, as she folded her in her arms for the third time.

"Good by, good by!" I heard on every side. At length, approaching me, Clara took my hand and said, —

"My poor Harry, so we are going to part! I am going to Italy."

"To Italy, Clara? Oh, no, say no! Italy! I shall never see you again!"

"Won't you wear this ring for me, Harry? It is an old favorite of yours; and when we meet again —"

"Oh, dearest Clara!" I said, "do not speak thus."

"Good by, my poor boy, good by!" said Clara, hurriedly, and rushing out of the room, she was lifted by Mortimer into the carriage, who immediately jumped in after her. The whip cracked, the horses clattered, and all was out of sight in a second.

"Why is she gone with him?" said I, reproachfully, turning towards my aunt.

"Why, my dear, a very sufficient reason. She was married this morning."

This was my first love!

CHAPTER XIII.

WISE RESOLVES.

MUSING over this boyish adventure, I fell into a deep slumber, and on awakening it took me some minutes before I could recall my senses sufficiently to know where I was. The whole face of things in my room was completely changed. Flowers had been put in the china vases upon the tables; two handsome lamps, shaded with gauzes, stood upon the consoles; illustrated books, prints, and caricatures were scattered about. A pianoforte had, also, by some witchcraft, insinuated itself into a recess near the sofa; a handsome little tea-service, of old Dresden china, graced a small marqueterie table; and a little piquet table stood most invitingly beside the fire. I had scarcely time to turn my eyes from one to the other of these new occupants when I heard the handle of my door gently turn, as if by some cautious hand, and immediately closed my eyes and feigned sleep. Through my half-shut lids I perceived the door opened. After a pause of about a second, the skirt of a white muslin dress appeared; then a pretty foot stole a little farther; and at last the slight and graceful figure of Emily Bingham advanced noiselessly into the room. Fear had rendered her deadly pale; but the effect of her rich brown hair, braided plainly on either side of her cheek, suited so well the character of her features, I thought her far handsomer than ever. She came forward towards the table, and I now could perceive that she had something in her hand resembling a letter. This she placed near my hand, — so near as almost to touch it. She leaned over me; I felt her breath upon my brow, but never moved. At this instant a tress of her hair, becoming unfastened, fell over upon my face. She started; the motion

threw me off my guard, and I looked up. She gave a faint, scarcely audible shriek, and shrank into the chair beside me. Recovering, however, upon the instant, she grasped the letter she had just laid down, and having crushed it between her fingers, threw it into the fire. This done, — as if the effort had been too much for her strength, — she again fell back upon her seat, and looked so pale I almost thought she had fainted.

Before I had time to speak she rose once more; and now her face was bathed in blushes, her eyes swam with rising tears, and her lips trembled with emotion as she spoke.

“Oh, Mr. Lorrequer, what will you — what can you think of this? If you but knew —” And here she faltered and again grew pale, while I, with difficulty rising from the sofa, took her hand and led her to the chair beside it.

“And may I not know,” said I, “may I not know, my dear” — I am not sure I did not say “dearest” — “Miss Bingham, when perhaps the knowledge might make me the happiest of mortals?”

This was a pretty plunge as a sequel to my late resolutions. She hid her face between her hands and sobbed for some seconds.

“At least,” said I, “as that letter was destined for me but a few moments since, I trust that you will let me hear its contents.”

“Oh, no, not now!” said she, entreatingly; and rising at the same time, she turned to leave the room.

I still held her hand, and pressed it within mine. I thought she returned the pressure. I leaned forward to catch her eye, when the door was opened hastily, and a most extraordinary figure presented itself.

It was a short, fat man, with a pair of enormous mustachios of a fiery red, huge bushy whiskers of the same color, a blue frock covered with braiding and decorated with several crosses and ribbons, tight pantaloons, and Hessian boots with long brass spurs. He held a large gold-headed cane in his hand, and looked about with an expression of very equivocal drollery, mingled with fear.

"May I ask, sir," said I, as this individual closed the door behind him, "may I ask the reason for this intrusion?"

"Oh, upon my conscience, I'll do, I'm sure to pass muster now," said the well-known voice of Mr. O'Leary, whose pleasant features began to dilate amid the forest of red hair he was disguised in. "But I see you are engaged," said he, with a sly look at Miss Bingham, whom he had not yet recognized; "so I must contrive to hide myself elsewhere, I suppose."

"It is Miss Bingham," said I, "who has been kind enough to come here with her maid to bring me some flowers. Pray present my compliments to Mrs. Bingham, and say how deeply I feel her kind attention."

Emily rose at the instant, and recovering her self-possession at once, said, —

"You forget, Mr. Lorrequer, it is a secret from whom the flowers came, — at least, mamma hoped to place them in your vases without your knowing. So pray don't speak of it, and I'm sure Mr. O'Leary will not tell."

If Mr. O'Leary heard one word of this artful speech, I know not, but he certainly paid no attention to it nor the speaker, who left the room without his appearing aware of it.

"Now that she is gone, — for which Heaven be praised!" said I to myself, — "let me see what this fellow can mean."

As I turned from the door I could scarcely avoid laughing aloud at the figure before me. He stood opposite a large mirror, his hat on one side of his head, one arm in his breast, and the other extended, leaning upon his stick; a look of as much ferocity as such features could accomplish had been assumed, and his whole attitude was a kind of caricature of a melodramatic hero in a German drama.

"Why, O'Leary, what is all this?"

"Hush, hush!" said he, in a terrified whisper; "never mention that name again till we are over the frontier."

"But, man, explain, — what do you mean?"

"Can't you guess?" said he, dryly.

"Impossible; unless the affair at the Salon has induced you to take this disguise, I cannot conceive the reason."

"Nothing further from it, my dear friend, — much worse than that."

"Out with it, then, at once."

"She's come; she's here, — in this very house, No. 29, above the *entresol*."

"Who is here in No. 29, above the *entresol*?"

"Who but Mrs. O'Leary herself! I was near saying, 'Bad luck to her.'"

"And does she know you are here?"

"That is what I can't exactly say," said he; "but she has had the *Livre des Voyageurs* brought up to her room, and has been making rather unpleasant inquiries for the proprietor of certain hieroglyphics beginning with O which have given me great alarm, — the more so as all the waiters have been sent for in turn and subjected to long examination by her. So I have lost no time, but under the auspices of your friend Trevanion, have become the fascinating figure you find me, and am now Count O'Linski, a Pole of noble family, banished by the Russian Government, with a father in Siberia and all that; and I hope, by the end of the week, to be able to cheat at *écarté* and deceive the very police itself."

The idea of O'Leary's assuming such a metamorphosis was too absurd not to throw me into a hearty fit of laughing, in which the worthy *émigré* indulged also.

"But why not leave this at once," said I, "if you are so much in dread of recognition?"

"You forget the trial," added O'Leary. "I must be here on the 18th, or all my bail is forfeited."

"True, I had forgotten that. Well, now, your plans."

"Simply to keep very quiet here till the affair of the tribunal is over, and then quit France at once. Meanwhile, Trevanion thinks that we may, by a bold stratagem, send Mrs. O'Leary off on a wrong scent, and has requested Mrs. Bingham to contrive to make her acquaintance and ask her

to tea in her room, when she will see me, *en Polonais*, at a distance, you know, — hear something of my melancholy destiny from Trevanion, — and leave the hotel quite sure she has no claim on me. Meanwhile, some others of the party are to mention incidentally having met Mr. O'Leary somewhere, or heard of his decease, or any pleasant little incident that may occur to them."

"The plan is excellent," said I; "for in all probability she may never come in your way again, if sent off on a good errand this time.

"That's what I'm thinking," said O'Leary; "and I am greatly disposed to let her hear that I'm with Belzoni in Egypt, with an engagement to spend the Christmas with the Dey of Algiers. That would give her a very pretty tour for the remainder of the year, and show her the Pyramids. But, tell me fairly, am I a good Pole?"

"Rather short," said I, "and a little too fat, perhaps."

"That comes from the dash of the Tartar blood, — nothing more. And my mother was a Fin," said he, — "she'll never ask whether from the Blackwater or the Baltic. How I revel in the thought that I may smoke in company without a breach of the unities! But I must go; there is a gentleman with a quinsy in No. 8, that gives me a lesson in Polish this morning. So good by, and don't forget to be well enough to-night, for you must be present at my *début*."

O'Leary had scarcely gone when my thoughts reverted to Emily Bingham. I was not such a coxcomb as to fancy her in love with me, yet certainly there was something in the affair which looked not unlike it; and though, by such a circumstance, every embarrassment which pressed upon me had become infinitely greater, I could not dissemble from myself a sense of pleasure at the thought. She was really a very pretty girl, and improved vastly upon acquaintance. *Les absents ont toujours tort* is the truest proverb in any language, and I felt it, in its fullest force, when Trevanion entered my room.

"Well, Lorrequer," said he, "your time is not likely to

hang heavily on your hands in Paris if occupation will prevent it, for I find you are just now booked for a new scrape."

"What can you mean?" said I, starting up.

"Why, O'Leary, who has been, since your illness, a constant visitor at the Binghams, — dining there every day and spending his evenings, — has just told me that the mamma is only waiting for the arrival of Sir Guy Lorrequer in Paris to open the trenches in all form; and from what she has heard of Sir Guy, she deems it most likely he will give her every aid and support to making you the husband of the fair Emily."

"And with good reason too," said I; "for if my uncle were only given to understand that I had once gone far in my attentions, nothing would induce him to break off the match. He was crossed in love himself when young, and has made a score of people miserable since, in the benevolent idea of marrying them against every obstacle."

"How very smart you have become!" said Trevanion, taking a look round my room, and surveying in turn each of the new occupants. "You must certainly reckon upon seeing your fair friend here, or all this elegance is sadly wasted."

This was the time to explain all about Miss Bingham's visit; and I did so, — of course omitting any details which might seem to me needless, or involving myself in inconsistency.

Trevanion listened patiently to the end; was silent for some moments; then added, —

"And you never saw the letter?"

"Of course not. It was burned before my eyes."

"I think the affair looks very serious, Lorrequer. You may have won this girl's affections. It matters little whether the mamma be a hackneyed match-maker, or the cousin a bullying duellist. If the girl have a heart, and you have gained it —"

"Then I must marry, you would say."

"Exactly so, — without the prompting of your worthy

uncle; I see no other course open to you without dishonor. My advice, therefore, is, ascertain — and that speedily — how far your attentions have been attended with the success you dread, and then decide at once. Are you able to get as far as Mrs. Bingham's room this morning? If so, come along. I will take all the *frais* of *la chère maman* off your hands while you talk to the daughter, and half an hour's courage and resolution will do it all."

Having made the most effective toilet my means would permit, my right arm in a sling and my step trembling from weakness, I sallied forth with Trevanion to make love with as many fears for the result as the most bashful admirer ever experienced when pressing his suit upon some haughty belle, — but for a far different reason.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROPOSAL.

ON reaching Mrs. Bingham's apartment we found that she had just left home to wait upon Mrs. O'Leary, and consequently that Miss Bingham was alone. Trevanion, therefore, having wished me a safe deliverance through my trying mission, shook my hand warmly and departed.

I stood for some moments irresolutely, with my hand upon the lock of the door. To think that the next few minutes may decide the fortune of one's after-life is a sufficiently anxious thought; but that your fate may be so decided, by compelling you to finish in sorrow what you have begun in folly, is still more insupportable. Such, then, was my condition. I had resolved within myself, if the result of this meeting should prove that I had won Miss Bingham's affections, to propose for her at once in all form and make her my wife. If, on the other hand, I only found that she too had amused herself with a little passing flirtation, why then, I was a free man once more; but on catechising myself a little closer, I discovered that I was not indisposed to make love *de novo*.

With the speed of lightning my mind ran over every passage of our acquaintance, — our first meeting; our solitary walks; our daily, hourly associations; our travelling intimacy; the adventure at Chantraine. There was, it is true, nothing in all this which could establish the fact of wooing, but everything which should convince an old offender like myself that the young lady was *en prise*, and that I myself — despite my really strong attachment elsewhere — was not entirely scathless.

"Yes," said I, half aloud, as I once more reviewed the past, "it is but another chapter in my history in keeping

with all the rest, — one step has ever led me to a second, and so on to a third ; what with other men have passed for mere trifles, have ever with me become serious difficulties, and the false enthusiasm with which I ever follow any object in life blinds me for the time, and mistaking zeal for inclination, I never feel how little my heart is interested in success till the fever of pursuit is over.”

These were pleasant thoughts for one about to throw himself at a pretty girl's feet and pour out his “soul of love before her ;” but that with me was the least part of it. Curran, they say, usually picked up his facts in a case from the opposite counsel's statements. I always relied for my conduct in carrying on anything to the chance circumstances of the moment, and trusted to my animal spirits to give me an interest in whatever, for the time being, engaged me.

I opened the door. Miss Bingham was sitting at a table, her head leaning upon her hands, some open letters which lay before her evidently so occupying her attention that my approach was unheard. On my addressing her, she turned round suddenly, and became at first deep scarlet, then pale as death ; while, turning to the table, she hurriedly threw her letters into a drawer, and motioned me to a place beside her.

After the first brief and commonplace inquiry for my health, and hopes for my speedy recovery, she became silent ; and I, too, primed with topics innumerable to discuss, knowing how short my time might prove before Mrs. Bingham's return, could not say a word.

“I hope, Mr. Lorrequer,” said she at length, “that you have incurred no risk by leaving your room so early.”

“I have not,” I replied ; “but even were there a certainty of it, the anxiety I labored under to see and speak with you alone, would have overcome all fears on that account. Since this unfortunate business has confined me to my chamber, I have done nothing but think over circumstances which have at length so entirely taken possession of me that I must, at any sacrifice, have sought an opportunity to explain to you —” Here Emily looked down, and I con-

tinued: "I need scarcely say, what my feelings must long since have betrayed, that to have enjoyed the daily happiness of living in your society, of estimating your worth, of feeling your fascinations, were not the means most in request for him who knew, too well, how little he deserved, either by fortune or desert, to hope to make you his; and yet, how little has prudence or caution to do with situations like this." She did not guess the animus of this speech. "I felt all I have described; and yet, and yet I lingered on, prizing too dearly the happiness of the present hour to risk it by any avowal of sentiments which might have banished me from your presence forever. If the alternation of these hopes and fears has proved too strong for my reason at last, I cannot help it; and this it is which now leads me to make this avowal to you."

Emily turned her head away from me, but her agitated manner showed how deeply my words had affected her; and I too, now that I had finished, felt that I had been "coming it rather strong," though perhaps not very intelligibly.

"I had hoped, Mr. Lorrequer," said she, at length, — "I had hoped, I confess, to have had an opportunity of speaking with you." Then, thought I, the game is over, and Bishop Luscombe is richer by ten pounds than I wish him. "Something, I know not what, in your manner led me to suspect that your affections might lean towards me; hints you have dropped, and, now and then, your chance allusions, strengthened the belief, and I determined at length that no feeling of maidenly shame on my part should endanger the happiness of either of us, and I resolved to see you. This was so difficult that I wrote a letter, and that letter, which might have saved me all distressing explanation, I burned before you this morning."

"But why, dearest girl," — here was a plunge — "why, if the letter could remove any misconception, or could be the means of dispelling any doubt, why not have let me see it?"

"Hear me out," cried she eagerly, and evidently not

heeding my interruption; "I determined, if your affections were indeed —" A flood of tears here broke forth and drowned her words; her head sank between her hands, and she sobbed bitterly.

"*Corpo di Baccho!*" said I to myself, "it is all over with me; the poor girl is evidently jealous, and her heart will break."

"Dearest, dearest Emily," said I, passing my arm round her, and approaching my head close to hers, "if you think that any other love than yours could ever beat within this heart; that I could see you hourly before me, live beneath your smile, and gaze upon your beauty, and, still more than all, — pardon the boldness of the thought, — feel that I was not indifferent to you —"

"Oh! spare me this at least," said she, turning round her tearful eyes upon me, and looking most bewitchingly beautiful. "Have I then shown you this plainly?"

"Yes, dearest girl! That instinct which tells us we are loved has spoken within me. And here in this beating heart —"

"Oh! say no more," said she; "if I have *indeed* gained your affections —"

"*If — if* you have," said I, clasping her to my heart, while she continued to sob still violently, and I felt half disposed to blow my brains out for my success. However, there is something in love-making, as in fox-hunting, which carries you along in spite of yourself; and I continued to pour forth whole rhapsodies of love that the Pastor Fido could not equal.

"Enough," said she; "it is enough that you love me and that I have encouraged your so doing. But, oh! tell me once more, and think how much of future happiness may rest upon your answer, — tell me, may not this be some passing attachment, which circumstances have created and others may dispel? Say, might not absence, time, or another more worthy —"

This was certainly a very rigid cross-examination when I thought the trial was over; and not being exactly prepared

for it, I felt no other mode of reply than pressing her taper fingers alternately to my lips, and muttering something that might pass for a declaration of love unalterable, but, to my own ears, resembled a lament on my folly.

"She is mine now," thought I, "so we must e'en make the best of it; and truly she is a very handsome girl, though not a Lady Jane Callonby. The next step is the mamma; but I do not anticipate much difficulty in that quarter."

"Leave me now," said she, in a low and broken voice, "but promise not to speak of this meeting to any one before we meet again. I have my reasons, — believe me, they are sufficient ones; so promise me this before we part."

Having readily given the pledge required, I again kissed her hand and bade farewell, not a little puzzled the whole time at perceiving that ever since my declaration and acceptance Emily seemed anything but happy, and evidently struggling against some secret feeling, of which I knew nothing. "Yes," thought I, as I wended my way along the corridor, "the poor little girl is tremendously jealous, and I must have said many a thing during our intimacy to hurt her. However, that is all past and gone; and now comes a new character for me: my next appearance will be in the part of the 'happy husband.'"

CHAPTER XV.

THOUGHTS UPON MATRIMONY IN GENERAL, AND IN THE ARMY IN PARTICULAR. — THE KNIGHT OF KERRY AND BILLY M'CABE.

"So," thought I, as I closed the door of my room behind me, "I am accepted; the die is cast which makes me a Benedict. Yet Heaven knows that never was a man less disposed to be over-joyous at his good fortune!" What a happy invention it were if, when adopting any road in life, we could only manage to forget that we had ever contemplated any other! It is the eternal looking back in this world that forms the staple of all our misery; and we are but ill-requited for such unhappiness by the brightest anticipations we can conjure up for the future. How much of all that "past" was now to become a source of painful recollection, and to how little of the future could I look forward with even hope!

Our weaknesses are much more constantly the spring of all our annoyances and troubles than even our vices. The one we hold in some sort of subjection; we are perfectly slaves to the others. This thought came home most forcibly to my bosom as I reflected upon the step which led me on imperceptibly to my present embarrassment. "Well, *c'est fini*, now," said I, drawing upon that bountiful source of consolation ever open to the man who mars his fortune, — that "what is past can't be amended;" which piece of philosophy, as well as its twin brother, that "all will be the same a hundred years hence," have been golden rules to me from my childhood.

The transition from one mode of life to another perfectly different has ever seemed to me a great trial of a man's

moral courage, besides that the fact of quitting forever anything, no matter how insignificant or valueless, is always attended with painful misgivings. My bachelor life had its share of annoyances and disappointments, it is true, but upon the whole it was a most happy one; and now I was about to surrender it forever, not yielding to the impulse of affection and love for one without whom life were valueless to me, but merely a recompense for the indulgence of that fatal habit I had contracted of pursuing with eagerness every shadow that crossed my path. All my early friends, all my vagrant fancies, all my day-dreams of the future, I was now to surrender; for what becomes of any man's bachelor friends when he is once married? Where are his rambles in high and by ways when he has a wife? And what is left for anticipation after his wedding, except, perhaps, to speculate upon the arrangement of his funeral? To a military man more than to any other these are serious thoughts. All the fascinations of an army life, in war or peace, lie in the daily, hourly associations with your brother officers,—the morning cigar, the barrack-square lounge, the afternoon ride, the game of billiards before dinner, the mess (that perfection of dinner society), the plans for the evening, the devilled kidney at twelve,—forming so many points of departure whence you sail out upon your daily voyage through life. *Versus* these you have that awful perversion of all that is natural,—an officer's wife. She has been a beauty when young, had black eyes and high complexion, a good figure, rather inclined to *embonpoint*, and a certain springiness in her walk and a jauntiness in her air that are ever sure attractions to a sub in a marching regiment. She can play backgammon and sing "*Di tanti palpiti*," and, if an Irishwoman, is certain to be able to ride a steeple-chase, and has an uncle a lord, who (*en parenthèse*) always turns out to be a creation made by King James after his abdication. In conclusion, she breakfasts *en papillotes*, wears her shoes down at heel, calls every officer of the regiment by his name, has a great taste for increasing his Majesty's lieges, and delights in London

porter. To this genus of "vrow" I have never ceased to entertain the most thrilling abhorrence,—and yet how often have I seen what appeared to be pretty and interesting girls fall into something of this sort; and how often have I vowed any fate to myself rather than become the husband of a baggage-wagon wife!

Had all my most sanguine hopes promised realizing, had my suit with Lady Jane been favorable, I could scarcely have bade adieu to my bachelor life without a sigh. No prospect of future happiness can ever perfectly exclude all regret at quitting our present state forever. I am sure if I had been a caterpillar, it would have been with a heavy heart that I should have donned my wings as a butterfly; now the metamorphosis was reversed. Need it be wondered if I were sad?

So completely was I absorbed in my thoughts upon this matter that I had not perceived the entrance of O'Leary and Trevanion, who, unaware of my being in the apartment, as I was stretched upon a sofa in a dark corner, drew their chairs towards the fire and began chatting.

"Do you know, Mr. Trevanion," said O'Leary, "I am half afraid of this disguise of mine. I sometimes think I am not like a Pole; and if she should discover me —"

"No fear of that in the world; your costume is perfect, your beard unexceptionable. I could, perhaps, have desired a little less paunch; but then —"

"That comes of fretting, as Falstaff says; and you must not forget that I am banished from my country."

"Now, as to your conversation, I should advise you saying very little,—not one word of English. You may, if you like, call in the assistance of Irish when hard pressed."

"I have my fears on that score. There is no knowing where that might lead to,—perhaps discovery. You know the story of the Knight of Kerry and Billy M'Cabe?"

"I fear I must confess my ignorance; I have never heard of it."

"Then maybe you never knew Giles Dackson?"

"I have not that pleasure either."

"Lord bless me, how strange that is! I thought he was better known than the Duke of Wellington or the travelling piper. Well, I must tell you the story, for it has a moral too,—indeed, several morals; but you'll find that out for yourself. Well, it seems that one day the Knight of Kerry was walking along the Strand in London, killing an hour's time till the House was done prayers and Hume tired of hearing himself speaking; his eye was caught by an enormous picture displayed upon the wall of a house, representing a human figure covered with long, dark hair, with huge nails upon his hands, and a most fearful expression of face. At first the Knight thought it was Dr. Bowring; but on coming nearer he heard a man with a scarlet livery and a cocked hat call out, 'Walk in, ladies and gentlemen! The most vonderful curiosity ever exhibited—only one shilling—the vild man from Chippooowango, in Africay—eats raw wittles without being cooked, and many other surprising and pleasing performances.'

"The Knight paid his money and was admitted. At first the crowd prevented his seeing anything, for the place was full to suffocation, and the noise awful; for, besides the exclamations and applause of the audience, there were three barrel-organs playing 'Home sweet Home!' and 'Cherry Ripe!' and the wild man himself contributed his share to the uproar. At last the Knight obtained, by dint of squeezing and some pushing, a place in the front, when, to his very great horror, he beheld a figure that far eclipsed the portrait without doors.

"It was a man nearly naked, covered with long, shaggy hair that grew even over his nose and cheek-bones. He sprang about, sometimes on his feet, sometimes all-fours, but always uttering the most fearful yells, and glaring upon the crowd in a manner that was really dangerous. The Knight did not feel exactly happy at the whole proceeding, and began heartily to wish himself back in the House, even upon a committee of privileges, when suddenly the savage gave a more frantic scream than before, and seized upon a morsel of raw beef which a keeper extended to him

upon a long fork like a tandem whip, — he was not safe, it appears, at close quarters. This he tore to pieces eagerly, and devoured in the most voracious manner, amid great clapping of hands and other evidences of satisfaction from the audience. ‘I’ll go now,’ thought the Knight, ‘for God knows whether, in his hungry moods, he might not fancy to conclude his dinner by a member of Parliament.’ Just at this instant some sounds struck upon his ear that surprised him not a little. He listened more attentively, and conceive, if you can, his amazement to find that amid his most fearful cries and wild yells the savage was talking Irish. Laugh if you like, but it’s truth I am telling you, — nothing less than Irish. There he was, jumping four feet high in the air, eating his raw meat, pulling out his hair by handfuls, and, amid all this, cursing the whole company to his heart’s content in as good Irish as ever was heard in Tralee. Now, though the Knight had heard of red Jews and white negroes, he had never happened to read any account of an African Irishman; so he listened very closely, and by degrees not only the words were known to him, but the very voice was familiar. At length something he heard left no further doubt upon his mind, and turning to the savage, he addressed him in Irish, at the same time fixing a look of most scrutinizing import upon him.

“ ‘Who are you, you scoundrel ? ’ said the Knight.

“ ‘Billy M’Cabe, your honor.’

“ ‘And what do you mean by playing off these tricks here, instead of earning your bread like an honest man ? ’

“ ‘Whisht ! ’ said Billy, ‘and keep the secret. I’m earning the rent for your honor. One must do many a queer thing that pays two pound ten an acre for bad land.’

“This was enough; the Knight wished Billy every success, and left him amid the vociferous applause of a well-satisfied audience. This adventure, it seems, has made the worthy Knight a great friend to the introduction of poor-laws; for he remarks, very truly, more of Billy’s country-

men might take a fancy to a savage life if the secret was found out."

It was impossible for me to preserve my *incognito* as Mr. O'Leary concluded his story, and I was obliged to join in the mirth of Trevanion, who laughed loud and long as he finished it.

CHAPTER XVI.

A REMINISCENCE.

O'LEARY and Trevanion had scarcely left the room when the waiter entered with two letters, — the one bore a German post-mark and was in the well-known hand of Lady Callonby; the other in a writing with which I was no less familiar, that of Emily Bingham.

Let any one who has been patient enough to follow me through these "Confessions," conceive my agitation at this moment. There lay my fate before me, coupled, in all likelihood, with a view of what it might have been under happier auspices, — at least so in anticipation did I read the two unopened epistles. My late interview with Miss Bingham left no doubt upon my mind that I had secured her affections; and acting in accordance with the counsel of Trevanion, no less than my own sense of right, I resolved upon marrying her, — with what prospect of happiness I dared not to think.

Alas and alas! there is no infatuation like the taste for flirtation, — mere empty, valueless, heartless flirtation. You hide the dice-box and the billiard-cue, lest your son become a gambler; you put aside the Racing Calendar, lest he imbibe a jockey predilection, — but you never tremble at his fondness for white muslin and a satin slipper, far more dangerous tastes though they be, and infinitely more perilous to a man's peace and prosperity than all the "queens of trumps" that ever figured, whether on pasteboard or the Doncaster! "Woman's my wakenesss, yer honor," said an honest Patlander on being charged before the lord mayor with having four wives living; and without having any such "Algerine act" upon my conscience, I must, I fear,

enter a somewhat similar plea for my downfallings, and avow in humble gratitude that I have scarcely had a misfortune through life unattributable to them in one way or another. And this I say without any reference to country, class, or complexion, "black, brown, or fair;" from my first step forth into life, a raw sub in the gallant 4 — th, to this same hour, I have no other avowal, no other confession to make. "Be always ready with the pistol," was the dying advice of an Irish statesman to his sons; mine, in a similar circumstance, would rather be "*Gardez-vous des femmes*," and more especially if they be Irish.

There is something almost treacherous in the facility with which an Irish girl receives your early attentions, and appears to like them, that invariably turns a young fellow's head very long before he has any prospect of touching *her* heart. She thinks it so natural to be made love to that there is neither any affected coyness nor any agitated surprise. She listens to your declaration of love as quietly as the chief justice would to one of law, and refers the decision to a packed jury of her relatives, who rarely recommend you to mercy. Love and fighting, too, are so intimately united in Ireland that a courtship rarely progresses without at least one exchange of shots between some of the parties concerned. My first twenty-four hours in Dublin is so pleasantly characteristic of this that I may as well relate it here while the subject is before us; besides, as these "Confessions" are intended as warnings and guides to youth, I may convey a useful lesson, showing why a man should not "make love in the dark."

It was upon a raw, cold, drizzling morning in February, 18 —, that our regiment landed on the North-wall from Liverpool, whence we had been hurriedly ordered to repress some riots and disturbances then agitating Dublin.

We marched to the Royal Barracks, our band playing "Patrick's Day," to the very considerable admiration of as naked a population as ever loved music. The — th Dragoons were at the same time quartered there, — right pleasant, jovial fellows, who soon gave us to understand

that the troubles were over before we arrived, and that the great city authorities were now returning thanks for their preservation from fire and sword by a series of entertainments of the most costly, but somewhat incongruous, kind; the company being scarce less mixed than the dishes. Peers and play-actors, judges and jailers, archbishops, tailors, attorneys, rope-makers, and apothecaries, all uniting in the festive delight of good feeding and drinking the "glorious memory," — but of whom, half the company knew not, only surmising "it was something agin the Papists." You may smile, but these were pleasant times, and I scarcely care to go back there since they were changed. But to return. The — th had just received an invitation to a ball to be given by the high sheriff, and to which they most considerately said we should also be invited. This negotiation was so well managed that before noon we all received our cards from a green-liveried youth mounted upon a very emaciated pony, — the whole turn-out not auguring flatteringly of the high sheriff's taste in equipage.

We dined with the — th, and, as customary before going to an evening party, took the "other bottle" of claret that lies beyond the frontier of prudence. In fact, from the lieutenant-colonel down to the newly-joined ensign, there was not a face in the party that did not betray "signs of the times" that promised most favorably for the mirth of the sheriff's ball. We were so perfectly up to the mark that our major, a Connemara man, said, as we left the mess-room, "a liqueur glass would spoil us."

In this acme of our intellectual wealth we started about eleven o'clock upon every species of conveyance that chance could press into the service. Of hackney coaches there were few; but in jingles, noddies, and jaunting-cars, with three on a side and "one in the well," we mustered strong. Down Barrack Street we galloped, the mob cheering us, we laughing, and I'm afraid shouting a little too, the watchmen springing their rattles, as if instinctively at any noise, and the whole population up and awake, evidently entertaining a high opinion of our convivial qualities. Our voices

became gradually more decorous, however, as we approached the more civilized quarter of the town ; and with only the slight stoppage of the procession to pick up an occasional dropper-off as he lapsed from the seat of a jaunting-car, we arrived at length at our host's residence, somewhere in Sackville Street.

Had our advent conferred the order of knighthood upon the host, he could not have received us with more delight. He shook us all in turn by the hand, to the number of eight and thirty, and then presented us *seriatim* to his spouse, — a very bejewelled lady of some forty years, who, what between bugles, feathers, and her turban, looked exceedingly like a Chinese pagoda upon a saucer. The rooms were crowded to suffocation, the noise awful, and the company crushing and elbowing rather a little more than you expect where the moiety are of the softer sex. However, we all so perfectly fell in with the habits of the place that ere half an hour we squeezed, ogled, leered, and drank champagne like the rest of the corporation.

"Devilish hot work, this !" said the Colonel, as he passed me with a rosy-cheeked, smiling lady on each arm. "The mayor — that little fellow in the punch-colored shorts — has very nearly put me *hors de combat* with strong negus ; take care of him, I advise you."

Tipsy as I felt myself, I was yet sufficiently clear to be fully alive to the drollery of the scene before me. Flirtations that under other circumstances would demand the secrecy and solitude of a country green lane or some garden bower, were here conducted in all the open effrontery of wax-lights and lustres ; looks were interchanged, hands were squeezed, soft things whispered, and smiles returned, till the intoxication of "punch negus" and spiced port gave way to the far greater one of bright looks and tender glances. Quadrilles and country dances (waltzing there was none, perhaps all for the best), whist, backgammon, loo unlimited for uproar, sandwiches and warm liquors, employed us pretty briskly till supper was announced, when a grand squeeze took place on the stairs, the population tend-

ing thitherward with an eagerness that a previous starvation of twenty-four hours could alone justify. Among this dense mass of moving muslin, velvet, and broadcloth I found myself chaperoning an extremely tempting little damsel, with a pair of laughing blue eyes and dark eyelashes, who had been committed to my care and guidance for the passage.

"Miss Moriarty, Mr. Lorrequer," said an old lady in green and spangles, who I afterwards found was the lady mayoress.

"The nicest girl in the room," said a gentleman with a Tipperary accent, "and has a mighty sweet place near Althlone."

The hint was not lost upon me, and I speedily began to "make up" to my charge; and before we reached the supper-room, learned certain particulars of her history which I have not yet forgotten. She was, it seems, sister to a lady then in the room, the wife of an attorney who rejoiced in the pleasing and classical appellation of Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick; the aforesaid Mark Anthony being a tall, raw-boned, black-whiskered, ill-looking dog, that from time to time contrived to throw very uncomfortable-looking glances at me and Mary Anne — for she was so named — the whole time of supper. After a few minutes, however, I totally forgot him, and indeed everything else, in the fascination of my fair companion. She shared her chair with me, upon which I supported her by my arm passed round the back; we ate our pickled salmon, jelly, blanc-mange, cold chicken, ham, and custard off the same plate, with an occasional squeeze of the finger, as our hands met, her eyes making sad havoc with me all the while, as I poured my tale of love — love, lasting, burning, all-consuming — into her not unwilling ear.

"Ah! now, ye're not in earnest?"

"Yes, Mary Anne, by all that's —"

"Well, there, now, don't swear, and take care; sure Mark Anthony is looking."

"Mark Anthony be —"

"Oh! how passionate you are! I'm sure I never could live easy with you. There, now give me some sponge-cake, and don't be squeezing me, or they'll see you."

"Yes, to my heart, dearest girl."

"Och! it's cheese you're giving me," said she, with a grimace that nearly cured my passion.

"A cottage, a hut, with you — with *you!*" said I, in a cadence that I defy Macready to rival. "What is worldly splendor or the empty glitter of rank?"

I here glanced at my epaulets, upon which I saw her eyes riveted.

"Is n't the ginger-beer beautiful!" said she, emptying a glass of champagne.

Still, I was not to be roused from my trance, and continued my courtship as warmly as ever.

"I suppose you will come home *now*," said a gruff voice behind Mary Anne.

I turned, and perceived Mark Anthony with a grim look of peculiar import.

"Oh! Mark, dear, I'm engaged to dance another set with this gentleman."

"Ye are, are ye?" replied Mark, eyeing me askance. "Troth, and I think the gentleman would be better if he went off to his flea-bag himself."

In my then mystified intellect this west-country synonym for a bed a little puzzled me.

"Yes, sir, the lady is engaged to *me*, — have you anything to say to that?"

"Nothing, at present, at all," said Mark, almost timidly.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" sobbed Mary Anne; "they're going to fight, and he'll be killed, I know he will."

For which of us this fate was destined, I stopped not to consider; but taking the lady under my arm, elbowed my way to the drawing-room amid a very sufficient patting upon the back and thumping between the shoulders, bestowed by members of the company who approved of my proceedings. The three fiddles, the flute and bassoon, that formed our band, being by this time sufficiently drunk,

played after a fashion of their own, which, by one of those strange sympathies of our nature, imparted its influence to our legs, and a country dance was performed in a style of free and easy gesticulation that defies description. At the end of eighteen couple, tired of my exertions, — and they were not slight, — I leaned my back against the wall of the room, which I now, for the first time, perceived was covered



with a very peculiar and novel species of hanging, — no less than a kind of rough, green-baize cloth, that moved and floated at every motion of the air. I paid little attention to this, till suddenly turning my head, something gave way behind it. I felt myself struck upon the back of the neck, and fell forward into the room, covered by a perfect avalanche of fenders, fire-irons, frying-pans, and copper kettles, mingled with the lesser artillery of small nails, door-keys,

and holdfasts. There I lay amid the most vociferous mirth I ever listened to, under the confounded torrent of iron-mongery that half stunned me. The laughter over, I was assisted to rise; and having drunk about a pint of vinegar, and had my face and temples washed in strong whiskey punch, — the allocation of the fluids being mistaken, — I learned that our host, the high sheriff, was a celebrated tin and iron man, that his ball-room was no other than his magazine of metals, and that to conceal the well-filled shelves from the gaze of his aristocratic guests, they were clothed in the manner related, — which my unhappy head, by some misfortune, displaced, and thus brought on a calamity scarcely less afflicting to him than to myself. I should scarcely have stopped to mention this here, were it not that Mary Anne's gentle nursing of me in my misery went far to complete what her fascination had begun; and although she could not help laughing at the occurrence, I forgave her readily for her kindness.

"Remember," said I, trying to ogle through a black eye, painted by the angle of a register grate, — "remember, Mary Anne, I am to see you home."

"Oh, dear, sir! sure I don't know how you can manage it —"

Here Mark Anthony's entrance cut short her speech, for he came to declare that some of the officers had taken his coach, and was, as might be supposed, in a towering passion.

"If, sir," said I, with an air of the most balmy courtesy, — "if I can be of any use in assisting you to see your friends home —"

"Ah! then, ye're a nice-looking article to see ladies home. I wish you seen yourself this minute," said he.

As I felt it would be no breach of the unities — time, place, and everything considered — to smash his skull, I should certainly have proceeded to do so, had not a look of the most imploring kind from Mary Anne restrained me. By this time he had taken her under the arm and was leading her away. I stood irresolute, till a glance from my

charmer caught me; when I rallied at once, and followed them downstairs. Here the scene was to the full as the above; the cloaking, shawling, shoeing, etc., of the ladies being certainly as mirth-moving a process as I should wish to see. Here were mothers trying to collect their daughters, as a hen her chickens, and, as in that case, the pursuit of one usually lost all the others; testy papas swearing; lovers leering as they twisted the boas round the fair throats of their sweethearts; vows of love mingling with lamentations for a lost slipper or a stray mantle. Sometimes the candles were extinguished, and the *mêlée* became greater, till the order and light were restored together. Meanwhile, each of our fellows had secured his fair one, save myself, and I was exposed to no small ridicule for my want of tact. Nettled by this, I made a plunge to the corner of the room, where Mary Anne was shawling; I recognized her pink sash, threw her cloak over her shoulders, and at the very moment that Mark Anthony drew his wife's arm within his, I performed the same by *my* friend, and followed them to the door. Here the grim brother-in-law turned round to take Mary Anne's arm, and seeing her with me, merely gave a kind of hoarse chuckle, and muttered: "Very well, sir; upon my conscience, you *will* have it, I see." During this brief interval, so occupied was I in watching him that I never once looked in my fair friend's face; but the gentle squeeze of her arm, as she leaned upon me, assured me that I had her approval of what I was doing.

What was the precise train of my thoughts, and what the subjects of conversation between us, I am unfortunately now unable to recollect. It is sufficient to remember that I could not believe five minutes had elapsed, when we arrived at York Street.

"Then you confess you love me," said I, as I squeezed her arm to my side. "Then, by this kiss I swear never to relinquish —"

What I was about to add, I am sure I know not; but true it is that a certain smacking noise here attracted Mr. Mark Anthony's attention, who started round, looked us

full in the face, and then gravely added: "Enough is as good as a feast. I wish you pleasant drames, Mr. Larry Kar, if that's your name; and you'll hear from me in the morning."

"I intend it," said I. "Good night, dearest; think of —" The slam of the street-door in my face spoiled the peroration, and I turned towards home.

By the time I reached the barracks, the united effects of champagne, sherry, and Sheffield iron had in a good measure subsided, and my head had become sufficiently clear to permit a slight retrospect of the evening's amusement.

From two illusions I was at last awakened: first, the high-sheriff's ball was *not* the most accurate representation of high society; secondly, I was *not* deeply enamoured of Mary Anne Moriarty. Strange as it may seem, and how little soever the apparent connection between those two facts, the truth of one had a considerable influence in deciding the other. "*N'importe*," said I, "the thing is over; it was rather good fun, too, upon the whole, — saving the *chute des casseroles*; and as to the lady, she must have seen it was a joke as well as myself. At least, so I am decided it shall be; and as there was no witness to our conversation, the thing is easily got out of."

The following day, as I was dressing to ride out, my servant announced no less a person than Mr. Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick, who said that he came upon a little business, and must see me immediately.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, upon being announced, speedily opened his negotiation by asking, in very terse and unequivocal phrase, my intentions regarding his sister-in-law. After professing the most perfect astonishment at the question and its possible import, I replied that she was a most charming person, with whom I intended to have nothing whatever to do.

"And maybe you never proposed for her at the ball last night?"

"Propose for a lady at a ball the first time I ever met her!"

"Just so. Can you carry your memory so far back? Or perhaps I had better refresh it;" and he here repeated the whole substance of my conversation on my way homeward, sometimes in the very words I used.

"But, my dear sir, the young lady could never have supposed I used such language as this you have repeated?"

"So, then, you intend to break off? Well, then, it's right to tell you that you're in a very ugly scrape, for it was my wife you took home last night,—not Miss Moriarty; and I leave you to choose at your leisure whether you'd rather be defendant in a suit for breach of promise or seduction. And, upon my conscience, I think it's civil in me to give you a choice."

What a pretty disclosure was here! So that while I was imagining myself squeezing the hand and winning the heart of the fair Mary Anne, I was merely making a case of strong evidence for a jury, that might expose me to the world and half ruin me in damages. There was but one course open,—to make a fight for it; and from what I saw of my friend Mark Anthony, this did not seem difficult.

I accordingly assumed a high tone,—laughed at the entire affair; said it was a "way that we had in the army;" that "we never meant anything by it," etc.

In a few minutes I perceived the bait was taking. Mr. Fitzpatrick's west-country blood was up; all thought of the legal resource was abandoned; and he flung out of the room to find a friend, I having given him the name of "one of ours" as mine upon the occasion.

Very little time was lost, for before three o'clock that afternoon a meeting was fixed for the following morning at the North Bull; and I had the satisfaction of hearing that I only escaped the malignant eloquence of Holmes in the King's Bench, to be "blazed" at by the best shot on the western circuit. The thought was not agreeable, and I indemnified myself for the scrape by a very satisfactory anathema upon the high-sheriff and his ball and his confounded saucepans; for to the lady's sympathy for my sufferings I attributed much of my folly.

At eight the next morning I found myself standing, with Curzon and the doctor, upon the bleak portion of her Majesty's dominions they term the North Bull, waiting, in a chilly rain and a raw fog, till it pleased Mark Anthony Fitzpatrick to come and shoot me, — such being the precise terms of our combat, in the opinion of all parties.

The time, however, passed on, and half-past eight, three-quarters, and at last nine o'clock, without his appearing; when just as Curzon had resolved upon our leaving the ground, a hack jaunting-car was seen driving at full speed along the road near us. It came nearer, and at length drew up; two men leaped off and came towards us, one of whom, as he came forward, took off his hat politely and introduced himself as Mr. O'Gorman, the fighting friend of Mark Anthony.

"It's a mighty unpleasant business I'm come upon, gentlemen," said he. "Mr. Fitzpatrick has been unavoidably prevented from having the happiness to meet you this morning —"

"Then you can't expect us, sir, to dance attendance upon him here to-morrow," said Curzon, interrupting.

"By no manner of means," replied the other, placidly, "for it would be equally inconvenient for him to be here then. But I have only to say that as I'm here for my friend, and know all the particulars of the case, maybe you'd have the kindness to waive all etiquette and let me stand in his place."

"Certainly and most decidedly not," said Curzon. "Waive etiquette! Why, sir, we have no quarrel with you, never saw you before."

"Well, now, is n't this hard?" said Mr. O'Gorman, addressing his friend, who stood by with a pistol-case under his arm; "but I told Mark that I was sure they'd be standing upon punctilio, for they were English. Well, sir," said he, turning towards Curzon, "there's but one way to arrange it now, that I see. Mr. Fitzpatrick, you must know, was arrested this morning for a trifle of £140. If you or your friend there will join us in the bail, we can get

him out, and he'll fight you in the morning to your satisfaction."

When the astonishment this proposal had created, subsided, we assured Mr. O'Gorman that we were noways disposed to pay such a price for our amusement, — a fact that seemed considerably to surprise both him and his friend; and adding that to Mr. Fitzpatrick personally we should feel bound to hold ourselves pledged at a future period, we left the ground, Curzon laughing heartily at the original expedient thus suggested, while I inwardly pronounced a most glowing eulogy on the law of imprisonment for debt.

Before Mr. Fitzpatrick obtained the benefit of the Act, we were ordered abroad, and I have never since heard of him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWO LETTERS.

FROM the digression of the last chapter I was recalled by the sight of the two letters which lay during my revery unopened before me. I first broke the seal of Lady Callonby's epistle, which ran thus : —

MUNICH, La Croix Blanche.

MY DEAR MR. LORREQUER, — I have just heard from Kilkee that you are at length about to pay us your long-promised visit, and write these few lines to beg that before leaving Paris you will kindly execute for me the commissions of which I enclose a formidable list, or at least as many of them as you can conveniently accomplish. Our stay here now will be so short that it will require all your despatch to overtake us before reaching Milan, Lady Jane's health requiring an immediate change of climate. Our present plans are to winter in Italy, although such will interfere considerably with Lord Callonby, who is pressed much by his friends to accept office. However, all this and other gossip I reserve for our meeting. Meanwhile, adieu! and if any of my commissions bore you, omit them at once, except the white roses and the Brussels veil, which Lady Jane is most anxious for.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLOTTE CALLONBY.

How much did these few and apparently commonplace lines convey to *me*? First, my visit was not only expected, but actually looked forward to, canvassed, perhaps I might almost whisper to myself the flattery, — wished for. Again, Lady Jane's health was spoken of as precarious, — less actual illness, I said to myself, than mere delicacy requiring the bluer sky and warmer air of Italy. Perhaps her spirits were affected, — some mental malady; some ill-placed passion: *que sais-je*? In fact, my brain ran on so fast in its devisings that by a quick process, less logical than pleasing, I satisfied myself that the lovely Lady Jane Cal-

lonby was actually in love — with whom, let the reader guess. And Lord Callonby, too, about to join the Ministry, — well, all the better to have one's father-in-law in power; promotion is so cursed slow nowadays. And lastly the sly allusion to the commissions, — the malice of introducing *her* name to interest me. With such materials as these to build upon, frail as they may seem to others, I found no difficulty in regarding myself as the dear friend of the family and the acknowledged suitor of Lady Jane.

In the midst, however, of all my self-gratulation, my eye fell upon the letter of Emily Bingham, and I suddenly remembered how fatal to all such happy anticipations it might prove. I tore it open in passionate haste and read:

MY DEAR MR. LORREQUER, — As from the interview we have had this morning I am inclined to believe that I have gained your affections, I think that I should ill requite such a state of your feeling for me were I to conceal that I cannot return you mine, — in fact, that they are not mine to bestow. This frank avowal, whatever pain it may have cost me, I think I owe to you to make. You will perhaps say the confession should have been earlier. To which I reply, it should have been so, had I known, or even guessed at, the nature of your feelings for me; for — and I write it in all truth and perfect respect for you — I only saw in your attentions the flirting habits of a man of the world with a very unformed and ignorant girl of eighteen, with whom, as it was his amusement to travel, he deemed it worth his while to talk. I now see, and bitterly regret, my error, yet deem it better to make this painful confession than suffer you to remain in a delusion which may involve your happiness in the wreck of mine. I am most faithfully your friend,

EMILY BINGHAM.

“What a charming girl she is!” I cried, as I finished the letter; “how full of true feeling, how honorable, how straightforward! And yet it is devilish strange how cunningly she played her part, and it seems now that I never did touch her affections. Master Harry, I begin to fear you are not altogether the awful lady-killer you have been thinking.” Thus did I meditate upon this singular note; my delight at being once more “free” mingling with some

chagrin that I was jockeyed, and by a young miss of eighteen too. "Confoundedly disagreeable if the mess knew it," thought I. "*Per Bacco!*" how they would quiz upon my difficulty to break off a match, when the lady was only anxious to get rid of *me*."

"This affair must never come to their ears, or I am ruined; and now, the sooner all negotiations are concluded, the better. I must obtain a meeting with Emily, acknowledge the truth and justice of all her views, express my deep regret at the issue of the affair, slyly hint that I have been merely playing her own game back upon her, — for it would be the devil to let her go off with the idea that she had singed me, yet never caught fire herself, — so that we both shall draw stakes and part friends."

This valiant resolution taken, I wrote a very short note, begging an interview, and proceeded to make as formidable a toilet as I could for the forthcoming meeting; before I had concluded which, a verbal answer by her maid informed me that "Miss Bingham was alone, and ready to receive me."

As I took my way along the corridor I could not help feeling that among all my singular scrapes and embarrassing situations through life my present mission was certainly not the least, the difficulty, such as it was, being considerably increased by my own confounded *amour-propre*, that would not leave me satisfied with obtaining my liberty if I could not insist upon coming off scathless also. In fact, I was not content to evacuate the fortress if I were not to march out with all the honors of war. This feeling I neither attempt to palliate nor defend; I merely chronicle it as are too many of these "Confessions," — a matter of truth, yet not the less a subject for sorrow.

My hand was upon the lock of the door. I stopped, hesitated, and listened. I certainly heard something. Yes, it is too true, — she is sobbing. What a total overthrow of all my selfish resolves, all my egotistical plans, did that slight cadence give! She was crying, — her tears for the bitter pain she concluded I was suffering mingling doubtless

with sorrow for her own sources of grief; for it was clear to me that whoever may have been my favored rival, the attachment was either unknown to or unsanctioned by the mother. I wished I had not listened; all my determinations were completely routed, and as I opened the door I felt my heart beating almost audibly against my side.

In a subdued half-light, tempered through the rose-colored curtains with a small china cup of newly plucked moss-roses upon the table, sat, or rather leaned, Emily Bingham, her face buried in her hands as I entered. She did not hear my approach, so that I had above a minute to admire the graceful character of her head and the fine, undulating curve of her neck and shoulders, before I spoke.

"Miss Bingham," said I.

She started, looked up; her dark-blue eyes, brilliant though tearful, were fixed upon me for a second, as if searching my very inmost thoughts. She held out her hand, and turning her head aside, made room for me on the sofa beside her. "Strange girl," thought I, "that in the very moment of breaking with a man forever, puts on her most fascinating toilet, arrays herself in her most bewitching manner, and gives him a reception only calculated to turn his head and render him ten times more in love than ever." Her hand, which remained still in mine, was burning as if in fever, and the heaving movement of her neck and shoulders showed me how much this meeting cost her. We were both silent, till at length, feeling that any chance interruption might leave us as far as ever from understanding each other, I resolved to begin.

"My dear, dear Emily," I said, "do not, I entreat of you, add to the misery I am this moment enduring by letting me see you thus. Whatever your wrongs towards me, this is far too heavy a retribution. My object was never to make you wretched; if I am not to obtain the bliss to strive and make you happy —"

"Oh, Harry!" — this was the first time she had ever so called me — "how like you to think of me, — of *me*, at such a time, as if I was not the cause of all our present unhappi-

ness. But not wilfully, not intentionally. Oh, no, no! your attentions, the flattery of your notice, took me at once, and in the gratification of my self-esteem I forgot all else. I heard, too, that you were engaged to another; and believing, as I did, that you were trifling with my affections, I spared no effort to win yours. I confess it, I wished this with all my soul."

"And now," said I, "that you have gained them," — here was a pretty sequel to my well-matured plans! — "and now, Emily —"

"But have I really done so?" said she, hurriedly turning round and fixing her large, full eyes upon me, while one of her hands played carelessly through my hair — "have I your heart, — your whole heart?"

"Can you doubt it, dearest?" said I, passionately pressing her to my bosom, and at the same time muttering, "What the devil's in the wind now? We are surely not going to patch up our separation and make love in earnest?"

There she lay, her head upon my shoulder, her long, brown, waving ringlets falling loosely across my face and on my bosom, her hand in mine. What were her thoughts I cannot guess; mine — God forgive me! — were a fervent wish either for her mother's appearance, or that the hotel would suddenly take fire, or some other extensive calamity arise to put the finishing stroke to this embarrassing situation.

None of these, however, were destined to occur; and Emily lay still and motionless as she was, scarce seeming to breathe, and pale as death. "What can this mean?" said I. "Surely this is not the usual way to part with a rejected suitor? If it be, why then, by Jupiter, the successful one must have rather the worst of it; and I fervently hope that Lady Jane be not at this moment giving her *congé* to some disappointed swain." She slowly raised her large, black-fringed eyelids, and looked into my face with an expression at once so tender and so plaintive that I felt a struggle within myself whether to press her to my heart or —

What the deuce was the alternative? I hope my reader knows, for I really do not. "And after all," thought I, "if we are to marry, I am only anticipating a little; and if not, why then a '*chaste salute*,' as Winifred Jenkins calls it, she'll be none the worse for." Acting at once upon this resolve, I leaned downwards, and was passing back her ringlets from her now flushed cheek, when I was startled by my name, which I heard called several times in the corridor. The door at the same instant was burst suddenly open, and Trevanion appeared.

"Harry, Harry Lorrequer!" cried he, as he entered; then, suddenly checking himself, added: "A thousand, ten thousand pardons, but —"

"But what," cried I, passionately, forgetting all save the situation of poor Emily at the moment, — "what can justify —"

"Nothing certainly can justify such an intrusion," said Trevanion, finishing my sentence for me, "except the very near danger you run this moment in being arrested. O'Leary's imprudence has compromised your safety, and you must leave Paris within an hour."

"Oh, Mr. Trevanion," said Emily, who by this time had regained a more befitting attitude, "pray speak out! What is it? Is Harry — is Mr. Lorrequer, I mean — in any danger?"

"Nothing of consequence, Miss Bingham, if he only act with prudence and be guided by his friends. Lorrequer, you will find me in your apartments in half an hour; till then adieu."

While Emily poured forth question after question as to the nature and extent of my present difficulty, I could not help thinking of the tact by which Trevanion escaped, leaving me to make my adieus to Emily as best I might; for I saw in a glance that I must leave Paris at once. I therefore briefly gave her to understand the affair at the Salon, which I suspected to be the cause of the threatened arrest, and was about to profess my unaltered and unalterable attachment, when she suddenly stopped me.

“No, Mr. Lorrequer, no. All is over between us. We must never meet again, never. We have been both playing a part. Good by — good by ! Do not altogether forget me — and once more, Harry, good by ! ”

What I might have said, thought, or done, I know not ; but the arrival of Mrs. Bingham’s carriage at the door left no time for anything but escape. So once more pressing her hand firmly to my lips, I said, “*Au revoir*, Emily, *au revoir*, — not good by ;” and rushing from the room, regained my room just as Mrs. Bingham reached the corridor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. O'LEARY'S CAPTURE.

"Does she really care for me?" was my first question to myself as I left the room. "Is this story about pre-engaged affections merely a got-up thing to try the force of my attachment for her? For if not, her conduct is most inexplicable; and great as my experience has been in such affairs, I avow myself out-manceuvred." While I thought over this difficulty, Trevanion came up, and in a few words informed me more fully upon what he had hinted at before. It appeared that O'Leary, much more alive to the imperative necessity of avoiding detection by his wife than of involving himself with the police, had thrown out most dark and mysterious hints in the hotel as to the reason of his residence at Paris, fully impressed with the idea that to be a good Pole he need only talk "revolutionary," devote to the powers below all kings, czars, and kaisers, weep over the wrongs of his nation, wear rather seedy habiliments, and smoke profusely. The latter were with him easy conditions; and he so completely acted the former to the life that he had been that morning arrested in the Tuileries gardens under several treasonable charges, — among others, the conspiracy, with some of his compatriots, to murder the minister of war.

However laughable such an accusation against poor O'Leary, one circumstance rendered the matter anything but ludicrous. Although he must come off free of this grave offence, yet, as the Salon transaction would necessarily now become known, I should be immediately involved, and my departure from Paris prevented.

"So," said Trevanion, as he briefly laid before me the difficulty of my position, "you may perceive that however strongly your affections may be engaged in a certain quarter, it is quite as well to think of leaving Paris without delay. O'Leary's arrest will be followed by yours, depend upon it, and once under the surveillance of the police, escape is impossible."

"But, seriously, Trevanion," said I, nettled at the tone of raillery he spoke in, "you must see that there is nothing whatever in that business. I was merely taking my farewell of the fair Emily. Her affections have been long since engaged, and I —"

"Only endeavoring to support her in her attachment to the more favored rival. Is it not so?"

"Come, no quizzing! Faith! I began to feel very uncomfortable about parting with her the moment that I discovered that I must do so."

"So I guessed," said Trevanion, with a dry look, "from the interesting scene I so abruptly trespassed upon. But you are right; a little bit of tenderness is never misplaced, so long as the object is young, pretty, and, still more than all, disposed for it."

"Quite out; perfectly mistaken, believe me. Emily not only never cared for me, but she has gone far enough to tell me so."

"Then, from all I know of such matters," replied he, "you were both in a very fair way to repair that mistake on her part. But hark! what is this?"

A tremendous noise in the street here interrupted our colloquy, and on opening the window, a strange scene presented itself to our eyes. In the middle of a dense mass of moving rabble, shouting, yelling, and screaming with all their might, were two *gendarmes* with a prisoner between them. The unhappy man was followed by a rather overdressed, middle-aged looking woman, who appeared to be desirous of bestowing the most *coram publico* endearments upon the culprit, whom a second glance showed us was O'Leary.







Mr. O'Leary's double capture.

"I tell you, my dear madam, you are mistaken," said O'Leary, addressing her with great sternness of manner and voice.

"Mistaken? Never, never! How could I ever be mistaken in that dear voice, those lovely eyes, that sweet little nose?"

"Take her away, she's deranged," said O'Leary to the *gendarmes*. "Sure, if I'm a Pole, that's enough of misfortune."

"I'll follow him to the end of the earth, I will."

"I'm going to the galleys, God be praised!" said O'Leary.

"To the galleys, to the guillotine, — anywhere," responded she, throwing herself upon his neck, — much less, as it seemed, to his gratification than that of the mob, who laughed and shouted most uproariously.

"Mrs. Ram, ain't you ashamed?"

"He calls me by my name," said she, "and he attempts to disown me. Ha! ha! ha! ha!" and immediately fell off into a strong paroxysm of kicking and pinching and punching the bystanders, — a malady well known under the name of hysterics, but being little more than a privileged mode, among certain ladies, of paying off some scores which it is not thought decent to do in their more sober moments.

"Lead me away, — anywhere; convict me of what you like," said he, "but don't let her follow me."

The *gendarmes*, who little comprehended the nature of the scene before them, were not sorry to anticipate a renewal of it on Mrs. Ram's recovery, and accordingly seized the opportunity to march on with O'Leary, who turned the corner of the Rue Rivoli under a shower of execrations from the mob that fell fortunately most unconsciously upon his ears.

The possibility of figuring in such a procession contributed much to the force of Trevanion's reasonings, and I resolved to leave Paris at once.

"Promise me, then, to involve yourself in no more scrapes for half an hour. Pack everything you may want with you,

and by seven o'clock I will be here with your passport and all ready for a start."

With a beating brain and in a whirlwind of conflicting thoughts, I threw my clothes hither and thither into my trunk. Lady Jane and Emily both flitting every instant before my imagination, and frequently an irresolution to proceed stopping all my preparations for departure, I sat down musing upon a chair, and half determined to stay where I was, come what might of it. Finally, the possibility of exposure in a trial had its weight. I continued my occupation till the last coat was folded and the lock turned, when I seated myself opposite my luggage and waited impatiently for my friend's return.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE JOURNEY.

TREVANION came at last. He had obtained my passport and engaged a carriage to convey me about eight miles, where I should overtake the diligence, — such a mode of travelling being judged more likely to favor my escape, by attracting less attention than posting. It was past ten when I left the Rue St. Honoré, having shaken hands with Trevanion for the last time, and charged him with ten thousand soft messages for the “friends” I left behind me.

When I arrived at the village of St. Jacques, the diligence had not come up. To pass away the time, I ordered a little supper and a bottle of St. Julien. Scarcely had I seated myself to my cutlet when the rapid whirl of wheels was heard without, and a cab drew up suddenly at the door. So naturally does the fugitive suspect pursuit that my immediate impression was that I was followed. In this notion I was strengthened by the tones of a cracked, discordant voice, asking in very peculiar French if the “diligence had passed.” Being answered in the negative, he walked into the room where I was, and speedily, by his appearance, removed any apprehensions I had felt as to my safety. Nothing could less resemble the tall port and sturdy bearing of a *gendarme* than the diminutive and dwarfish individual before me. His height could scarcely have reached five feet, of which the head formed fully a fourth part; and even this was rendered in appearance still greater by a mass of loosely floating black hair that fell upon his neck and shoulders, and gave him much the air of a “black lion” on a signboard. His black frock, fur-

collared and braided, his ill-made boots, his meerschaum projecting from his breast-pocket, above all, his unwashed hands and a heavy gold ring upon his thumb, — all made an *ensemble* of evidences that showed he could be nothing but a German. His manner was bustling, impatient, and had it not been ludicrous, would certainly be considered as insolent to every one about him, for he stared each person abruptly in the face, and mumbled some broken expressions of his opinion of them half-aloud in German. His comments ran on: "*Bon soir, Monsieur,*" to the host; "*ein Bösewicht, ganz sicher,*" — "a scoundrel, without doubt;" and then added, still lower, "Rob you here as soon as look at you." "*Ah, postillon ! comment va ?*" — "Much more like a brigand after all, — I know which I'd take you for." "*Verfluchte Frau,*" — "How ugly the woman is!" This compliment was intended for the hostess, who curtsied down to the ground in her ignorance. At last, approaching me, he stopped, and having steadily surveyed me, muttered, "*Ein echter Engländer,*" — "A thorough Englishman; always eating." I could not resist the temptation to assure him that I was perfectly aware of his flattering impression in my behalf; though I had speedily to regret my precipitancy, for, less mindful of the rebuke than pleased at finding some one who understood German, he drew his chair beside me and entered into conversation.

Every one has surely felt, some time or other in life, the insufferable annoyance of having his thoughts and reflections interfered with and broken in upon by the vulgar impertinence and egotism of some "bore" who, mistaking your abstraction for attention, and your despair for delight, inflicts upon you his whole life and adventures, when your own immediate destinies are perhaps vacillating in the scale.

Such a doom was now mine! Occupied as I was by the hope of the future, and my fears lest any impediment to my escape should blast my prospects forever, I preferred appearing to pay attention to this confounded fellow's "personal narrative," lest his questions, turning on my own

affairs, might excite suspicions as to the reasons of my journey.

I longed most ardently for the arrival of the diligence, trusting that, with true German thrift, my friend might prefer the cheapness of the *intérieur* to the magnificence of the *coupé*, and that thus I should see no more of him. But in this pleasing hope I was destined to be disappointed, for I was scarcely seated in my place when I found him beside me. The third occupant of this "privileged den," as well as my lamp-light survey of him permitted, afforded nothing to build on as a compensation for the German. He was a tall, lanky, lantern-jawed man, with a hook nose and projecting chin; his hair, which had only been permitted to grow very lately, formed that curve upon his forehead we see in certain old-fashioned horse-shoe wigs; his compressed lip and hard features gave the expression of one who had seen a good deal of the world, and didn't think the better of it in consequence. I observed that he listened to the few words we spoke while getting in with some attention, and then, like a person who did not comprehend the language, turned his shoulder towards us and soon fell asleep. I was now left to the "tender mercies" of my talkative companion, who certainly spared me not. Notwithstanding my vigorous resolves to turn a deaf ear to his narratives, I could not avoid learning that he was the director of music to some German prince; that he had been to Paris to bring out an opera, which, having, as he said, an "immense success," he was about to repeat in Strasburg. He further informed me that a *député* from Alsace had obtained for him a government permission to travel with the courier; but that he, being "social" withal, and noways proud, preferred the democracy of the diligence to the solitary grandeur of the *calèche* (for which Heaven found him!), and thus became my present companion.

Music in all its shapes and forms made up the staple of the little man's talk. There was scarcely an opera or an overture, from Mozart to Donizetti, that he did not insist upon singing a scene from; and wound up all by a very

pathetic lamentation over English insensibility to music, which he in great part attributed to our having only one opera, which he kindly informed me was "Bob et Joan." However indisposed to check the current of his loquacity by any effort of mine, I could not avoid the temptation to translate for him a story which Sir Walter Scott once related to me, and which was so far *à propos* as conveying my own sense of the merits of our national music, such as we have it, by its associations with scenes and persons and places we are all familiar with, however unintelligible to the ear of a stranger.

A young French vicomte was fortunate enough to obtain in marriage the hand of a singularly pretty Scotch heiress of an ancient family and good fortune, who, amongst her other endowments, possessed a large old-fashioned house in a remote district of the Highlands, where her ancestors had resided for centuries. Thither the young couple repaired to pass the honeymoon; the enamoured bridegroom gladly availing himself of the opportunity to ingratiate himself with his new connection by adopting the reclusion he saw practised by the English on such occasions. However consonant to our notions of happiness, and however conducive to our enjoyment this custom be, — and I have strong doubts upon the subject, — it certainly prospered ill with the volatile Frenchman, who pined for Paris, its *cafés*, its boulevards, its *maisons de jeu*, and its *soirées*. His days were passed in looking from the deep and narrow windows of some oak-framed room upon the bare and heath-clad moors, or watching the cloud shadows as they passed across the dark pine-trees that closed the distance.

Bored to death, and convinced that he had sacrificed enough, and more than enough, to the barbarism which demanded such a *séjour*, he was sitting one evening listlessly upon the terrace in front of the house, plotting a speedy escape from his gloomy abode, and meditating upon the life of pleasure that awaited him, when the discordant twang of some savage music broke upon his ear and roused him from his reverie. The wild scream and fitful burst of

a Highland pibroch is certainly not the most likely thing in nature to allay the irritable and ruffled feelings of an irascible person, — unless, perhaps, the hearer eschew breeches. So thought the vicomte. He started hurriedly up, and straight before him, up the gravel walk, beheld the stalwart figure and bony frame of an old Highlander, blowing, with all his lungs, the “Gathering of the Clans.” With all the speed he could muster he rushed into the house, and calling his servants, ordered them to expel the intruder and drive him at once outside the demesne. When the mandate was made known to the old piper, it was with the greatest difficulty he could be brought to comprehend it; for, time out of mind, his approach had been hailed with every demonstration of rejoicing, and now — But no, the thing was impossible; there must be a mistake somewhere. He was accordingly about to recommence, when a second and stronger hint suggested to him that it were safer to depart. “Maybe the carl didna like the pipes,” said the Highlander, musingly, as he packed them up for his march; “maybe he didna like *me*; perhaps, too, he was na in the humor for music.” He paused for an instant, as if reflecting, — not satisfied, probably, that he had hit upon the true solution, — when suddenly his eye brightened, his lips curled, and fixing a look upon the angry Frenchman, he said: “Maybe ye are right enow, — he heard them ower muckle in Waterloo to like the skirl o’ them ever since;” with which satisfactory explanation, made in no spirit of bitterness or raillery, but in the simple belief that he had hit the mark of the vicomte’s antipathy, the old man gathered up his plaid and departed.

However disposed I might have felt towards sleep, the little German resolved I should not obtain any; for when, half an hour together, I would preserve a rigid silence, he, nowise daunted, had recourse to some German *Lied*, which he gave forth with an energy of voice and manner that must have aroused every sleeper in the diligence; so that, fain to avoid this, I did my best to keep him on the subject of his adventures, which, as a man of successful gallantry,

were manifold indeed. Wearying, at last, even of this subordinate part, I fell into a kind of half-doze, the words of a student-song he continued to sing without ceasing for above an hour being the last waking thought on my memory.

Less as a *souvenir* of the singer than a specimen of its class, I give here a rough translation of the well-known *Burschen* melody called —

THE POPE.

I.

The Pope he leads a happy life, —
 He fears not married care nor strife ;
 He drinks the best of Rhenish wine :
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine !

CHORUS.

He drinks the best of Rhenish wine :
 I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

II.

But then all happy 's not his life, —
 He has not maid, nor blooming wife,
 Nor child has he to raise his hope :
 I would not wish to be the Pope.

III.

The Sultan better pleases me, —
 His is a life of jollity ;
 His wives are many as he will :
 I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

IV.

But even he 's a wretched man, —
 He must obey his Alcoran,
 And dares not drink one drop of wine :
 I would not change his lot for mine.

V.

So then I'll hold my lowly stand,
And live in German Vaterland ;
I'll kiss my maiden fair and fine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

VI.

Whene'er my maiden kisses me,
I'll think that I the Sultan be ;
And when my cheery glass I tope,
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

CHAPTER XX.

THE JOURNEY.

It was with a feeling of pleasure I cannot explain that I awoke in the morning and found myself upon the road. The turmoil, the bustle, the never-ending difficulties of my late life in Paris had so over-excited and worried me that I could neither think nor reflect. Now, all these cares and troubles were behind me, and I felt like a liberated prisoner as I looked upon the gray dawn of the coming day as it gradually melted from its dull and leaden tint to the pink and yellow hue of the rising sun. The broad and richly colored plains of *la belle France* were before me, — and it is *la belle France*, however inferior to parts of England in rural beauty, — the large tracts of waving yellow corn, undulating like a sea in the morning breeze, the interminable reaches of forest, upon which the shadows played and flitted, deepening the effect and mellowing the mass as we see them in Ruysdael's pictures, while now and then some tall-gabled, antiquated château, with its mutilated terrace and dowager-like air of bygone grandeur, would peep forth at the end of some long avenue of lime-trees, all having their own features of beauty, and a beauty with which every object around harmonizes well. The sluggish peasant, in his blouse and striped nightcap; the heavily caparisoned horse, shaking his head amidst a Babel-tower of gaudy worsted tassels and brass bells; the deeply laden wagon creeping slowly along, — are all in keeping with a scene where the very mist that rises from the valley seems indolent and lazy, and unwilling to impart the rich perfume of verdure with which it is loaded. Every land has its own peculiar character of beauty. The glaciated mountain, the

Alpine peak, the dashing cataracts of Switzerland and the Tyrol, are not finer in their way than the long, flat moorlands of a Flemish landscape, with its clump of stunted willows clustering over some limpid brook, in which the oxen are standing for shelter from the noon-day heat, while, lower down, some rude water-wheel is mingling its sounds with the summer bees and the merry voices of the miller and his companions.

So strayed my thoughts as the German shook me by the arm, and asked if I were not ready for my breakfast? Luckily, to this question there is rarely but the one answer. Who is not ready for his breakfast when on the road? How delightful, if on the Continent, to escape from the narrow limits of the dungeon-like diligence, where you sit with your knees next your collar-bone, fainting with heat and suffocated by dust, and to find yourself suddenly beside the tempting *plats* of a little French *déjeuner*, with its cutlets, its fried fish, its *poulet*, its salads, and its little *entrée* of fruit, tempered with a not despicable bottle of Beaune. If in England, the exchange is nearly as grateful; for though our travelling be better, and our position less irksome, still it is no small alteration from the stage-coach to the inn parlor, redolent of aromatic black tea, eggs, and hot toast, with a hospitable sideboard of lordly sirloins and York hams that would make a Jew's mouth water. While in America the change is greatest of all, as any one can vouch for who has been suddenly emancipated from the stove-heat of a "nine-inside" leathern "conveniency," bumping ten miles an hour over a corduroy road, the company smoking, if not worse, to the ample display of luxurious viands displayed upon the breakfast-table, where, what with buffalo steaks, pumpkin pie, "chicken fixings," and other aristocratically called temptations, he must be indeed fastidious who cannot employ his half-hour. Pity it is, when there is so much good to eat, that people will not partake of it like civilized beings and with that air of cheerful thankfulness that all other nations more or less express when enjoying the earth's bounties. But true it is

that there is a spirit of discontent in the Yankee that seems to accept of benefits with a tone of dissatisfaction, if not distrust. I once made this remark to an excellent friend of mine, now no more, who, however, would not permit of my attributing this feature to the Americans exclusively, adding, "Where have you more of this than in Ireland? And surely you would not call the Irish ungrateful?" He illustrated his first remark by the following short anecdote: —

The rector of the parish my friend lived in was a man who added to the income he derived from his living a very handsome private fortune, which he devoted entirely to the benefit of the poor around him. Among the objects of his bounty one old woman — a childless widow — was remarkably distinguished. Whether commiserating her utter helplessness or her complete isolation, he went farther to relieve her than to many, if not all, the other poor. She frequently was in the habit of pleading her poverty as a reason for not appearing in church among her neighbors; and he gladly seized an opportunity of so improving her condition that on this score, at least, no impediment existed. When all his little plans for her comfort had been carried into execution, he took the opportunity one day of dropping in, as if accidentally, to speak to her. By degrees he led the subject to her changed condition in life, — the alteration from a cold, damp, smoky hovel to a warm, clean, slated house; the cheerful garden before the door that replaced the mud-heap and the duck-pool; and all the other happy changes which a few weeks had effected. And he then asked, did she not feel grateful to a bountiful Providence that had showered down so many blessings upon her head?

"Ah, troth! it's throe for yer honor, I am grateful," she replied, in a whining, discordant tone, which astonished the worthy parson.

"Of course you are, my good woman, of course you are; but I mean to say, don't you feel that every moment you live is too short to express your thankfulness to this kind Providence for what he has done?"

“Ah, darlin’! it’s all thrue; he’s very good, he’s mighty kind, so he is.”

“Why, then, not acknowledge it in a different manner?” said the parson, with some heat. “Has he not housed you and fed you and clothed you?”

“Yes, alanah, he done it all.”

“Well, where is your gratitude for all those mercies?”

“Ah! sure, if he did,” said the old crone, roused at length by the importunity of the questioner, — “sure, if he did, *does n’t he take it out o’ me in the corns?*”

CHAPTER XXI.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE EAST.

THE breakfast-table assembled around it the three generations of men who issued from the three subdivisions of the diligence, and presented that motley and mixed assemblage of ranks, ages, and countries which forms so very amusing a part of a traveller's experience.

First came the *haute aristocratie* of the *coupé*, then the middle class of the *intérieur*, and lastly, the *tiers état* of the *rotonde*, with its *mélange* of Jew money-lenders, under-officers and their wives, a Norman nurse with a high cap and a red jupe; while, to close the procession, a German student descended from the roof, with a beard, a blouse, and a meerschaum. Of such materials was our party made up; and yet, differing in all our objects and interests, we speedily amalgamated into a very social state of intimacy, and chatted away over our breakfast with much good humor and gayety, each person of the number seeming pleased at the momentary opportunity of finding a new listener, save my tall companion of the *coupé*. He preserved a dogged silence, unbroken by even a chance expression to the waiter, who observed his wants and supplied them by a species of quick instinct evidently acquired by practice. As I could not help feeling somewhat interested about the hermit-like attachment he evinced for solitude, I watched him narrowly for some time, and at length, as the *rôti* made its appearance before him, after he had helped himself and tasted it, he caught my eye fixed upon him, and looking at me intently for a few seconds, he seemed to be satisfied in some passing doubt he labored under, as he said, with a most peculiar shake of the head: "*No mangez, no mangez cela.*"

"Ah!" said I, detecting in my friend's French his English origin, "you are an Englishman, I find."

"The devil a doubt of it, darling," said he half testily.

"An Irishman too, — still better," said I.

"Why, then, is n't it strange that my French always show me to be English, and my English proves me Irish? It's lucky for me there's no going farther, anyhow."

Delighted to have thus fallen upon a "character," as the Irishman evidently appeared, I moved my chair towards his; finding, however, he was not half pleased at the manner in which my acquaintance had been made with him, and knowing his country's susceptibility of being taken by a story, I resolved to make my advances by narrating a circumstance which had once befallen me in my early life.

Our countrymen, English and Irish, travel so much nowadays that one ought never to feel surprised at finding them anywhere. The instance I am about to relate will verify to a certain extent the fact, by showing that no situation is too odd or too unlikely to be within the verge of calculation.

When the 10th Foot, to which I then belonged, were at Corfu, I obtained, with three other officers, a short leave of absence to make a hurried tour of the Morea and take a passing glance at Constantinople, — in those days much less frequently visited by travellers than at present.

After rambling pleasantly about for some weeks, we were about to return, when we determined that before sailing we would accept an invitation some officers of the "Blazer" frigate, then stationed here, had given us to pass a day at Pera and picnic on the mountain.

One fine bright morning was therefore selected, a most appetizing little dinner being carefully packed up, and we set out, a party of fourteen, upon our excursion.

The weather was glorious, and the scene far finer than any of us had anticipated, — the view from the mountain extending over the entire city, gorgeous in the rich coloring of its domes and minarets; while at one side the Golden Horn was visible, crowded with ships of every nation, and at the other a glimpse might be had of the Sea of Marmora,

blue and tranquil as it lay beneath. The broad bosom of the Bosphorus was sheeted out like a map before us, — peaceful, yet bustling with life and animation. Here lay the Union-Jack of Old England, floating beside the lilies of France (we speak of times when lilies were, and barricades were not), the tall and taper spars of a Yankee frigate towering above the low timbers and heavy hull of a Dutch schooner, the gilded poop and carved galleries of a Turkish three-decker anchored beside the raking mast and curved deck of a suspicious-looking craft, whose red-capped, dark-visaged crew needed not the naked creese at their sides to bespeak them Malays. The whole was redolent of life, and teeming with food for one's fancy to conjure from.

While we were debating upon the choice of a spot for our luncheon which should command the chief points of view within our reach, one of the party came to inform us that he had just discovered the very thing we were in search of. It was a small kiosk, built upon a projecting rock that looked down upon the Bosphorus and the city, and had evidently, from the extended views it presented, been selected as the spot to build upon. The building itself was a small octagon, open on every side, and presenting a series of prospects, land and seaward, of the most varied and magnificent kind.

Seeing no one near, nor any trace of habitation, we resolved to avail ourselves of the good taste of the founder; and spreading out the contents of our hampers, proceeded to discuss a most excellent cold dinner. When the good things had disappeared, and the wine begun to circulate, one of the party observed that we should not think of enjoying ourselves before we had filled a bumper to the brim to the health of our good king, whose birthday it chanced to be. Our homeward thoughts and loyalty uniting, we filled our glasses and gave so hearty a "hip, hip, hurrah" to our toast that I doubt if the echoes of those old rocks ever heard the equal of it.

Scarcely was the last cheer dying away in the distance, when the door of the kiosk opened, and a negro, dressed in

white muslin, appeared, his arms and ankles bearing those huge rings of massive gold which only persons of rank distinguish their servants by.

After a most profound obeisance to the party, he explained, in very tolerable French, that his master, the Effendi Ben Mustapha Al Halak, at whose charge (in house-rent) we were then feasting, sent us greeting, and begged that if not considered as contrary to our usage, etc., we should permit him and his suite to approach the kiosk and observe us at our meal.

Independent of his politeness in the mode of conveying the request, as *he* would prove fully as entertaining a sight to us as *we* could possibly be to him, we immediately expressed our great willingness to receive his visit, coupled with a half-hint that perhaps he might honor us by joining the party.

After a half-hour's delay the door was once more thrown open, and a venerable old Turk entered. He salaamed three times most reverently, and motioned to us to be seated, declining at the same time, by a gentle gesture of his hand, our invitation. He was followed by a train of six persons, all splendidly attired, and attesting, by their costume and manner, the rank and importance of their chief. Conceiving that his visit had but one object, — to observe our convivial customs, — we immediately re-seated ourselves and filled our glasses.

As one after another the officers of the Effendi's household passed round the apartments, we offered them a goblet of champagne, which they severally declined with a polite but solemn smile, — all except one, a large, savage-looking Turk, with a most ferocious scowl and the largest black beard I ever beheld. He did not content himself with a mute refusal of our offer, but stopping suddenly, he raised up his hands above his head and muttered some words in Turkish, which one of the party informed us was a very satisfactory recommendation of the whole company to Satan for their heretic abomination.

The procession moved slowly round the room, and when

it reached the door again, retired, each member of it salaaming three times as he had done on entering. Scarcely had they gone, when we burst into a loud fit of laughter at the savage-looking fellow who thought proper to excommunicate us, and were about to discuss his more than common appearance of disgust at our proceedings, when again the door opened, and a turbaned head peeped in ; but so altered were the features that although seen but the moment before, we could hardly believe them the same. The dark complexion, the long and bushy beard were there ; but instead of the sleepy and solemn character of the Oriental, with heavy eye and closed lip, there was a droll half-devilry in the look and partly open mouth that made a most laughable contrast with the head-dress. He looked stealthily around him for an instant, as if to see that all was right, and then, with an accent and expression I shall never forget, said, "*I'll taste your wine, gentlemen, av it be pleasing to ye.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

A DAY IN THE PHOENIX.

WHEN we were once more in the *coupé* of the diligence, I directed my entire attention towards my Irish acquaintance, as well because of his apparent singularity, as to avoid the little German in the opposite corner.

"You have not been long in France, then, sir," said I, as we resumed our conversation.

"Three weeks; and it seems like three years to me, — nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and nobody to speak to. But I'll go back soon; I only came abroad for a month."

"You'll scarcely see much of the Continent in so short a time."

"Devil a much *that* will grieve me; I did n't come to see it."

"Indeed!"

"Nothing of the kind; I only came — to be away from home."

"Oh! I perceive."

"You're quite out there," said my companion, misinterpreting my meaning. "It was n't anything of that kind. I don't owe sixpence. I was laughed out of Ireland, — that's all; though that same is bad enough."

"Laughed out of it?"

"Just so; and little you know of Ireland if that surprises you."

After acknowledging that such an event was perfectly possible, from what I myself had seen of that country, I obtained the following very brief account of my companion's reasons for foreign travel.

"Well, sir," began he, "it is about four months since I brought up to Dublin from Galway a little chestnut mare, with cropped ears and a short tail, square-jointed, and rather low, — just what you'd call a smart hack for going to cover with; a lively thing on the road with a light weight. Nobody ever suspected that she was a clean-bred thing, — own sister to Jenny, that won the Corinthians, and ran second to Giles for the Riddlesworth; but so she was, and a better-bred mare never leaped the pound in Ballinasloe. Well, I brought her to Dublin, and used to ride her out two or three times a week, making little matches sometimes to trot, — and for a thoroughbred she was a clipper at trotting, — to trot a mile or so on the grass; another day to gallop the length of the Nine Acres opposite the Lodge; and then sometimes back her for a ten-pound note to jump the biggest furze-bush that could be found, — all of which she could do with ease, nobody thinking, all the while, that the cock-tailed pony was by Scroggins, out of a 'Lamp-lighter mare.' As every fellow that was beat to-day was sure to come back to-morrow with something better, either of his own or a friend's, I had matches booked for every day in the week; for I always made my little boy, that rode, win by half a neck or a nostril, and so we kept on day after day pocketing from ten to thirty pounds or thereabouts. It was mighty pleasant while it lasted, for besides winning the money, I had my own fun laughing at the spoonies that never could book my bets fast enough, — young infantry officers and the Junior Bar; they were for the most part mighty nice to look at, but very raw about racing. How long I might have gone on in this way, I cannot say; but one morning I fell in with a fat, elderly gentleman in shorts and gaiters, mounted on a dun cob pony that was very fidgety and hot-tempered, and appeared to give the rider a great deal of uneasiness.

"'He's a spicy hack you're on, sir,' said I, 'and has a go in him, I'll be bound.'

"'I rayther think he has,' said the old gentleman, half testily.

“‘And can trot a bit too?’

“‘Twelve Irish miles in fifty minutes, with my weight. Here he looked down at a paunch like a sugar hogshead.

“‘Maybe he’s not bad across a country,’ said I, rather to humor the old fellow, who, I saw, was proud of his pony.

“‘I’d like to see his match, that’s all.’ Here he gave a rather contemptuous glance at my hack.

“Well, one word led to another, and it ended at last in our booking a match, with which one party was no less pleased than the other. It was this: each was to ride his own horse, starting from the school in the Park, round the Fifteen Acres, outside the Monument, and back to the start, — just one heat, about a mile and a half; the ground good, and only soft enough. In consideration, however, of his greater weight, I was to give odds, in the start; and as we could not well agree on how much, it was at length decided that he was to get away first, and I to follow as fast as I could, after drinking a pewter quart full of Guinness’s double stout, — droll odds, you’ll say; but it was the old fellow’s own thought, and as the match was a *soft* one, I let him have his way.

“The next morning the Phoenix was crowded as if for a review. There were all the Dublin notorieties swarming in barouches and tilburies and outside jaunting-cars; smart clerks in the Post-office, mounted upon kicking devils from Dycer’s and Lalouette’s stables; attorneys’ wives and daughters from York Street; and a stray doctor or so on a hack that looked as if it had been lectured on for the six winter months at the College of Surgeons. My antagonist was half an hour late, which time I occupied in booking bets on every side of me, — offering odds of ten, fifteen, and at last, to tempt the people, twenty-five to one against the dun. At last the fat gentleman came up on a jaunting-car, followed by a groom leading the cob. I wish you had heard the cheer that greeted him on his arrival, for it appeared he was a well-known character in town, and much in favor with the mob. When he got off the car he bundled into a tent, followed by a few of his friends, where they remained

for about five minutes, at the end of which he came out in full racing costume, — blue and yellow-striped jacket, blue cap, and leathers, — looking as funny a figure as ever you set eyes upon. I now thought it time to throw off my white surtout and show out in pink-and-orange, — the colors I had been winning in for two months past. While some of the party were sent on to station themselves at different places round the Fifteen Acres, to mark out the course, my fat friend was assisted into his saddle, and gave a short preliminary gallop of a hundred yards or so that set us all a laughing. The odds were now fifty to one in my favor, and I gave them wherever I could find takers. ‘With you, sir, if you please, in pounds, and the gentleman in the red whiskers too, if he likes, — very well, in half-sovereigns, if you prefer it.’ So I went on, betting on every side, till the bell rang to mount. As I knew I had plenty of time to spare, I took little notice, and merely giving a look to my girths, I continued leisurely booking my bets. At last the time came, and at the word ‘Away!’ off went the fat gentleman on the dun at a spluttering gallop that flung the mud on every side of us, and once more threw us all a laughing. I waited patiently till he got near the upper end of the park, taking bets every minute; now that he was away, every one offered to wager. At last, when I had let him get nearly half round, and found no more money could be had, I called out to his friends for the porter, and throwing myself into the saddle, gathered up the reins in my hand. The crowd fell back on each side, while from the tent I have already mentioned, out came a thin fellow with one eye, with a pewter quart in his hand. He lifted it up towards me, and I took it; but what was my fright to find that the porter was boiling, and the vessel so hot I could barely hold it. I endeavored to drink, however; the first mouthful took all the skin off my lips and tongue, the second half choked, and the third nearly threw me into an apoplectic fit, the mob cheering all the time like devils. Meantime the old fellow had reached the furze, and was going along like fun. Again I tried the

porter, and a fit of coughing came on which lasted five minutes. The pewter was so hot that the edge of the quart took away a piece of my mouth at every effort. I ventured once more, and with the desperation of a madman I threw down the hot liquid to its last drop. My head reeled, my eyes glared, and my brain was on fire. I thought I beheld fifty fat gentlemen riding on every side of me, and all the sky raining jackets in blue and yellow. Half mechanically I took the reins and put spurs to my horse; but before I got well away, a loud cheer from the crowd assailed me. I turned, and saw the dun coming in at a floundering gallop, covered with foam, and so dead blown that neither himself nor the rider could have got twenty yards farther. The race was, however, won. My odds were lost to every man on the field, and, worse than all, I was so laughed at that I could not venture out in the streets without hearing allusions to my misfortune; for a certain friend of mine, one Tom O'Flaherty —

"Tom, of the 11th Light Dragoons?"

"The same; you know Tom, then? Maybe you have heard him mention me, — Maurice Malone?"

"Not Mr. Malone, of Fort Peak?"

"Bad luck to him! I am as well known in connection with Fort Peak as the Duke is with Waterloo. There is not a part of the globe where he has not told that confounded story!"

As my readers may not possibly be all numbered in Mr. O'Flaherty's acquaintance, I shall venture to give the anecdote which Mr. Malone accounted to be so widely circulated.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ADVENTURE IN CANADA.

TOWARDS the close of the last war with America a small detachment of military occupied the little block-house of Fort Peak, which, about eight miles from the Falls of Niagara, formed the last outpost on the frontier. The fort, in itself inconsiderable, was only of importance as commanding a part of the river where it was practicable to ford, and where the easy ascent of the bank offered a safe situation for the enemy to cross over whenever they felt disposed to carry the war into our territory.

There having been, however, no threat of invasion in this quarter, and the natural strength of the position being considerable, a mere handful of men, with two subaltern officers, were allotted for this duty, — such being conceived ample to maintain it till the arrival of succor from headquarters, then at Little York, on the opposite side of the lake. The officers of this party were our old acquaintance Tom O'Flaherty and our newly made one, Maurice Malone.

Whatever may be the merits of commanding officers, one virtue they certainly can lay small claim to ; namely, any insight into character, or at least any regard for the knowledge. Seldom are two men sent off on detachment duty to some remote quarter, to associate daily and hourly for months together, that they are not, by some happy chance, the very people who never, as the phrase is, "took to each other" in their lives. The gray-headed, weather-beaten, disappointed "Peninsular" is coupled with the essenced and dandified Adonis of the corps ; the man of literary tastes and cultivated pursuits with the empty-headed, ill-formed youth fresh from Harrow or Westminster. This case offered no exception to the rule ; for though there were few

men possessed of more assimilating powers than O'Flaherty, yet certainly his companion did put the faculty to the test, for anything more unlike him there never existed. Tom, all good-humor and high spirits, making the best of everything, never nonplussed, never taken aback, perfectly at home, whether flirting with a Lady Charlotte in her drawing-room, or crossing a grouse-mountain in the Highlands, sufficiently well read to talk on any ordinary topic, and always ready-witted enough to seem more so; a thorough sportsman, whether showing forth in his "pink" at Melton, whipping a trout-stream in Wales, or filling a country-house with black-cock and moor-fowl; an unexceptionable judge of all the good things in life, from a pretty ankle to a well-hung tilbury, — from the odds at hazard to the "Comet vintage." Such, in brief, was Tom. Now, his *confrère* was none of these; he had been drafted from the Galway militia to the line for some election services rendered by his family to the Government candidate; was of a saturnine and discontented habit, always miserable about some trifle or other, and never at rest till he had drowned his sorrows in Jamaica rum, which, since the regiment was abroad, he had copiously used as a substitute for whiskey. To such an extent had this passion gained upon him that a corporal's guard was always in attendance whenever he dined out, to convey him home to the barracks.

The wearisome monotony of a close garrison, with so ungenial a companion, would have damped any man's spirits but O'Flaherty's. He, however, upon this, as other occasions in life, rallied himself to make the best of it; and by short excursions within certain prescribed limits along the river side, contrived to shoot and fish enough to get through the day and improve the meagre fare of his mess-table. Malone never appeared before dinner, — his late sittings at night requiring all the following day to recruit him from a new attack upon the rum-bottle.

Now, although his seeing so little of his brother officer was anything but unpleasant to O'Flaherty, yet the *ennui* of such a life was gradually wearing him, and all his wits

were put in requisition to furnish occupation for his time. Never a day passed without his praying ardently for an attack from the enemy; any alternative, any reverse, had been a blessing compared with his present life. No such spirit, however, seemed to animate the Yankee troops; not a soldier was to be seen for miles around, and every straggler that passed the Fort concurred in saying that the Americans were not within four days' march of the frontier.

Weeks passed over, and the same state of things remaining unchanged, O'Flaherty gradually relaxed some of his strictness as to duty; small foraging parties of three and four being daily permitted to leave the Fort for a few hours, to which they usually returned laden with wild turkeys and fish, both being found in great abundance near them.

Such was the life of the little garrison for two or three long summer months, each day so resembling its fellow that no difference could be found.

As to how the war was faring, or what the aspect of affairs might be, they absolutely knew nothing. Newspapers never reached them; and whether from having so much occupation at headquarters, or that the difficulty of sending letters prevented, their friends never wrote a line; and thus they jogged on a very vegetable existence, till thought at last was stagnating in their brains, and O'Flaherty half envied his companion's resource in the spirit-flask.

Such was the state of affairs at the Fort, when one evening O'Flaherty appeared to pace the little rampart that looked towards Lake Ontario, with an appearance of anxiety and impatience strangely at variance with his daily phlegmatic look. It seemed that the corporal's party he had despatched that morning to forage near the Falls had not returned, and already were four hours later than their time away.

Every imaginable mode of accounting for their absence suggested itself to his mind. Sometimes he feared that they had been attacked by the Indian hunters, who were far from favorably disposed towards their poaching neigh-

bors. Then, again, it might be merely that they had missed their track in the forest; or could it be that they had ventured to reach Goat Island in a canoe, and had been carried down the rapids? Such were the torturing doubts that passed, as some shrill squirrel or hoarse night-owl pierced the air with a cry, and then all was silent again. While thus the hours went slowly by, his attention was attracted by a bright light in the sky. It appeared as if part of the heavens were reflecting some strong glare from beneath, for as he looked, the light, at first pale and colorless, gradually deepened into a rich mellow hue, and at length, through the murky blackness of the night, a strong, clear current of flame rose steadily upwards from the earth and pointed towards the sky. From the direction, it must have been either at the Falls or immediately near them; and now the horrible conviction flashed upon his mind that the party had been waylaid by the Indians, who were, as is their custom, making a war-feast over their victims.

Not an instant was to be lost. The little garrison beat to arms; and as the men fell in, O'Flaherty cast his eyes around, while he selected a few brave fellows to accompany him. Scarcely had the men fallen out from the ranks, when the sentinel at the gate was challenged by a well-known voice, and in a moment more the corporal of the foraging party was among them. Fatigue and exhaustion had so overcome him that for some minutes he was speechless. At length he recovered sufficiently to give the following brief account:—

The little party, having obtained their supply of venison above Queenston, were returning to the Fort, when they suddenly came upon a track of feet, and little experience in forest life soon proved that some new arrivals had reached the hunting-grounds; for on examining them closely, they proved neither to be Indian tracks, nor yet those made by the shoes of the Fort party. Proceeding with caution to track them backwards for three or four miles, they reached the bank of the Niagara River above the whirlpools, where the crossing is most easily effected from

the American side. The mystery was at once explained, — it was a surprise party of the Yankees, sent to attack Fort Peak; and now the only thing to be done was to hasten back immediately to their friends and prepare for their reception.

With this intent they took the river path, as the shortest, but had not proceeded far when their fears were confirmed; for in a little embayment of the bank they perceived a party of twenty blue coats, who, with their arms piled, were lying around as if waiting for the hour of attack. The sight of this party added greatly to their alarm, for they now perceived that the Americans had divided their force, — the foot-tracks first seen being evidently those of another division. As the corporal and his few men continued, from the low and thick brushwood, to make their reconnoissance of the enemy, they observed with delight that they were not regulars, but a militia force. With this one animating thought they again, with noiseless step, regained the forest and proceeded upon their way. Scarcely, however, had they marched a mile, when the sound of voices and loud laughter apprised them that another party was near, which, as well as they could observe in the increasing gloom, was still larger than the former. They were now obliged to make a considerable circuit and advance still deeper into the forest, their anxiety hourly increasing lest the enemy should reach the Fort before themselves. In this dilemma it was resolved that the party should separate, the corporal determining to proceed alone by the river bank, while the others, by a *détour* of some miles, should endeavor to learn the force of the Yankees, and as far as they could, their mode of attack. From that instant the corporal knew no more; for after two hours' weary exertion he reached the Fort, which, had it been but another mile distant, his strength had not held out for him to attain.

However gladly poor O'Flaherty might have hailed such information under other circumstances, now it came like a thunderbolt upon him. Six of his small force were away,

—perhaps ere this made prisoners by the enemy,—the Yankees, as well as he could judge, were a numerous party, and he himself totally without a single adviser; for Malone had dined, and was, therefore, by this time in that pleasing state of indifference in which he could only recognize an enemy in the man that did not send round the decanter.

In the half-indulged hope that his state might permit some faint exercise of the reasoning faculty, O'Flaherty



walked towards the small den they had designated as the mess-room, in search of his brother-officer.

As he entered the apartment, little disposed as he felt to mirth at such moment, the tableau before him was too ridiculous not to laugh at. At one side of the fireplace sat Malone, his face florid with drinking, and his eyeballs projecting. Upon his head was a small Indian skull-cap with two peacock's feathers, and a piece of scarlet cloth which hung down behind. In one hand he held a smoking goblet

of rum-punch, and in the other a long Indian Chibook pipe. Opposite to him, but squatted upon the floor, reposed a Red Indian that lived in the Fort as a guide, equally drunk, but preserving, even in his liquor, an impassive, grave aspect, strangely contrasting with the high excitement of Malone's face. The red man wore Malone's uniform coat, which he had put on back foremost, — his head-dress having, in all probability, been exchanged for it, as an amicable courtesy between the parties. There they sat, looking fixedly at each other; neither spoke, nor even smiled, — the rum-bottle, which at brief intervals passed from one to the other, maintained a friendly intercourse that each was content with.

To the hearty fit of laughing of O'Flaherty, Malone replied by a look of drunken defiance, and then nodded to his red friend, who returned the courtesy. As poor Tom left the room he saw that nothing was to be hoped for in this quarter, and determined to beat the garrison to arms without any further delay. Scarcely had he closed the door behind him, when a sudden thought flashed through his brain. He hesitated, walked forward a few paces, stopped again, and calling out to the corporal, said, —

"You are certain they were militia?"

"Yes, sir; quite sure."

"Then, by Jove, I have it," cried O'Flaherty. "If they should turn out to be the Buffalo Fencibles, we may get through this scrape better than I hoped for."

"I believe you are right, sir; for I heard one of the men as I passed observe, 'What will they say in Buffalo when it's over?'"

"Send Mathers here, corporal; and do you order four rank and file, with side-arms, to be in readiness immediately."

"Mathers, you have heard the news," said O'Flaherty, as the sergeant entered. "Can the Fort hold out against such a force as Jackson reports? You doubt, — well, so do I; so let's see what's to be done. Can you remember, was it not the Buffalo militia that were so tremendously thrashed by the Delawares last autumn?"

"Yes, sir; they chased them for two days and nights, and had they not reached the town of Buffalo, the Delawares would not have left a scalp in the regiment."

"Can you recollect the chief's name, — it was Carran — something, eh?"

"Caudan-dacwagae."

"Exactly. Where is he supposed to be now?"

"Up in Detroit, sir, they say, but no one knows; those fellows are here to-day, and there to-morrow."

"Well then, sergeant, here's my plan." Saying these words, O'Flaherty proceeded to walk towards his quarters, accompanied by the sergeant, with whom he conversed for some time eagerly; occasionally replying, as it appeared, to objections, and offering explanations as the other seemed to require them. The colloquy lasted half an hour; and although the veteran sergeant seemed difficult of conviction, it ended by his saying, as he left the room, —

"Well, sir, as you say, it can only come to hard knocks at worst. Here goes. I'll send off the scout party to make the fires and choose the men for the out-pickets, for no time is to be lost."

In about an hour's time from the scene I have mentioned, a number of militia officers, of different grades, were seated round a bivouac fire upon the bank of the Niagara River. The conversation seemed of an angry nature, for the voices of the speakers were loud and irascible, and their gestures evidenced a state of high excitement.

"I see," said one, who seemed the superior of the party, — "I see well where this will end. We shall have another Queenston affair, as we had last fall with the Delawares."

"I only say," replied another, "that if you wish our men to stand fire to-morrow morning, the less you remind them of the Delawares the better. What is that noise? Is not that a drum beating?"

The party at these words sprang to their legs, and stood in an attitude of listening for some seconds.

"Who goes there?" sang out a sentinel from his post;

and then, after a moment's delay, added: "Pass flag of truce to Major Brown's quarters."

Scarcely were the words spoken, when three officers in scarlet, preceded by a drummer with a white flag, stood before the American party.

"To whom may I address myself?" said one of the British, — who, I may inform my reader, *en passant*, was no other than O'Flaherty, — "to whom may I address myself as the officer in command?"

"I am Major Brown," said a short, plethoric little man in a blue uniform and round hat. "And who are you?"

"Major O'Flaherty, of his Majesty's Fifth Foot," said Tom, with a very sonorous emphasis on each word, "the bearer of a flag of truce and an amicable proposition from Major-General Allen, commanding the garrison of Fort Peak."

The Americans, who were evidently taken by surprise at their intentions of attack being known, were silent, while he continued: —

"Gentlemen, it may appear somewhat strange that a garrison possessing the natural strength of a powerful position, supplied with abundant ammunition and every muniment of war, should despatch a flag of truce on the eve of an attack in preference to waiting for the moment when a sharp and well-prepared reception might best attest its vigilance and discipline. But the reasons for this step are soon explained. In the first place, you intend a surprise. We have been long aware of your projected attack. Our spies have tracked you from your crossing the river above the whirlpool to your present position. Every man of your party is numbered by us, and, what is still more, numbered by our allies; yes, gentlemen, I must repeat it, 'allies,' though as a Briton I blush at the word. Shame and disgrace forever be that man's portion who first associated the honorable usages of war with the atrocious and bloody cruelties of the savage. Yet so it is; the Delawares of the hills" — here the Yankees exchanged very peculiar looks — "have this morning arrived at Fort Peak with orders to

ravage the whole of your frontier, from Fort George to Lake Erie. They brought us the information of your approach, and their chief is, while I speak, making an infamous proposition, by which a price is to be paid for every scalp he produces in the morning. Now, as the General cannot refuse to co-operate with the savages without compromising himself with the commander-in-chief, neither can he accept of such assistance without some pangs of conscience, he has taken the only course open to him; he has despatched myself and my brother officers here" — O'Flaherty glanced at two privates dressed up in his regimentals — "to offer you terms —"

O'Flaherty paused when he arrived thus far, expecting that the opposite party would make some reply; but they continued silent, — when suddenly, from the dense forest, there rang forth a wild and savage yell that rose and fell several times, like the pibroch of the Highlander, and ended at last in a loud whoop that was echoed and re-echoed again and again for several seconds after.

"Hark!" said O'Flaherty, with an accent of horror. "Hark! the war-cry of the Delawares! The savages are eager for their prey. May it yet be time enough to rescue you from such a fate! Time presses. Our terms are these, — as they do not admit of discussion, and must be at once accepted or rejected, to your own ear alone can I impart them."

Saying which, he took Major Brown aside, and walking apart from the others, led him, by slow steps, into the forest. While O'Flaherty continued to dilate upon the atrocities of Indian war and the revengeful character of the savages, he contrived to be always advancing towards the river side, till at length the glare of a fire was perceptible through the gloom. Major Brown stopped suddenly, and pointed in the direction of the flame.

"It is the Indian picket," said O'Flaherty, calmly; "and as the facts I have been detailing may be more palpable to your mind, you shall see them with your own eyes. Yes, I repeat it, you shall, through the cover of this brushwood,

see Caudan-dacwagae himself; for he is with them in person."

As O'Flaherty said this, he led Major Brown, now speechless with terror, behind a massive cork-tree, from which spot they could look down upon the river side, where in a small creek sat five or six persons in blankets and scarlet head-dresses, their faces streaked with patches of yellow and red paint, to which the glare of the fire lent fresh horror. In the midst sat one whose violent gestures and savage cries gave him the very appearance of a demon as he resisted with all his might the efforts of the others to restrain him, shouting like a maniac all the while, and struggling to rise.

"It is the chief," said O'Flaherty; "he will wait no longer. We have bribed the others to keep him quiet, if possible, a little time; but I see they cannot succeed."

A loud yell of triumph from below interrupted Tom's speech, the infuriated savage — who was no other than Mr. Malone — having obtained the rum-bottle, for which he was fighting with all his might; his temper not being improved in the struggle by occasional admonitions from the red end of a cigar applied to his naked skin by the other Indians, who were his own soldiers acting under O'Flaherty's orders.

"Now," said Tom, "that you have convinced yourself, and can satisfy your brother officers, will you take your chance, or will you accept the honorable terms of the General, — pile your arms, and retreat beyond the river before daybreak? Your muskets and ammunition will offer a bribe to the cupidity of the savage and delay his pursuit till you can reach some place of safety."

Major Brown heard the proposal in silence, and at last determined upon consulting his brother officers.

"I have outstayed my time," said O'Flaherty. "But stop: the lives of so many are at stake, I consent." Saying which, they walked on without speaking, till they arrived where the others were standing around the watch-fire.

As Brown retired to consult with the officers, Tom heard with pleasure how much *his* two companions had worked upon the Yankees' fears during his absence, by details of the vindictive feelings of the Delawares, and their vows to annihilate the Buffalo militia.

Before five minutes they had decided. Upon a solemn pledge from O'Flaherty that the terms of the compact were to be observed as he stated them, they agreed to march with their arms to the ford, where, having piled them, they were to cross over and make the best of their way home.

By sunrise the next morning all that remained of the threatened attack on Fort Peak were the smouldering ashes of some wood fires, eighty muskets piled in the fort, and the yellow ochre and red stripes that still adorned the countenance of the late Indian chief, but now snoring Lieutenant — Maurice Malone.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE COURIER'S PASSPORT.

A SECOND night succeeded to the long, dreary day of the diligence, and the only agreeable reflection arose in the feeling that every mile travelled was diminishing the chance of pursuit and removing me still farther from that scene of trouble and annoyance that was soon to furnish gossip for Paris under the title of the "*Affaire O'Leary*."

How *he* was ever to extricate himself from the numerous and embarrassing difficulties gave me, I confess, less uneasiness than the uncertainty of my own fortunes. Luck seemed ever to befriend *him*, — *me* it had always accompanied far enough through life to make its subsequent desertion more painful. How far I should blame myself for this, I stopped not to consider, but brooded over the fact in a melancholy and discontented mood. The one thought uppermost in my mind was: How will Lady Jane receive me? Am I forgotten, or am I only remembered as the subject of that unlucky mistake when, under the guise of an elder son, I was fêted and made much of? What pretensions I had, without fortune, rank, influence, or even expectations of any kind, to seek the hand of the most beautiful girl of the day, with the largest fortune as her dowry, I dared not ask myself; the reply would have dashed all my hopes, and my pursuit would have at once been abandoned. "Tell the people you are an excellent preacher," was the advice of an old and learned divine to a younger and less-experienced one, — "tell them so every morning and every noon and every evening, and at last they will begin to believe it." "So," thought I, "I shall impress upon the Callonbys that I am a most unexceptionable *parti*. Upon every occasion they shall hear it, as

they open their newspapers at breakfast, as they sip their soup at luncheon, as they adjust their napkin at dinner, as they chat over their wine at night. My influence in the house shall be unbounded, my pleasures consulted, my dislikes remembered. The people in favor with me shall dine there three times a week ; those less fortunate shall be put into schedule B. My opinions on all subjects shall be a law, whether I pronounce upon politics or discuss a dinner ; and all this I shall accomplish by a successful flattery of my lady, a little bullying of my lord, a devoted attention to the youngest sister, a special cultivation of Kilkee, and a very *prononcé* neglect of Lady Jane." These were my half-waking thoughts as the heavy diligence rumbled over the *pavé* into Nancy ; and I was aroused by the door being suddenly jerked open and a bronzed face, with a black beard and moustache, being thrust in amongst us.

"Your passports, Messieurs," as a lantern was held up in succession across our faces, and we handed forth our crumpled and worn papers to the official.

The night was stormy and dark ; gusts of wind sweeping along, bearing with them the tail of some thunder-cloud, mingled their sounds with a falling tile from the roofs or a broken chimney-pot. The officer in vain endeavored to hold open the passports while he inscribed his name ; and just as the last scrawl was completed, the lantern went out. Muttering a heavy curse upon the weather, he thrust them in upon us *en masse*, and banging the door to, called out to the conductor, "*En route.*"

Again we rumbled on, and ere we cleared the last lamps of the town, the whole party were once more sunk in sleep, save myself. Hour after hour rolled by, the rain pattering upon the roof, and the heavy plash of the horses' feet contributing their mournful sounds to the melancholy that was stealing over me. At length we drew up at the door of a little inn, and by the noise and bustle without I perceived there was a change of horses. Anxious to stretch my legs, and relieve, if even for a moment, the wearisome monotony of the night, I got out and strode into the little parlor of

the inn. There was a cheerful fire in an open stove, beside which stood a portly figure in a sheepskin *bunta* and a cloth travelling-cap with a gold band, his legs cased in high Russia-leather boots, — all evident signs of the profession of the wearer, had even his haste at supper not bespoke the fact that he was a government courier.

"You had better make haste with the horses, Antoine, if you don't wish the postmaster to hear of it," said he as I entered, his mouth filled with pie-crust and *vin de Beaune* as he spoke.

A lumbering peasant, with a blouse, sabots, and a striped nightcap, replied in some unknown patois, when the courier again said, —

"Well, then, take the diligence-horses; I must get on at all events, — they are not so hurried, I'll be bound. Besides, it will save the *gendarmes* some miles of a ride if they overtake them here."

"Have we another *visé* of our passports here, then?" said I, addressing the courier; "for we have already been examined at Nancy."

"Not exactly a *visé*," said the courier, eying me most suspiciously as he spoke, and then continuing to eat with his former voracity.

"Then what, may I ask, have we to do with the *gendarmes*?"

"It is a search," said the courier, gruffly, and with the air of one who desired no further questioning.

I immediately ordered a bottle of Burgundy, and filling a large goblet before him, said, with much respect, —

"A votre bon voyage, Monsieur le Courier."

To this he at once replied by taking off his cap and bowing politely as he drank off the wine.

"Have we any runaway felon or stray galley slave among us," said I, laughingly, "that they are going to search us?"

"No, Monsieur," said the courier; "but there has been a government order to arrest a person on this road connected with the dreadful Polish plot that has just *éclaté* at Paris.

I passed a vidette of cavalry at Nancy, and they will be up here in half an hour."

"A Polish plot! Why, I left Paris only two days ago and never heard of it."

"*C'est bien possible, Monsieur.* Perhaps, after all, it may only be an affair of the police; but they have certainly arrested one prisoner at Meurice's, charged with this, as well as the attempt to rob Frascati and murder the croupier."

"Alas!" said I, with a half-suppressed groan, "it is too true; that infernal fellow O'Leary has ruined me, and I shall be brought back to Paris, and only taken from prison to meet the open shame and disgrace of a public trial."

What was to be done? Every moment was precious. I walked to the door to conceal my agitation. All was dark and gloomy. The thought of escape was my only one; but how to accomplish it? Every stir without suggested to my anxious mind the approaching tread of horses; every rattle of the harness seemed like the clink of accoutrements.

While I yet hesitated, I felt that my fate was in the balance. Concealment where I was, was impossible; there were no means of obtaining horses to proceed. My last only hope then rested in the courier,—he perhaps might be bribed to assist me at this juncture. Still, his impression as to the enormity of the crime imputed, might deter him; and there was no time for explanation, if even he would listen to it. I returned to the room; he had finished his meal, and was now engaged in all the preparations for encountering a wet and dreary night. I hesitated; my fears that if he should refuse my offers, all chance of my escape was gone, deterred me for a moment. At length, as he wound a large woollen shawl around his throat and seemed to have completed his costume, I summoned nerve for the effort, and with as much boldness in my manner as I could muster, said,—

"Monsieur le Courier, one word with you." I here closed the door, and continued: "My fortunes, my whole prospects in life, depend upon my reaching Strasburg by

to-morrow night. You alone can be the means of my doing so. Is there any price you can mention for which you will render me this service? If so, name it."

"So, then, Monsieur," said the courier, slowly, "so, then, you are the —"

"You have guessed it," said I, interrupting. "Do you accept my proposal?"

"It is impossible," said he, "utterly impossible; for even should I be disposed to run the risk on my own account, it would avail you nothing. The first town we entered, your passport would be demanded, and not being *viséd* by the minister to travel *en courier*, you would at once be detained and arrested."

"Then am I lost," said I, throwing myself upon a chair; at the same instant my passport, which I carried in my breast-pocket, fell out at the feet of the courier. He lifted it and opened it leisurely. So engrossed was I by my misfortunes that for some minutes I did not perceive that, as he continued to read the passport, he smiled from time to time, till at length a hearty fit of laughing awoke me from my abstraction. My first impulse was to seize him by the throat; controlling my temper, however, with an effort, I said, —

"And pray, Monsieur, may I ask in what manner the position I stand in at this moment affords you so much amusement? Is there anything so particularly droll, anything so excessively ludicrous, in my situation; or what particular gift do you possess that shall prevent me from throwing you out of the window?"

"*Mais, Monsieur,*" said he, half stifled with laughter, "do you know the blunder I fell into? It is really too good. Could you only guess whom I took you for, you would laugh too."

Here he became so overcome with merriment that he was obliged to sit down, which he did opposite to me, and actually shook with laughter.

"When this comedy is over," thought I, "we may begin to understand each other." Seeing no prospect of this, I

became at length impatient, and jumping on my legs, said, —

“Enough, sir, quite enough of this foolery. Believe me, you have every reason to be thankful that my present embarrassment should so far engross me that I cannot afford time to give you a thrashing.”

“*Pardon, mille pardons,*” said he humbly; “but you will, I am sure, forgive me when I tell you that I was stupid enough to mistake you for the fugitive Englishman whom the *gendarmes* are in pursuit of. How good, eh?”

“Oh! devilish good; but what do you mean?”

“Why, the fellow that caused the attack at Frascati and all that, and —”

“Yes — well, eh? Did you think I was he?”

“To be sure I did, till I saw your passport.”

“Till you saw my passport! Why, what on earth can he mean?” thought I. “No, but,” said I, half jestingly, “how could you make such a blunder?”

“Why, your confused manner, your impatience to get on, your hurried questions, all convinced me. In fact, I’d have wagered anything you were the Englishman.”

“And what, in Heaven’s name, does he think me now?” thought I, as I endeavored to join in the laugh so ludicrous a mistake occasioned.

“But we are delaying sadly,” said the courier. “Are you ready?”

“Ready? Ready for what?”

“To go on with me, of course. Don’t you wish to get early to Strasburg?”

“To be sure I do.”

“Well, then, come along. But pray don’t mind your luggage, for my *calèche* is loaded. Your instruments can come in the diligence.”

“My instruments in the diligence! He’s mad, that’s flat.”

“How they will laugh at Strasburg at my mistake!”

“That they will,” thought I. “The only doubt is, will *you* join in the merriment?”

So saying, I followed the courier to the door, jumped into his *calèche*, and in another moment was hurrying over the *pavé* at a pace that defied pursuit and promised soon to make up for all our late delay. Scarcely was the fur-lined apron of the *calèche* buttoned around me, and the German blinds let down, when I set to work to think over the circumstance that had just befallen me. As I had never examined my passport from the moment Trevanion handed it to me at Paris, I knew nothing of its contents ; therefore, as to what impression it might convey of me, I was totally ignorant. To ask the courier for it now might excite suspicion ; so that I was totally at sea how to account for his sudden change in my favor, or in what precise capacity I was travelling beside him. Once, and once only, the thought of treachery occurred to me. "Is he about to hand me over to the *gendarmes*? and are we now only retracing our steps towards Nancy? If so, Monsieur le Courier, whatever be *my* fate, *yours* is certainly an unenviable one." My reflections on this head were soon broken in upon, for my companion again returned to the subject of his "singular error," and assured me that he was as near as possible leaving me behind, under the mistaken impression of my being "myself," and informed me that all Strasburg would be delighted to see me, — which latter piece of news was only the more flattering that I knew no one there, nor had ever been in that city in my life ; and after about an hour's mystification as to my tastes, habits, and pursuits, he fell fast asleep, leaving me to solve the difficult problem as to whether I was not somebody else, or the only alternative, whether travelling *en courier* might not be prescribed by physicians as a mode of treating insane patients.

CHAPTER XXV.

A NIGHT IN STRASBURG.

WITH the dawn of day my miseries recommenced ; for after letting down the sash and venting some very fervent imprecations upon the postilion for not going faster than his horses were able, the courier once more recurred to his last night's blunder, and proceeded very leisurely to catechize me as to my probable stay at Strasburg, whither I should go from thence, and so on. As I was still in doubt what or whom he took me for, I answered with the greatest circumspection, — watching, the while, for any clew that might lead me to a discovery of myself. Thus occasionally evading all pushing and home queries, and sometimes, when hard pressed, feigning drowsiness, I passed the long and anxious day, the fear of being overtaken ever mingling with the thoughts that some unlucky admission of mine might discover my real character to the courier, who at any post-station might hand me over to the authorities. "Could I only guess at the part I am performing," thought I, "I might manage to keep up the illusion ;" but my attention was so entirely engrossed by fencing off all his thrusts that I could find out nothing. At last, as night drew near, the thought that we were approaching Strasburg rallied my spirits, suggesting an escape from all pursuit, as well as the welcome prospect of getting rid of my present torturer, who, whenever I awoke from a doze, reverted to our singular meeting with a pertinacity that absolutely seemed like malice.

"As I am aware that this is your first visit to Strasburg," said the courier, "perhaps I can be of service to you in recommending a hotel. Put up, I advise you, at the Bear, —

a capital hotel, and not ten minutes' distance from the theatre."

I thanked him for the counsel; and rejoicing in the fact that my prototype, whoever he might be, was unknown in the city, began to feel some little hope of getting through this scrape as I had done so many others.

"They have been keeping the 'Huguenots' for your arrival, and all Strasburg is impatient for your coming."

"Indeed!" said I, mumbling something meant to be modest. "Who the devil am I, then, to cause all this *fracas*? Heaven grant, not the new 'prefect,' or the commander of the forces."

"I am told the '*Zauberflöte*' is your favorite opera?"

"I can't say that I ever heard it, — that is, I mean that I could say — well got up."

Here I floundered on, having so far forgot myself as to endanger everything.

"How very unfortunate! Well, I hope you will not long have as much to say. Meanwhile, here we are, — this is the 'Bear.'"

We rattled into the ample *porte-cochère* of a vast hotel, the postilion cracking his enormous whip, and bells ringing on every side, as if the Crown Prince of Russia had been the arrival, and not a poor sub in the 4-th.

The courier jumped out, and running up to the landlord, whispered a few words in his ear, to which the other answered by a deep "*Ah, vraiment!*" and then saluted me with an obsequiousness that made my flesh quake.

"I shall make *mes hommages* in the morning," said the courier, as he drove off at full speed to deliver his despatches, and left me to my own devices to perform a character without even being able to guess what it might be. My passport, too, the only thing that could throw any light upon the affair, he had taken along with him, promising to have it *viséd*, and save me any trouble.

Of all my difficulties and puzzling situations in life, this was certainly the worst; for however often my lot had been to personate another, yet hitherto I had had the good for-

tune to be aware of what and whom I was performing. Now I might be anybody, from Marshal Soult to Monsieur Scribe; one thing only was certain, — I must be a “celebrity.” The confounded pains and trouble they were taking to receive me attested that fact, and left me to the pleasing reflection that my detection, should it take place, would be sure of attracting a very general publicity. Having ordered my supper from the landlord with a certain air of reserve sufficient to prevent even an Alsace host from obtruding any questions upon me, I took my opportunity to stroll from the inn down to the river-side. There lay the broad, rapid Rhine, separating me, by how narrow a limit, from that land where, if I once arrived, my safety was certain. Never did that great boundary of nations strike me so forcibly as now when my own petty interests and fortunes were at stake. Night was fast settling upon the low, flat banks of the stream, and nothing stirred save the ceaseless ripple of the river. One fishing bark alone was on the water. I hailed the solitary tenant of it, and after some little parley induced him to ferry me over. This, however, could only be done when the night was farther advanced, — it being against the law to cross the river except at certain hours and between two established points, where officers of the revenue were stationed. The fisherman was easily bribed, however, to evade the regulation, and only bargained that I should meet him on the bank before day-break. Having settled this point to my satisfaction, I returned to my hotel in better spirits; and with a Strasburg *paté* and a flask of Niersteiner, drank to my speedy deliverance.

How to consume the long, dreary hours between this time and that of my departure I knew not, for though greatly fatigued, I felt that sleep was impossible; the usual resource of a gossip with the host was equally out of the question; and all that remained was the theatre, which I happily remembered was not far from the hotel.

It was an opera-night, and the house was crowded to excess; but with some little management, I obtained a place in a box near the stage. The piece was “*Les Francs*

Maçons," which was certainly admirably supported, and drew down from the audience — no mean one as judges of music — the loudest thunders of applause. As for me, the house was as great a curiosity as the opera. The novel spectacle of some hundred people relishing and appreciating the highest order of musical genius, was something totally new and surprising to me. The curtain at length fell upon the fifth act; and now the deafening roar of acclamation was tremendous; and amid a perfect shout of enthusiasm, the manager announced the opera for the ensuing evening. Scarcely had this subsided when a buzz ran through the house, at first subdued, but gradually getting louder, extending from the boxes to the balcony, from the balcony to the parterre, and finally even to the galleries. Groups of people stood upon the benches and looked fixedly in one part of the house, then changed and regarded as eagerly the other.

"What can this mean?" thought I. "Is the theatre on fire? Something surely has gone wrong!"

In this conviction, with the contagious spirit of curiosity, I mounted upon a seat and looked about me on every side; but unable still to catch the object which seemed to attract the rest, as I was about to resume my place my eyes fell upon a well-known face, which in an instant I remembered was that of my late fellow-traveller, the courier. Anxious to avoid his recognition, I attempted to get down at once; but before I could accomplish it, the wretch had perceived and recognized me, and I saw him even, with a gesture of delight, point me out to some friends beside him.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered I; "I must leave this at once, or I shall be involved in some trouble."

Scarcely was my resolve taken, when a new burst of voices arose from the pit, the words "*L'Auteur!*" mingling with loud cries for "*Meyerbeer!*" "*Meyerbeer!*" to appear. "So," thought I, "it seems the great composer is here. Oh, by Jove! I must have a peep at him before I go." So, leaning over the front rail of the box, I looked anxiously about to catch one hasty glimpse of one of the great men of his day and country. What was my surprise, however,



Torquato's debut at Hensbury

to perceive that about two thousand eyes were firmly riveted upon the box I was seated in, while about half the number of tongues called out unceasingly, "*M. Meyerbeer! vive Meyerbeer! vive l'Auteur des Francs Maçons! vive les Francs Maçons!*" etc. Before I could turn to look for the hero of the scene, my legs were taken from under me, and I felt myself lifted by several strong men and held out in front of the box, while the whole audience, rising *en masse*, saluted me—yes, me, Harry Lorrequer—with a cheer that shook the building. Fearful of precipitating myself into the pit beneath if I made the least effort, and half wild with terror and amazement, I stared about like a maniac, while a beautiful young woman tripped along the edge of the box, supported by her companion's hand, and placed lightly upon my brow a chaplet of roses and laurel. Here the applause was like an earthquake.

"May the devil fly away with half of you!" was my grateful response to as full a cheer of applause as ever the walls of the house re-echoed to.

"On the stage, on the stage!" shouted that portion of the audience who, occupying the same side of the house as myself, preferred having a better view of me; and to the stage I was accordingly hurried, down a narrow stair, through a side scene, and over half the *corps de ballet*, who were waiting for their *entrée*. Kicking, plunging, buffeting like a madman, they carried me to the "flats," when the manager led me forward to the footlights, my wreath of flowers contrasting rather ruefully with my bruised cheeks and torn habiliments. Human beings, God be praised! are only capable of certain efforts; so that one half the audience were coughing their sides out, while the other were hoarse as bull-frogs from their enthusiasm in less than five minutes.

"You'll have what my friend Rooney calls a *chronic bronchitis* for these three weeks," said I,—"that's one comfort," as I bowed my way back to the "practicable" door, through which I made my exit, with the thousand faces of the parterre shouting my name, or, as fancy dictated, that

of one of *my* operas. I retreated behind the scenes to encounter very nearly as much, and at closer quarters too, as that lately sustained before the audience. After an embrace of two minutes' duration from the manager, I ran the gauntlet from the prima donna to the last triangle of the orchestra, who cut away a back button of my coat as a souvenir. During all this, I must confess, very little acting was needed on my part. They were so perfectly contented with their self-deception that if I had made an affidavit before the mayor, — if there be such a functionary in such an insane town, — they would not have believed me. Wearied and exhausted at length by all I had gone through, I sat down upon a bench, and affecting to be overcome by my feelings, concealed my face in my handkerchief. This was the first moment of relief I experienced since my arrival; but it was not to last long, for the manager, putting down his head close to my ear, whispered, —

“Monsieur Meyerbeer, I have a surprise for you such as you have not had for some time, I venture to say.”

“I defy you on this head,” thought I. “If they make me out King Solomon now, it will not amaze me.”

“And when I tell you my secret,” continued he, “you will acknowledge I cannot be of a very jealous disposition. Madame Baptiste has just told me she knew you formerly, and that she — that is you — were, in fact — you understand — there had been — so to say — a little something between you.”

I groaned in spirit as I thought, “Now am I lost without a chance of escape; the devil take her reminiscences!”

“I see,” continued *le bon mari*, “you cannot guess of whom I speak; but when I tell you of Amélie Grandet, your memory will perhaps be better.”

“Amélie Grandet!” said I, with a stage start; I need not say that I had never heard the name before, — “Amélie Grandet here?”

“Yes, that she is,” said the manager, rubbing his hands; “and *my* wife too.”

“Married! Amélie Grandet married! No, no, it is im-

possible ; I cannot believe it. But were it true, —true, mark me, — for worlds would I not meet her.”

“*Comme il est drôle*,” said the manager, soliloquizing aloud ; “for my wife takes it much easier, seeing they never met each other since they were fifteen.”

“Ho, ho !” thought I, “the affair is not so bad either ; time makes great changes in that space. And does she still remember me ?” said I, in a very Romeo-in-the-garden voice.

“Why, so far as remembering the little boy that used to play with her in the orchard at her mother’s cottage near Pirna, and with whom she used to go boating upon the Elbe, I believe the recollection is perfect. But come along ; she insists upon seeing you, and is at this very moment waiting supper in our room for you.”

“A thorough German she must be,” thought I, “with her sympathies and her supper, her reminiscences and her Rhine wine, hunting in couples through her brain.”

Summoning courage from the fact of our long absence from each other, I followed the manager through a wilderness of pavilions, forests, clouds, and cataracts, and at length arrived at a little door, at which he knocked gently.

“Come in,” said a soft voice inside. We opened, and beheld a very beautiful young woman in Tyrolese costume, — she was to perform in the afterpiece, — her low bodice and short scarlet petticoat displaying the most perfect symmetry of form and roundness of proportion. She was dressing her hair before a low glass as we came in, and scarcely turned at our approach ; but in an instant, as if some sudden thought struck her, she sprang fully round, and looking at me fixedly for above a minute, — a very trying one for me, — she glanced at her husband, whose countenance plainly indicated that she was right, and calling out, “*C’est lui, — c’est bien lui !*” threw herself into my arms and sobbed convulsively.

“If this were to be the only fruits of my impersonation,” thought I, “it is not so bad ; but I am greatly afraid these good people will find out a wife and seven babies for me before morning.”

Whether the manager thought that enough had been done for stage effect, I know not; but he gently disengaged the lovely Amélie and deposited her upon a sofa, to a place upon which she speedily motioned me by a look from a pair of very seducing blue eyes.

"*François, mon cher*, you must put off '*La Chaumière*.' I can't play to-night."

"Put it off! But only think of the audience, *ma mie*, — they will pull down the house."

"*C'est possible*," said she, carelessly. "If that give them any pleasure, I suppose they must be indulged; but I, too, must have a little of my own way. I shall not play!"

The tone this was said in — the look, the easy gesture of command, no less than the afflicted helplessness of the luckless husband — showed me that Amélie, however docile as a sweetheart, had certainly her own way as wife.

While *le cher François* then retired to make his proposition to the audience of substituting something for the "*Chaumière*," — "the sudden illness of Madame Baptiste having prevented her appearance," — we began to renew our old acquaintance by a thousand inquiries into that long-past time when we were sweethearts and lovers.

"You remember me then so well?" said I.

"As of yesterday. You are much taller, and your eyes darker; but still there is something — You know, however, I have been expecting to see you these two days; and tell me frankly, how do you find me looking?"

"More beautiful, a thousand times more beautiful, than ever, — all save in one thing, Amélie —"

"And that is —"

"You are married."

"How you jest! But let us look back. Do you ever think of any of our old compacts?" Here she pulled a leaf from a rosebud in her bouquet and kissed it. "I wager you have forgotten *that*."

How I should have replied to this masonic sign, Heaven knows! But the manager fortunately entered, to assure us that the audience had kindly consented not to pull down the

house, but to listen to a five-act tragedy instead, in which he had to perform the principal character. "So, then, don't wait supper, Amélie, but take care of Monsieur Meyerbeer till my return."

Thus once more were we left to our souvenirs, in which, whenever hard pushed myself, I regularly carried the war into the enemy's camp, by allusions to incidents which, I need not observe, had never occurred. After a thousand stories of our early loves, mingled with an occasional sigh over their fleeting character, — now indulging a soft retrospect of the once happy past, now moralizing on the future, — Amélie and I chatted away the hours till the conclusion of the tragedy.

By this time the hour was approaching for my departure; so, after a very tender leave-taking with my new friend and my old love, I left the theatre and walked slowly along to the river.

"So much for early associations," thought I; "and how much better pleased are we ever to paint the past according to our own fancy, than to remember it as it really was. Hence all the insufferable cant about happy infancy and 'the glorious schoolboy days,' which have generally no more foundation in fact than have the *châteaux en Espagne* we build up for the future. I wager that the real *amant d'enfance*, when he arrives, is not half so great a friend with the fair Amélie as his unworthy shadow. At the same time, I had just as soon that Lady Jane should have no 'early loves' to look back upon, except such as I have performed a character in."

The splash of oars near me broke my reflections, and the next moment found me skimming the rapid Rhine as I thought for the last time, "What will they say in Strasburg to-morrow? How will they account for the mysterious disappearance of M. Meyerbeer? Poor Amélie Grandet!" for so completely had the late incidents engrossed my attention that I had for the moment lost sight of the most singular event of all, — how I came to be mistaken for the illustrious composer.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SURPRISE.

It was late upon the following day ere I awoke from the long, deep sleep that closed my labors in Strasburg. In the confusion of my waking thoughts I imagined myself still before a crowded and enthusiastic audience; the glare of the footlights, the crash of the orchestra, the shouts of "*L'Auteur!*" "*L'Auteur!*" were all before me, and so completely possessed me that as the waiter entered with hot water, I could not resist the impulse to pull off my nightcap with one hand, and press the other to my heart in the usual theatrical style of acknowledgments for a most flattering reception. The startled look of the poor fellow as he neared the door to escape, roused me from my hallucination and awakened me to the conviction that the suspicion of lunacy might be a still heavier infliction than the personation of M. Meyerbeer.

With thoughts of this nature I assumed my steadiest demeanor, ordered my breakfast in the most orthodox fashion, ate it like a man in his senses, and when I threw myself back in the wicker conveniency they call a *calèche*, and bid adieu to Kehl, the whole fraternity of the inn would have given me a certificate of sanity before any court in Europe.

"Now for Munich," said I, as we rattled along down the steep street of the little town, — "now for Munich, with all the speed that first of postmasters and slowest of men, the Prince of Tour and Taxis, will afford us."

The future engrossed all my thoughts; and puzzling as my late adventures had been to account for, I never for a moment reverted to the past. "Is she to be mine?" was the ever-rising question in my mind. The thousand diffi-

culties that had crossed my path might long since have terminated a pursuit where there was so little of promise, did I not cherish the idea in my heart that I was fated to succeed. Sheridan answered the ribald sneers of his first auditory by saying, "Laugh on; but I have it in me, and by —— it shall come out." So I whispered to myself: "Go on, Harry. Luck has been hitherto against you, it is true; but you have yet one throw of the dice, and something seems to say a fortunate one, in store; and if so —" But I cannot trust myself with such anticipations. I am well aware how little the world sympathizes with the man whose fortunes are the sport of his temperament; that April-day frame of mind is ever the jest and scoff of those hardier and sterner natures who, if never overjoyed by success, are never much depressed by failure. That I have been cast in the former mould, these "Confessions" have, alas! plainly proved; but that I regret it, I fear also, for my character for sound judgment, I must answer "No."

"Better far to be
In utter darkness lying
Than be blest with light and see
That light forever flying" —

is doubtless very pretty poetry, but very poor philosophy. For myself — and some glimpses of sunshine this fair world has afforded me, fleeting and passing enough, in all conscience; and yet I am not so ungrateful as to repine at my happiness because it was not permanent, while I am thankful for those bright hours of "Love's Young Dream" which, if nothing more, are at least delightful souvenirs. They form the golden thread in the tangled web of our existence, ever appearing amid the darker surface around, and throwing a fair halo of brilliancy on what, without it, were cold, bleak, and barren. No, no, —

"The light that lies
In woman's eyes,"

were it twice as fleeting as — as it is ten times more brilliant than — the forked lightning, irradiates the dark gloom

within us for many a long day after it has ceased to shine upon us. As in boyhood it is the humanizing influence that tempers the fierce and unruly passions of our nature, so in manhood it forms the goal to which all our better and higher aspirations tend, telling us there is something more worthy than gold, and a more lofty pinnacle of ambition than the praise and envy of our fellow-men; and we may rest assured that when this feeling dies within us, all the ideal of life dies with it, and nothing remains save the dull reality of our daily cares and occupations. "I have lived and have loved," saith Schiller; and if it were not that there seems some tautology in the phrase, I should say such is my own motto. "If Lady Jane but prove true; if I have really succeeded; if, in a word — But why speculate upon such chances? What pretensions have I, what reasons, to look for such a prize? Alas and alas! were I to catechize myself too closely, I fear that my horses' heads would face towards Calais, and that I should turn my back upon the only prospect of happiness I can picture to myself in this world."

In reflections such as these the hours rolled over, and it was already late at night when we reached the little village of Merchem. While fresh horses were being got ready, I seized the occasion to partake of the *table d'hôte* supper of the inn, at the door of which the diligence was drawn up. Around the long and not over-scrupulously clean table sat the usual assemblage of a German "Eilwagen," smoking, dressing salad, knitting, and occasionally picking their teeth with their forks, until the soup should make its appearance. Taking my place amid this motley assemblage of mustachioed shopkeepers and voluminously petticoated Fraus, I sat calculating how long human patience could endure such companionship, when my attention was aroused by hearing a person near me narrate to his friend the circumstances of my *début* at Strasburg, with certain marginal notes of his own that not a little surprised me.

"And so it turned out not to be Meyerbeer after all," said the listener.

"Of course not," replied the other. "Meyerbeer's pass-

port was stolen from him in the diligence by this English *escroc*, and the consequence was that our poor countryman was arrested, the other passport being found upon him; while the Englishman, proceeding to Strasburg, took his benefit at the opera and walked away with above twelve thousand florins."

"*Sappermint!*" said the other, tossing off his beer. "He must have been a clever fellow, though, to lead the orchestra in the *Francs Maçons*."

"That is the most astonishing part of all; for they say in Strasburg that his performance upon the violin was far finer than Paganini's. But there seems some secret in it, after all; for Madame Baptiste swears that he is Meyerbeer, — and, in fact, the matter is far from being cleared up, nor can it be till he is apprehended."

"Which shall not be for some time to come," said I to myself, as, slipping noiselessly from the room, I regained my *calèche*, and in ten minutes more was proceeding on my journey. "So much for correct information," thought I. "One thing, however, is certain, — to the chance interchange of passports I owe my safety, with the additional satisfaction that my little German acquaintance is reaping a pleasant retribution for all his worry and annoyance of me in the *coupé*."

Only he who has toiled over the weary miles of a long journey exclusively occupied with one thought, one overpowering feeling, can adequately commiserate my impatient anxiety as the days rolled slowly over on the long, tiresome road that leads from the Rhine to the South of Germany.

The morning was breaking on the fourth day of my journey as the tall spires of Munich rose to my view, amid the dull and arid desert of sand that city is placed in. "At last!" was my exclamation as the postilion tapped at the window with his whip, and then pointed towards the city, — "at last! Oh! what would be the ecstasy of my feelings now, could I exchange the torturing anxieties of suspense for the glorious certainty my heart throbs for; now my journey is nearing its end, to see me claim as my own

what I only barely aspire to in the sanguine hope of a heart that *will* not despair. But cheer up, Harry ! It is a noble stake you play for, and it is ever the bold gambler that wins." Scarcely was this reflection made half aloud, when a sudden shock threw me from my seat. I fell towards the door, which, bursting open, launched me out upon the road, at the same moment that the broken axletree of the *calèche* had upset it on the opposite side, carrying one horse along with it, and leaving the other, with the postilion on his back, kicking and plunging with all his might. After assisting the frightened fellow to dismount, and having cut the traces of the restive animal, I then perceived that in the *mêlée* I had not escaped scathless. I could barely stand, and on passing my hand along my instep, perceived I had sprained my ankle in the fall. The day was only breaking, and no one was in sight ; so that after a few minutes' consideration, the best thing to do appeared to be to get the other horse upon his legs, and despatching the postilion to Munich, then about three leagues distant, for a carriage, wait patiently on the road-side for his return. No sooner was the resolve made than carried into execution ; and in less than a quarter of an hour from the moment of the accident, I was seated upon the bank, watching the retiring figure of the postilion as he disappeared down a hill on his way to Munich. When the momentary burst of impatience was over, I could not help congratulating myself that I was so far fortunate in reaching the end of my journey ere the mischance befell me. Had it occurred at Stuttgart, I really think that it would have half driven me distracted.

I was not long in my present situation when a number of peasants, with broad-brimmed hats and many-buttoned coats, passed on their way to work. They all saluted me respectfully ; but although they saw the broken carriage, and might well guess at the nature of my accident, yet not one ever thought of proffering his services or even indulging curiosity by way of inquiry. "How thoroughly German !" I thought. "These people are the Turks of Europe, — stupefied with tobacco and strong beer. They have no

thought for anything but themselves and their own immediate occupations." Perceiving at length one whose better dress and more intelligent look bespoke a rank above the common, I made the effort, with such *Plat-Deutsch* as I could muster, to ask if there were any house near, where I could remain till the postilion's return; and learned, greatly to my gratification, that by taking the path which led through a grove of pine-trees near me, I should find a *château*. But who was the proprietor he knew not,—indeed, the people were only newly come, and he believed were foreigners; English, he thought. Oh! how my heart jumped as I said, "Can they be the Callonbys?—Are they many in family? Are there ladies,—young ladies among them?" He knew not. Having hastily arranged with my new friend to watch the carriage till my return, I took the path he showed me, and, smarting with pain at every step, hurried along as best I could towards the *château*. I had not walked many minutes when a break in the wood gave me a view of the old mansion, and at once dispelled the illusion that was momentarily gaining upon me. "They could not be the Callonbys." The house was old, and though it had once been a fine and handsome structure, exhibited now abundant traces of decay: the rich cornices which supported the roof had fallen in many places, and lay in fragments upon the terrace beneath; the portico of the door was half tumbling, and the architraves of the windows were broken and dismantled; the tall and once richly ornamented chimneys were bereft of all their tracery, and stood bolt upright in all their nakedness above the high-pitched roof. A straggling *jet d'eau* was vigorously fighting its way amid a mass of creeping shrubs and luxuriant lichens that had grown around and above a richly carved fountain, and fell in a shower of sparkling dew upon the rank grass and tall weeds around. The gentle murmur was the only sound that broke the stillness of the morning.

A few deities in lead and stone, mutilated and broken, stood like the *Genii loci*, guarding the desolation about them, while an old superannuated peacock, with drooping, ragged

tail, was the only living thing to be seen. All bespoke the wreck of what once was great and noble, and all plainly told me that such could not be the abode of the Callonbys.

Half doubting that the house were inhabited, and half scrupling, if so, to disturb its inmates from their rest, I sat down upon the terrace steps and fell into a fit of musing on the objects about. That strange propensity of my countrymen to settle down in remote and unfrequented spots upon the Continent had never struck me so forcibly ; for although unquestionably there were evident traces of the former grandeur of the place, yet it was a long-past greatness, and in the dilapidated walls, weed-grown walks, the dark and gloomy pine-groves, there were more hints for sadness than I should willingly surround myself by, in a residence. The harsh grating of a heavy door behind roused me ; I turned and beheld an old man in a species of tarnished and worm-eaten livery, who, holding the door, again gazed at me with a mingled expression of fear and curiosity. Having briefly explained the circumstances which had befallen me, and appealed to the broken *calèche* upon the road to corroborate my testimony, which I perceived needed such aid, the old man invited me to enter, saying that his master and mistress had not yet risen, but that he would himself give me some breakfast, of which by this time I stood much in want. The room into which I was ushered corresponded well with the exterior of the house. It was large, bleak, and ill-furnished ; the ample, uncurtained windows, the cold, white-panelled walls, the uncarpeted floor, all giving it an air of uninhabitable misery. A few chairs of the Louis-Quatorze taste, with blue velvet linings, faded and worn, a cracked marble table upon legs that once had been gilt, two scarcely detectable portraits of a mail-clad hero and a scarcely less formidable fair with a dove upon her wrist, formed the principal articles of furniture in this dismal abode, where so sad and depressing did everything appear that I half regretted the curiosity that had tempted me from the balmy air and cheerful morning without, to the gloom and solitude around me.

The old man soon reappeared with a not-despicable cup of *café noir* and a piece of bread as large as a teaspoon, and used by the Germans pretty much in the same way. As the adage of the "gift horse" is of tolerably general acceptance, I ate and was thankful, mingling my acknowledgments from time to time with some questions about the owners of the mansion, concerning whom I could not help feeling curious. The ancient servitor, however, knew little or nothing of those he served; his master was the honorable baron, but of his name he was ignorant; his mistress was young; they had not been many months there; they knew no one, had no visitors; he had heard they were English, but did not know it himself; they were *gute Leute*, "good people," and that was enough for him. How strange did all this seem, that two persons, young, too, should separate themselves from all the attractions and pleasures of the world and settle down in this dark and dreary solitude, where every association was of melancholy, every object a text for sad reflections. Lost in these thoughts, I sat down beside the window, and heeded not the old man as he noiselessly left the room. My thoughts ran on over the strange phases in which life presents itself, and how little, after all, external influences have to do with that peace of mind whose origin is within. "The Indian, whose wigwam is beside the cataract, heeds not its thunders nor feels its sprays as they fall in everlasting dews upon him; the Arab of the desert sees no bleakness in those never-ending plains upon whose horizon his eye has rested from childhood to age. Who knows but he who inhabits this lonely dwelling may have once shone in the gay world, mixing in its follies, tasting of its fascination? And to think that now —" The low murmurs of the pine-tops, the gentle rustle of the water through the rank grass, and my own thoughts combining, overcame me at length, and I slept, — how long I know not; but when I awoke, certain changes about showed me that some length of time had elapsed: a gay wood-fire was burning on the hearth, an ample breakfast covered the table, and the broad sheet of

the "Times" newspaper was negligently reposing in the deep hollow of an arm-chair. Before I had well thought how to apologize for the cool *insouciance* of my intrusion, the door opened, and a tall, well-built man entered; his shooting-jacket and gaiters were evidence of his English origin, while a bushy moustache and most ample "Henri Quatre" nearly concealed features that still were not quite unknown to me. He stopped, looked steadily at me, placed a hand on either shoulder, and calling out, "Harry — Harry Lorrequer, by all that's glorious!" rushed from the room in a transport of laughter.

If my escape from the gallows depended upon my guessing my friend, I should have submitted to the last penalty of the law; never was I so completely nonplussed. "Confound him, what does he mean by running away in that fashion! It would serve him right were I to decamp by one of the windows before he comes back. But hark! some one is approaching."

"I tell you I cannot be mistaken," said the man's voice from without.

"Oh, impossible!" said a ladylike accent that seemed not heard by me for the first time.

"Judge for yourself, — though certainly the last time you saw him may confuse your memory a little."

"What the devil does he mean by that?" said I, as the door opened and a very beautiful young woman came forward, who, after a moment's hesitation, called out, —

"True, indeed, it is Mr. Lorrequer; but he seems to have forgotten me."

The eyes, the lips, the tone of the voice, were all familiar. "What! can it be possible?" Her companion, who had now entered, stood behind her, holding his sides with ill-suppressed mirth, and at length called out, —

"Harry, my boy, you scarcely were more discomposed the last morning we parted, when the yellow plush —"

"By Jove it is!" said I, as I sprang forward, and seizing my fair friend in my arms, saluted upon both cheeks my quondam flame Miss Kamworth, now the wife of my old

friend, Jack Waller, of whom I have made due mention in an early chapter of these "Confessions."

Were I given a muster-roll of my acquaintance to say which of them might inhabit this deserted mansion, Jack Waller would certainly have been the last I should have selected, — the gay, lively, dashing, high-spirited Jack, fond of society, dress, equipage, living entirely in the world, known to and liked by everybody, of universal reputation. Did you want a cavalier to see your wife through a crush at the Opera, a friend in a duel, a rider for your kicking horse in a stiff steeplechase, a bow-oar for your boat at a rowing-match, Jack was your man. Such, then, was my surprise at finding him here that although there were many things I longed to inquire about, my first question was, —

"And how came you here?"

"Life has its vicissitudes," replied Jack, laughing; "many stranger things have come to pass than *my* reformation. But first of all let us think of breakfast; you shall have ample satisfaction for all your curiosity afterwards."

"Not now, I fear; I am hurrying on to Munich."

"Oh, I perceive! But you are aware that — your friends are not there."

"The Callonbys not at Munich!" said I, with a start.

"No, they have been at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, for some weeks. But don't fret yourself; they are expected to-morrow in time for the court masquerade, so that until then at least you are my guest."

Overjoyed at this information, I turned my attention towards Madame, whom I found much improved; the *embon-point* of womanhood had still further increased the charms of one who had always been handsome, and I could not help acknowledging that my friend was warrantable in any scheme for securing such a prize.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JACK WALLER'S STORY.

THE day passed quickly over with my newly found friends, whose curiosity to learn my adventures since we parted anticipated me in my wish to learn theirs. After an early dinner, however, with a fresh log upon the hearth, a crusty flask of red hermitage before us, Jack and I found ourselves alone and at liberty to speak freely together.

"I scarcely could have expected such would be our meeting, Jack," said I, "from the way we last parted."

"Yes, by Jove, Harry, I believe I behaved but shabbily to you in that affair; but 'Love and War,' you know,—and, besides, we had a distinct agreement drawn up between us."

"All true; and, after all, you are perhaps less to blame than my own miserable fortune that lies in wait to entrap and disappoint me at every turn in life. Tell me, what do you know of the Callonbys?"

"Nothing personally. We have met them at dinner, a visit passed subsequently between us, *et voilà tout*; they have been scenery hunting, picture hunting, and all that sort of thing since their arrival, and rarely much in Munich. But how do you stand there? 'To be, or not to be,' eh?"

"That is the very question of all others I would fain solve, and yet am in most complete ignorance of all about it; but the time approaches which must decide all. I have neither temper nor patience for further contemplation of it. So here goes: 'Success to the Enterprise.'"

"Or," said Jack, tossing off his glass at the moment, "or, as they would say in Ireland, 'Your health and inclinations, if they be virtuous.'"

"And now, Jack, tell me something of your own fortunes since the day you passed me in the post-chaise and four."

"The story is soon told. You remember that when I carried off Mary, I had no intention of leaving England whatever; my object was, after making her my wife, to open negotiations with the old Colonel, and after the approved routine of penitential letters, imploring forgiveness and setting forth happiness only wanting his sanction to make it heaven itself, to have thrown ourselves at his feet *selon les règles*, sobbed, blubbered, blew our noses, and dressed for dinner, very comfortable inmates of that particularly snug residence, 'Hydrabad Cottage.' Now, Mary, who behaved with great courage for a couple of days after that, got low-spirited and depressed; the desertion of her father, as she called it, weighed upon her mind, and all my endeavors to rally and comfort her were fruitless and unavailing. Each day, however, I expected to hear something of or from the Colonel that would put an end to this feeling of suspense, — but no, three weeks rolled on; although I took care that he knew of our address, we never received any communication. You are aware that when I married I knew Mary had, or was to have had, a large fortune, and that I myself had not then enough in the world to pay the common expenses of our wedding-tour. My calculation was this: the reconciliation will possibly, what with delays of post, distance, and deliberation, take a month, — say five weeks; now, at forty pounds per week, that makes exactly two hundred pounds, — such being the precise limit of my exchequer when, blessed with a wife, a man, and a maid, three imperials, a cap-case, and a poodle, I arrived at the Royal Hotel in Edinburgh. Had I been Lord Francis Somebody, with his hundred thousand a year, looking for a new 'distraction' at any price, or still more, were I a London shopkeeper spending a Sunday in Boulogne-sur-Mer, and trying to find out something 'expensive, as he had only one day to stay,' I could not have more industriously sought out opportunities for extravagance; and each day contrived to find out some two or three acquaintances to bring home to

dinner. And as I affected to have been married for a long time, Mary felt less awkward among strangers, and we got on famously; still, the silence of the Colonel weighed upon her mind, and although she partook of none of my anxieties from that source, being perfectly ignorant of the state of my finances, she dwelt so constantly upon this subject that I at length yielded to her repeated solicitations and permitted her to write to her father. Her letter was a most proper one, combining a dutiful regret for leaving her home, with the hope that her choice had been such as to excuse her rashness, or at least palliate her fault. It went to say that her father's acknowledgment of her was all she needed or cared for to complete her happiness, and asking for his permission to seek it in person. This was the substance of the letter, which, upon the whole, satisfied me, and I waited anxiously for the reply. At the end of five days the answer arrived. It was thus:—

DEAR MARY, — You have chosen your own path in life, and having done so, I have neither the right nor inclination to interfere with your decision; I shall neither receive you nor the person you have made your husband; and to prevent any further disappointment, inform you that as I leave this to-morrow, any future letters you might think proper to address will not reach,

Yours very faithfully,

C. KAMWORTH.

Hydrabad Cottage.

“This was a tremendous *coup*, and not in the least anticipated by either of us. Upon me the effect was stunning, knowing, as I did, that our fast-diminishing finances were nearly expended. Mary, on the other hand, who neither knew nor thought of the exchequer, rallied at once from her depression, and after a hearty fit of crying, dried her eyes, and putting her arm round my neck, said, —

“‘Well, Jack, I must only love you the more, since papa will not share any of my affection.’

“‘I wish he would his purse, though,’ muttered I, as I pressed her in my arms and strove to seem perfectly happy.

“I shall not prolong my story by dwelling upon the agita-

tion this letter cost me; however, I had yet a hundred pounds left and an aunt in Harley Street, with whom I had always been a favorite. This thought — the only rallying one I possessed — saved me for the time; and as fretting was never my forte, I never let Mary perceive that anything had gone wrong, and managed so well in this respect that my good spirits raised hers, and we set out for London one fine sunshiny morning as happy a looking couple as ever travelled the north road.

"When we arrived at the Clarendon, my first care was to get into a cab and drive to Harley Street. I rang the bell; and not waiting to ask if my aunt was at home, I dashed upstairs to the drawing-room. In I bolted; and instead of the precise old Lady Lilford, sitting at her embroidery, with her fat poodle beside her, beheld a strapping-looking fellow, with a black moustache, making fierce love to a young lady on the sofa beside him.

"'Why, how is this? I really — there must be some mistake here.' In my heart I knew that such doings in my good aunt's dwelling were impossible.

"'I should suspect there is, sir,' drawled out he of the moustache, as he took a very cool survey of me through his glass.

"'Is Lady Lilford at home, may I ask?' said I, in a very apologetic tone of voice.

"'I haven't the honor of her ladyship's acquaintance,' replied he, in a lisp, evidently enjoying my perplexity, which was every moment becoming more evident.

"'But this is her house,' said I; 'at least —'

"'Lady Lilford is at Paris, sir,' said the young lady, who now spoke for the first time. 'Papa has taken the house for the season, and that may perhaps account for your mistake.'

"What I muttered by way of apology for my intrusion, I know not; but I stammered, the young lady blushed, the beau chuckled and turned to the window, and when I found myself in the street, I scarcely knew whether to laugh at my blunder or curse my disappointment.

"The next morning I called upon my aunt's lawyer, and having obtained her address in Paris, sauntered to the 'Junior Club' to write her a letter before post-hour. As I scanned over the morning papers, I could not help smiling at the flaming paragraph which announced my marriage to the only daughter and heiress of the millionaire Colonel Kamworth. Not well knowing how to open the correspondence with my worthy relative, I folded the paper containing the news, and addressed it to 'Lady Lilford, Hôtel de Bristol, Paris.'

"When I arrived at the Clarendon, I found my wife and her maid surrounded by cases and handboxes; laces, satins, and velvets were displayed on all sides, while an emissary from Storr and Mortimer was arranging a grand review of jewelry on a side-table, one half of which would have ruined the Rajah of Mysore to purchase. My advice was immediately called into requisition; and pressed into service, I had nothing left for it but to canvass, criticise, and praise, between times, which I did with a good grace, considering that I anticipated the 'Fleet' for every flounce of Valenciennes lace, and could not help associating a rich diamond aigrette with hard labor for life and the climate of New South Wales. The utter abstraction I was in led to some awkward *contretemps*, and as my wife's enthusiasm for her purchases increased, so did my reverie gain ground.

"'Is it not beautiful, Jack? How delicately worked! It must have taken a long time to do it.'

"'Seven years,' I muttered, as my thoughts ran upon a very different topic.

"'Oh, no, not so much!' said she, laughing; 'and it must be such a hard thing to do.'

"'Not half so hard as carding wool or pounding oyster-shells.'

"'How absurd you are! Well, I'll take this; it will look so well in—'

"'Botany Bay,' said I, with a sigh that set all the party laughing, which at last roused me and enabled me to join in the joke.

"As at length one half of the room became filled with millinery and the other glittered with jewels and *bijouterie*, my wife grew weary with her exertions, and we found ourselves alone.

"When I told her that my aunt had taken up her residence in Paris, it immediately occurred to her how pleasant it would be to go there too; and although I concurred in the opinion for very different reasons, it was at length decided that we should do so; and the only difficulty now existed as to the means, as though the daily papers teemed with 'four ways to go from London to Paris,' they all resolved themselves into one, and that one, unfortunately, to me the most difficult and impracticable, — by money.

"There was, however, one last resource open, — the sale of my commission. I will not dwell upon what it cost me to resolve upon this; the determination was a painful one, but it was soon come to, and before five o'clock that day, Cox and Greenwood had got their instructions to sell out for me, and had advanced a thousand pounds of the purchase. Our bill settled, the waiters bowing to the ground (it is your ruined man that is always the most liberal), the post-horses harnessed, and impatient for the road, I took my place beside my wife, while my valet held a parasol over the soubrette in the rumble, — all in the approved fashion of those who have an unlimited credit with Coutts or Drummond, — the whips cracked, the leaders capered, and with a patronizing bow to the proprietor of the Clarendon, away we rattled to Dover.

"After the usual routine of sea-sickness, fatigue, and poisonous cookery, we reached Paris on the fifth day, and put up at the Hôtel de Londres, Place Vendôme.

"To have an adequate idea of the state of my feelings as I trod the splendid apartments of this princely hotel, surrounded by every luxury that wealth can procure or taste suggest, you must imagine the condition of a man who is regaled with a sumptuous banquet on the eve of his execution. The inevitable termination to all my present splendor was never for a moment absent from my thoughts, and

the secrecy with which I was obliged to conceal my feelings formed one of the greatest sources of my misery. 'The *coup*, when it does come, will be sad enough, and poor Mary may as well have the comfort of the deception as long as it lasts, without suffering as I do.' Such was the reasoning by which I met every resolve to break to her the real state of our finances, and such the frame of mind in which I spent my days at Paris, — the only really unhappy ones I can ever charge my memory with.

"We had scarcely got settled in the hotel when my aunt, who inhabited the opposite side of the Place, came over to see us and wish us joy. She had seen the paragraph in the 'Post,' and, like all other people with plenty of money, fully approved a match like mine.

"She was delighted with Mary, and despite the natural reserve of the old maiden lady, became actually cordial, and invited us to dine with her that day, and every succeeding one we might feel disposed to do so. 'So far so well,' thought I, as I offered her my arm to see her home; 'but if she knew of what value even this small attention is to us, am I quite so sure she would offer it? However, no time is to be lost; I cannot live in this state of hourly agitation; I must make some one the confidant of my sorrows; and none so fit as she who can relieve as well as advise upon them.' Although such was my determination, yet somehow I could not pluck up courage for the effort. My aunt's congratulations upon my good luck made me shrink from the avowal; and while she ran on upon the beauty and grace of my wife, — topics I fully concurred in, — I almost chimed in with her satisfaction at the prudential and proper motives which led to the match. Twenty times I was on the eve of interrupting her and saying, 'But, madam, I am a beggar; my wife has not a shilling; I have absolutely nothing; her father disowns us; my commission is sold; and in three weeks the Hôtel de Londres and the Palais Royal will be some hundred pounds the richer, and I without the fare of a cab to drive me down to the Seine to drown myself.'

"Such were my thoughts; but whenever I endeavored to

speak them, some confounded fulness in my throat nearly choked me, my temples throbbed, my hands trembled; and whether it was shame or the sickness of despair, I cannot say, but the words would not come, and all that I could get out was some flattery of my wife's beauty, or some vapid eulogy upon my own cleverness in securing such a prize. To give you in one brief sentence an idea of my state, Harry, know, then, that though loving Mary with all my heart and soul, as I felt she deserved to be loved, fifty times a day I would have given my life itself that you had been the successful man on the morning that I carried her off, and that Jack Waller was once more a bachelor, to see the only woman he ever loved the wife of another.

“ But this is growing tedious, Harry; I must get over the ground faster. Two months passed over at Paris, during which we continued to live at the Londres, giving dinners, *soirées, déjeûners*. With the prettiest equipage in the Champs Elysées, we were quite the mode; for my wife — which is rare enough for an Englishwoman — knew how to dress herself. Our evening-parties were the most distinguished things going, and if I were capable of partaking of any pleasure in the *éclat*, I had my share, having won all the pigeon-matches in the Bois de Boulogne, and beat Lord Henry Seymour himself in a steeplechase. The continual round of occupation in which pleasure involves a man is certainly its greatest attraction, — reflection is impossible; the present is too full to admit any of the past, and very little of the future; and even I, with all my terrors awaiting me, began to feel a half indifference to the result in the manifold cares of my then existence. To this state of fatalism — for such it was becoming — had I arrived, when the vision was dispelled in a moment by a visit from my aunt, who came to say that, some business requiring her immediate presence in London, she was to set out that evening, but hoped to find us in Paris on her return. I was thunderstruck at the news. Although as yet I had obtained no manner of assistance from the old lady, yet I felt that her very presence was a kind of security to us, and that in

every sudden emergency she was there to apply to. My money was nearly expended, the second and last instalment of my commission was all that remained, and much of even that I owed to tradespeople. I now resolved to speak out. 'The worst must be known,' thought I, 'in a few days, and now or never be it.' So saying, I drew my aunt's arm within my own, and telling her that I wished a few minutes' conversation alone, led her to one of the less frequented walks in the Tuileries gardens. When we had got sufficiently far to be removed from all listeners, I began thus: 'My dearest aunt, what I have suffered in concealing from you so long the subject of my present confession, will plead as my excuse in not making you sooner my confidant.' When I had got thus far, the agitation of my aunt was such that I could not venture to say more for a minute or two. At length she said, in a kind of hurried whisper, 'Go on;' and although then I would have given all I possessed in the world to have continued, I could not speak a word.

"Dear John, what is it? Anything about Mary? For Heaven's sake, speak!"

"Yes, dearest aunt, it is about Mary, and entirely about Mary."

"Ah, dear me! I feared it long since; but then, John, consider, she is very handsome, very much admired, and —"

"That makes it all the heavier, my dear aunt; the prouder her present position, the more severely will she feel the reverse."

"Oh! but surely, John, your fears must exaggerate the danger."

"Nothing of the kind, — I have not words to tell you."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! don't say so," said the old lady, blushing; "for though I have often remarked a kind of gay flirting manner she has with men, I am sure she means nothing by it; she is so young and so —"

"I stopped, stepped forward, and looking straight into my aunt's face, broke out into a fit of laughter, so that she, mistaking it for hysterical from its violence, nearly fainted upon the spot."

"As soon as I could sufficiently recover gravity to explain to my aunt her mistake, I endeavored to do so; but so ludicrous was the *contretemps*, and so ashamed the old lady for her gratuitous suspicions, that she would not listen to a word, and begged me to return to her hotel. Such an unexpected turn to my communication routed all my plans; and after a very awkward silence of some minutes on both sides, I mumbled something about her expensive habits of life, costly equipage, number of horses, etc., and hinted at the propriety of retrenchment.

"Mary rides beautifully," said my aunt, dryly.

"Yes; but, my dear aunt, it was not exactly of that I was going to speak, for, in fact —"

"Oh! John," said she, interrupting, "I know your delicacy too well to suspect; but, in fact, I have myself perceived what you allude to, and wished very much to have some conversation with you on the subject."

"Thank God!" said I to myself; "at length we understand each other, and the ice is broken at last."

"Indeed, I think I have anticipated your wish in the matter; but as time presses, and I must look after all my packing, I shall say good-by for a few weeks; and in the evening, Jepson, who stays here, will bring you *what I mean* over to your hotel. Once more, then, good by!"

"Good by, my dearest, kindest friend!" said I, taking a most tender adieu of the old lady. "What an excellent creature she is!" said I, half aloud, as I turned towards home; "how considerate, how truly kind, to spare me, too, all the pain of explanation. Now I begin to breathe once more. If there be a flask of Johannisberg in the Londres, I'll drink your health this day, and so shall Mary." So saying, I entered the hotel with a lighter heart and a firmer step than ever it had been my fortune to do hitherto.

"We shall miss the old lady, I'm sure, Mary, she is so kind."

"Oh! indeed she is; but then, John, she is *such* a prude."

"Now, I could not help recurring in my mind to some of

the conversation in the Tuileries gardens, and did not feel exactly at ease.

“‘Such a prude, and so very old-fashioned in her notions.’

“‘Yes, Mary,’ said I, with more gravity than she was prepared for, ‘she is a prude; but I am not certain that in foreign society, where less liberties are tolerated than in our country, such a bearing be not wiser.’ What I was going to plunge into, Heaven knows; for the waiter entered at the moment, and presenting me with a large and carefully sealed package, said, ‘*De la part de Miladi Lilfore.*’ ‘But stay, here comes, if I am not mistaken, a better eulogy upon my dear aunt than any I can pronounce.’

“‘How heavy it is,’ said I to myself, balancing the parcel in my hand. ‘There is no answer,’ said I aloud to the waiter, who stood as if expecting one.

“‘The servant wishes to have some acknowledgment in writing, sir, that it has been delivered into your own hands.’

“‘Send him here, then,’ said I.

“Jepson entered. ‘Well, George, your parcel is all right, and here is a napoleon to drink my health.’

“Scarcely had the servants left the room when Mary, whose curiosity was fully roused, rushed over and tried to get the packet from me. After a short struggle I yielded, and she flew to the end of the room, and tearing open the seals, several papers fell to the ground. Before I could have time to snatch them up, she had read some lines written on the envelope, and turning towards me, threw her arms round my neck and said, ‘Yes, Jack, she is indeed all you have said. Look here!’ I turned and read, with what feeling I leave to you to guess, the following:—

DEAR NEPHEW AND NIECE, — The enclosed will convey to you, with my warmest wishes for your happiness, a ticket on the Frankfort Lottery, of which I enclose the scheme. I also take the opportunity of saying that I have purchased the Hungarian pony for Mary, which we spoke of this morning. It is at Johnston’s stable, and will be delivered on sending for it.

“‘Think of that, Jack,—the Borghese pony, with the silky tail, mine! Oh, what a dear, good old soul! It was

the very thing of all others I longed for, for they told me the princess had refused every offer for it.'

"While Mary ran on in this strain, I sat mute and stupefied; the sudden reverse my hopes had sustained deprived me for a moment of all thought, and it was several minutes before I could rightly take in the full extent of my misfortunes.

"How that crazy old maid — for such, alas! I called her to myself now — could have so blundered all my meaning, how she could so palpably have mistaken, I could not conceive. What a remedy for a man overwhelmed with debt, — a ticket in a German lottery and a cream-colored pony! As if my whole life had not been one continued lottery, with every day a blank; and as to horses, I had eleven in my stables already. Perhaps she thought twelve would read better in my schedule, when I, next week, surrendered as insolvent.'

"Unable to bear the delight, the childish delight, of Mary on her new acquisition, I rushed out of the house and wandered for several hours on the Boulevards. At last I summoned up courage to tell my wife. I once more turned towards home and entered her dressing-room, where she was having her hair dressed for a ball at the Embassy. My resolution failed me. 'Not now,' thought I; 'to-morrow will do as well. One night more of happiness for her, and then —' I looked on with pleasure and pride as ornament after ornament, brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, shone in her hair and upon her arms, still heightening her beauty and lighting up with a dazzling brilliancy her lovely figure. 'But then it must come, and whenever the hour arrives, the reverse will be fully as bitter; besides, I am able now, and when I may again be so, who can tell? Now then be it,' said I as I told the waiting-maid to retire; and taking a chair beside my wife, put my arm round her.

"'There, John, dearest, take care; don't you see you'll crush all that great affair of Malines lace which Rosetta has been breaking her heart to manage this half hour?'

"' *Et puis ?*' said I.

“*Et puis* I could not go to the ball, naughty boy. I am bent on great conquest to-night; so pray don't mar such good intentions.’

“‘And would be greatly disappointed were you not to go?’

“‘Of course I should. But what do you mean, — is there any reason why I should not? You are silent, John; speak, oh, speak! Has anything occurred to my —’

“‘No, no, dearest; nothing that I know has occurred to the Colonel.’

“‘Well, then, who is it? Oh, tell me at once!’

“‘Oh! my dear, there is no one in the case but ourselves.’ So saying, despite the injunction about the lace, I drew her towards me, and in as few words, but as clearly as I was able, explained all our circumstances, — my endeavor to better them, my hopes, my fears, and now my bitter disappointment, if not despair.

“‘The first shock over, Mary showed not only more courage, but more sound sense than I could have believed. All the frivolity of her former character vanished at the first touch of adversity, — just as of old, Harry, we left the tinsel of our gay jackets behind when active service called upon us for something more sterling. She advised, counselled, and encouraged me by turns; and in half an hour the most poignant regret I had was in not having sooner made her my confidant, and checked the progress of our enormous expenditure somewhat earlier.

“‘I shall not detain you much longer. In three weeks we had sold our carriages and horses, our pictures (we had begun this among our extravagances), and soon after our china followed; and under the plea of ill-health we set out for Baden, not one among our Paris acquaintances ever suspecting the real reason of our departure, and never attributing any pecuniary difficulties to us, — for we paid our debts.

“‘The same day we left Paris I despatched a letter to my aunt, explaining fully all about us, and suggesting that as I had now left the army forever, perhaps she would interest

some of her friends — and she had powerful ones — to do something for me.

"After some little loitering on the Rhine, we fixed upon Hesse-Cassel for our residence. It was very quiet, very cheap; the country around picturesque, and last, but not least, there was not an Englishman in the neighborhood. The second week after our arrival brought us letters from my aunt. She had settled four hundred a year upon us for the present, and sent the first year in advance; and pledging herself not to forget when an opportunity of serving me should offer, promised us a visit as soon as we were ready to receive her.

"From that moment to this," said Jack, "all has gone well with us. We have, it is true, not many luxuries, but we have no wants, and, better still, no debts. The dear old aunt is always making us some little present or other, and somehow I have a kind of feeling that better luck is still in store. But faith, Harry, as long as I have a happy home and a warm fireside for a friend when he drops in upon me, I scarcely can say that better luck need be wished for."

"There is only one point, Jack, you have not enlightened me upon, — how came you here? You are some hundred miles from Hesse in your present château."

"Oh! by Jove, that was a great omission in my narrative; but come, this will explain it. See here." So saying, he drew from a little drawer a large lithographic print of a magnificent castellated building, with towers and bastions, keep, moat, and even drawbridge, the walls bristling with cannon, and an eagled banner floating proudly above them.

"What, in the name of the sphinxes, is this?"

"There," said Jack, "is the Schloss von Eberhausen, or, if you like it in English, Eberhausen Castle, as it was in the year of the Deluge; since the present mansion that we are now sipping our wine in bears no close resemblance to it. But to make the mystery clear, this was the great prize in the Frankfort lottery, the ticket of which my aunt's first note contained, and which we were fortunate enough to win. We have only been here a few weeks; and though the affair

looks somewhat meagre, we have hopes that in a little time, and with some pains, much may be done to make it habitable. There is a capital *chasse* of some hundred acres, plenty of wood and innumerable rights, seignorial, manorial, etc., which, fortunately for my neighbors, I neither understand nor care for; and we are therefore the best friends in the world. Among others, I am styled the Graf, or Count —”

“Well, then, Monsieur le Comte,” said his wife, coming in, “do you intend favoring me with your company at coffee this evening? For already it is ten o’clock; and considering my former claim upon Mr. Lorrequer, you have let me enjoy very little of his society.”

We now adjourned to the drawing-room, where we gossiped away till past midnight; and I retired to my room, meditating over Jack’s adventures, and praying in my heart that, despite all his mischances, my own might end as happily.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MUNICH.

THE rest and quietness of the preceding day had so far recovered me from the effects of my accident that I resolved, as soon as breakfast was over, to take leave of my kind friends and set out for Munich.

"We shall meet to-night, Harry," said Waller, as we parted, — "we shall meet at the Casino; and don't forget that the Croix Blanche is your hotel, and Schnetz, the tailor in the Grande Place, will provide you with everything you need in the way of dress."

This latter piece of information was satisfactory, inasmuch as the greater part of my luggage, containing my uniform, etc., had been left in the French diligence; and as the ball was patronized by the court, I was greatly puzzled how to make my appearance.

Bad roads and worse horses made me feel the few leagues before me the most tiresome part of my journey. But of course in this feeling impatience had its share. A few hours more, and my fate would be decided; and yet I thought the time would never come. "If the Callonbys should not arrive; if, again, my evil star be in the ascendant, and any new impediment to our meeting arise — But I cannot, will not, think this; Fortune must surely be tired of persecuting me by this time, and, even to sustain her old character for fickleness, must befriend me now. Ah! here we are in Munich, and this is the Croix Blanche. What a dingy old mansion!"

Beneath a massive porch, supported by heavy stone pillars, stood the stout figure of Andreas Behr, the host. A white napkin, fastened in one button-hole and hanging gracefully down beside him, a soup-ladle held sceptre-wise

in his right hand, and the grinding motion of his nether jaw, all showed that he had risen from his *table d'hôte* to welcome the new arrival; and certainly, if noise and uproar might explain the phenomenon, the clatter of my equipage over the pavement might have roused the dead.

While my postilion was endeavoring by mighty efforts, with a heavy stone, to turn the handle of the door, and thus liberate me from my cage, I perceived that the host came forward and said something to him; on replying to which, he ceased his endeavors to open the door, and looked vacantly about him. Upon this I threw down the sash and called out, —

“I say, is not this the Croix Blanche?”

“*Ja*,” said the man-mountain with the napkin.

“Well, then, open the door, pray; I’m going to stop here.”

“*Nein*.”

“No! What do you mean by that? Has not Lord Callonby engaged rooms here?”

“*Ja*.”

“Well, then, I am a particular friend of his, and will stay here too.”

“*Nein*.”

“What the devil are you at, with your *Ja* and *Nein*?” said I. “Has your confounded tongue nothing better than a monosyllable to reply with?”

Whether disliking the tone the controversy was assuming, or remembering that his dinner waited, I know not; but at these words my fat friend turned leisurely round and waddled back into the house, where, in a moment after, I had the pleasure of beholding him, at the head of a long table, distributing viands with a very different degree of activity from what he displayed in dialogue.

With one vigorous jerk I dashed open the door, upsetting at the same time the poor postilion, who had recommenced his operations on the lock, and, foaming with passion, strode into the *salle à manger*. Nothing is such an immediate damper to any sudden explosion of temper as the placid and

unconcerned faces of a number of people who, ignorant of yourself and your peculiar miseries at the moment, seem only to regard you as a madman. This I felt strongly as, flushed in face and tingling in my fingers, I entered the room.

"Take my luggage," said I to a gaping waiter, "and place a chair there, do you hear?"

There seemed, I suppose, something in my looks that did not admit of much parley; for the man made room for me at once at the table, and left the room, as if to discharge the other part of my injunction, without saying a word. As I arranged my napkin before me, I was collecting my energies and my German, as well as I was able, for the attack of the host, which, I anticipated from his recent conduct, must now ensue; but, greatly to my surprise, he sent me my soup without a word, and the dinner went on without any interruption. When the dessert had made its appearance, I beckoned the waiter towards me, and asked what the landlord meant by his singular reception of me. The man shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows without speaking, as if to imply, "It's his way."

"Well, then, no matter," said I. "Have you sent my luggage upstairs?"

"No, sir, there is no room, — the house is full."

"The house full? Confound it, this is too provoking! I have most urgent reasons for wishing to stay here. Cannot you make some arrangement? See about it, waiter." I here slipped a napoleon into the fellow's hand, and hinted that as much more awaited the *finale* of the negotiation.

In about a minute after, I perceived him behind the host's chair pleading my cause with considerable energy; but to my complete chagrin I heard the other answer all his eloquence by a loud "*Nein*," that he grunted out in such a manner as closed the conference.

"I cannot succeed, sir," said the man as he passed behind me; "but don't leave the house till I speak with you again."

"What confounded mystery is there in all this?" thought

I. "Is there anything so suspicious in my look or appearance that the old bear in the fur-cap will not even admit me? What can it all mean? One thing I'm resolved upon, nothing less than force shall remove me."

So saying, I lit my cigar, and in order to give the waiter an opportunity of conferring with me unobserved by his master, walked out into the porch and sat down.

In a few minutes he joined me, and after a stealthy look on each side, said, —

"The Herr Andreas is a hard man to deal with, and when he says a thing, never goes back of it. Now, he has been expecting the new English Chargé d'Affaires here these last ten days, and has kept the hotel half empty in consequence; and as Milor Callonby has engaged the other half, why we have nothing to do; so that when he asked the postilion if you were milor, and found that you were not, he determined not to admit you."

"But why not have the civility to explain that?"

"He seldom speaks, and when he does, only a word or two at a time. He is quite tired with what he has gone through to-day, and will retire very early to bed; and for this reason I have requested you to remain, for as he never ventures upstairs, I will then manage to give you one of the ambassador's rooms, which, even if he come, he'll never miss. So that if you keep quiet, and do not attract any particular attention towards you, all will go well."

This advice seemed so reasonable that I determined to follow it, any inconvenience being preferable, provided I could be under the same roof with my beloved Jane; and from the waiter's account, there seemed no doubt whatever of their arrival that evening. In order, therefore, to follow his injunctions to the letter, I strolled out towards the Place in search of the tailor, and also to deliver a letter from Waller to the chamberlain to provide me with a card for the ball. Monsieur Schnetz, who was the very pinnacle of politeness, was nevertheless, in fact, nearly as untractable as my host of the Cross. All his people were engaged in preparing a suit for the English Chargé d'Affaires, whose trunks

had been sent in a wrong direction, and who had despatched a courier from Frankfort to order a uniform. This second thwarting, and from the same source, so nettled me that I greatly fear all my respect for the Foreign Office, and those who live thereby, would not have saved them from something most unlike a blessing, had not Monsieur Schnetz saved diplomacy from such desecration by saying that if I could content myself with a plain suit, such as civilians wore, he would do his endeavor to accommodate me.

"Anything, Monsieur Schnetz; dress me like the Pope's Nuncio or the Lord Mayor of London, if you like, but only enable me to go."

Although my reply did not seem to convey a very exalted idea of my taste in costume to the worthy artist, it at least evinced my anxiety for the ball; and running his measure over me, he assured me that the dress he would provide was both well-looking and becoming; adding, "At nine o'clock, sir, you'll have it, — exactly the same size as his Excellency the *Chargé d'Affaires*."

"Confound the *Chargé d'Affaires*!" I added, and left the house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

INN AT MUNICH.

As I had never been in Munich before, I strolled about the town till dusk. At that time the taste of the king had not enriched the capital with the innumerable objects of art which render it now second to none in Europe. There were, indeed, then but few attractions, — narrow streets, tall, unarchitectural-looking houses, and gloomy, unimpressive churches. Tired of this, I turned towards my inn, wondering in my mind if Antoine had succeeded in procuring me the room, or whether I should be obliged to seek my lodging elsewhere. Scarcely had I entered the porch when I found him awaiting my arrival, candle in hand. He conducted me at once up the wide oaken stair, then along the gallery, into a large wainscoted room with a most capacious bed. A cheerful wood fire burned and crackled away in the grate, the cloth was already spread for supper (remember, it was in Germany), the newspapers of the day were placed before me, and in a word, every attention showed that I had found the true avenue to Antoine's good graces, who now stood bowing before me, in apparent ecstasy at his own cleverness.

"All very well done, Antoine; and now for supper. Order it yourself for me, — I never can find my way in a German *Speisekarte*; and be sure to have a *fiacre* here at nine, — nine precisely."

Antoine withdrew, leaving me to my own reflections, which now, if not gloomy, were still of the most anxious kind.

Scarcely was the supper placed upon the table, when a tremendous tramping of horses along the street, and loud cracking of whips, announced a new arrival.

"Here they are!" said I, as, springing up, I upset the soup and nearly threw the *rôti* into Antoine's face as he was putting it before me.

Downstairs I rushed through the hall, pushing aside waiters and overturning chambermaids in my course. The carriage was already at the door. "Now for a surprise," thought I, as I worked through the crowd in the porch, and reached the door just as the steps were clattered down, and a gentleman began to descend, whom twenty expectant voices, now informed of his identity, welcomed as the new *Chargé d'Affaires*.

"May all the —"

What I wished for his Excellency it would not be polite to repeat, nor most discreet even to remember; but, certes, I mounted the stairs with as little goodwill towards the envoy extraordinary as was consistent with due loyalty.

When once more in my room, I congratulated myself that now at least no more "false starts" could occur; "The eternal *Chargé d'Affaires*, of whom I have been hearing since my arrival, cannot come twice. He is here now, and I hope I've done with him."

The supper — some greasiness apart — was good, the wine excellent. My spirits were gradually rising, and I paced my room in that mingled state of hope and fear that, amid all its anxieties, has such moments of ecstasy. A new noise without, — some rabble in the street; hark! it comes nearer, — I hear the sound of wheels; yes, there go the horses, — nearer and nearer. Ah! it is dying away again — stay — yes, yes, here it is, here they are! The noise and tumult without now increased every instant, the heavy trot of six or eight horses shook the very street, and I heard the round, dull, rumbling sound of a heavy carriage as it drew up at last at the door of the inn. Why it was, I know not, but this time I could not stir; my heart beat almost loud enough for me to hear, my temples throbbed, and then a cold and clammy perspiration came over me, and I sank into a chair. Fearing that I was about to faint, sick as I was, I felt angry with myself, and tried to rally,

but could not, and only at length was roused by hearing that the steps were let down, and shortly after, the tread of feet coming along the gallery towards my room.

"They are coming, — she is coming," thought I. "Now then for my doom!"

There was some noise of voices outside. I listened, for I still felt unable to rise. The talking grew louder; doors were opened and shut; then came a lull; then more slamming of doors and more talking; then all was still again; and at last I heard the steps of people as if retiring, and in a few minutes after, the carriage-door was jammed to, and again the heavy tramp of the horses rattled over the *pavé*. At this instant Antoine entered.

"Well, Antoine," said I, in a voice trembling with weakness and agitation, — "well, who has arrived?"

"It was his Grace the Grand Maréchal," said Antoine, scarcely heeding my question, in the importance of the illustrious visitor who had come.

"Ah! the Grand Maréchal," said I, carelessly; "does he live here?"

"*Sappermint, nein, mein Herr*; but he has just been to pay his respects to his Excellency the new Chargé d'Affaires."

In the name of all patience, I ask, who could endure this? From the hour of my arrival I am haunted by this one image, — the Chargé d'Affaires. For him I have been almost condemned to go houseless and naked; and now the most sacred feelings of my heart are subject to his influence. I walked up and down in an agony. "Another such disappointment, and my brain will turn," thought I; "and they may write my epitaph, — 'Died of love and a Chargé d'Affaires.'"

"It is time to dress," said the waiter.

"I could strangle him with my own hands," muttered I, worked up into a real heat by the excitement of my passion.

"The Chargé —"

"Say that name again, villain, and I'll blow your brains out," cried I, seizing Antoine by the throat and pinning him

against the wall; "only dare to mutter it, and you'll never breathe another syllable."

The poor fellow grew green with terror, and fell upon his knees before me.

"Get my dressing things ready," said I, in a more subdued tone. "I did not mean to terrify you, — but beware of what I told you."

While Antoine occupied himself with the preparations for my toilet, I sat broodingly over the wood embers, thinking of my fate.

A knock came to the door. It was the tailor's servant with my clothes. He laid down the parcel and retired, while Antoine proceeded to open it and exhibit before me a blue uniform with embroidered collar and cuffs, — the whole, without being gaudy, being sufficiently handsome, and quite as showy as I could wish.

The poor waiter expressed his unqualified approval of the costume, and talked away about the approaching ball as something pre-eminently magnificent.

"You had better look after the *fiacre*, Antoine," said I; "it is past nine."

He walked towards the door, opened it, and then turning round, said, in a kind of low, confidential whisper, pointing, with the thumb of his left hand, towards the wall of the room as he spoke, —

"He won't go; very strange that."

"Whom do you mean?" said I, quite unconscious of the allusion.

"The Chargé d'Aff —"

I made one spring at him; but he slammed the door to, and before I could reach the lobby, I heard him rolling from top to bottom of the oak staircase, making noise enough in his fall to account for the fracture of every bone in his body.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BALL.

As I was informed that the King would himself be present at the ball, I knew that court etiquette required that the company should arrive before his Majesty; and although at every minute I expected the arrival of the Callobys, I dared not defer my departure any longer.

"They are certain to be at the ball," said Waller; and that sentence never left my mind.

So saying, I jumped into the *fiacre*, and in a few minutes found myself in the long line of carriages that led to the *Hof-saal*. Any one who has been in Munich will testify for me that the ball-room is one of the most beautiful in Europe; and to me, who for some time had not been living much in the world, its splendor was positively dazzling. The glare of the chandeliers, the clang of the music, the magnificence of the dresses, the beauty of the Bavarian women, too, all surprised and amazed me. There were several hundred people present, but the King not having yet arrived, dancing had not commenced. Feeling as I did then, it was rather a relief to me than otherwise that I knew no one. There was quite amusement enough in walking through the saloons, observing the strange costumes, and remarking the various groups as they congregated around the trays of ices and the *champagne frappé*. The buzz of talking and the sounds of laughter and merriment prevailed over even the orchestra; and as the gay crowds paraded the rooms, all seemed pleasure and excitement. Suddenly a tremendous noise was heard without; then came a loud roll of the drums, which lasted for several seconds, and the clank of musketry; then a cheer,—it is the King.

"The King!" resounded on all sides; and in another moment the folding-doors at the end of the *Saal* were thrown open, and the music struck up the national anthem of Bavaria.

His Majesty entered, accompanied by the Queen, his brother, two or three archduchesses, and a long suite of officers.

I could not help remarking upon the singular good taste with which the assembly — all anxious and eager to catch a glimpse of his Majesty — behaved on this occasion. There was no pressing forward to the *estrade* where he stood, no vulgar curiosity evinced by any one, but the groups continued, as before, to gather and scatter; the only difference being that the velvet chair and cushion, which had attracted some observers before, were, now that they were tenanted by royalty, passed with a deep and respectful salutation. "How proper this," thought I, "and what an inducement for a monarch to come among his people, who remember to receive him with such true politeness!" While these thoughts were passing through my mind, and I was leaning against a pillar that supported the gallery of the orchestra, a gentleman whose dress, covered with gold and embroidery, bespoke him as belonging to the court, eyed me with his lorgnette, and then passed rapidly on. A quadrille was now forming near me, and I was watching, with some interest, the proceeding, when the same figure that I remarked before, approached me, bowing deeply at every step, and shaking a halo of powder from his hair at each reverence.

"May I take the liberty of introducing myself to you?" said he. "Le Comte Benningsen." Here he bowed again, and I returned the obeisance still deeper. "Regret much that I was not fortunate enough to make your acquaintance this evening when I called upon you," said he, with another salutation.

"Never heard of that," said I to myself.

"Your Excellency arrived this evening?"

"Yes," said I; "only a few hours since."

"How fond these Germans are of titles!" thought I.

Remembering that in Vienna every one is "his Grace," I thought it might be Bavarian politeness to call every one "his Excellency."

"You have not been presented I believe?"

"No," said I; "but I hope to take an early opportunity of paying *mes hommages* to his Majesty."

"I have just received his orders to present you now," replied he, with another bow.

"The devil you have!" thought I. "How very civil that!" And although I had heard innumerable anecdotes of the free-and-easy habits of the Bavarian court, this certainly surprised me, so that I actually, to prevent a blunder, said: "Am I to understand you, Monsieur le Comte, that his Majesty was graciously pleased —"

"If you will follow me," replied the courtier, motioning with his chapeau; and in another moment I was elbowing my way through the mob of marquises and duchesses on my way to the raised platform where the King was standing.

"Heaven grant I have not misunderstood all he has been saying!" was my last thought as the crowd of courtiers fell back on either side, and I found myself before his Majesty. How the Grand Maréchal entitled me, I heard not; but when the King addressed me immediately in English, saying, "I hope your Excellency has had a good journey?" I said to myself, "Come, there is no mistake here, Harry; and it is only another freak of fortune, who is now in good-humor with you."

The King, who was a fine, tall, well-built man, with a large, bushy moustache, possessed, though not handsome, a most pleasing expression; his utterance was very rapid, and his English none of the best, so that it was with the greatest difficulty I contrived to follow his questions, which came thick as hail upon me. After some commonplaces about the roads, the weather, and the seasons, his Majesty said, —

"My Lord Callonby has been residing some time here. You know him?" And then, not waiting for a reply, added: "Pleasant person; well informed; like him much,

and his daughters too, — how handsome they are!" Here I blushed, and felt most awkward, while the King continued, —

"Hope they will remain some time, — quite an ornament to our court. Monsieur le Comte, his Excellency will dance."

I here muttered an apology about my sprained ankle, and the king turned to converse with some of the ladies of the court. His Majesty's notice brought several persons now around me, who introduced themselves; and in a quarter of an hour I felt myself surrounded by acquaintances, each vying with the other in showing me attention.

"Worse places than Munich, Master Harry!" thought I, as I chaperoned a fat duchess, with fourteen quarterings, towards the refreshment-room, and had just accepted invitations enough to occupy me three weeks in advance.

"I have been looking everywhere for your Excellency," said the Grand Maréchal, bustling his way to me, breathless and panting. "His Majesty desires you will make one of his party at whist; so pray come at once."

"*Figaro qu'à, Figaro là,*" muttered I; "never was man in such request. Heaven grant the whole royal family of Bavaria be not mad, for this looks very like it! Lady Jane had better look sharp, for I have only to throw my eyes on an archduchess, to be king of the Bavarian Tyrol some fine morning."

"You play whist, of course, — every Englishman does," said the King. "You shall be my partner."

Our adversaries were the Prince Maximilian, brother to his Majesty, and the Prussian ambassador. As I sat down at the table, I could not help saying in my heart, "Now is your time, Harry; if my Lord Callonby should see you, your fortune is made." Waller passed at this moment, and as he saluted the King I saw him actually start with amazement as he beheld me. "Better fun this than figuring in the yellow plush, Master Jack," I muttered, as he passed on, actually thunderstruck with amazement. But the game was begun, and I was obliged to be attentive. We won the

first game, and the King was in immense good-humor as he took some franc-pieces from the Prussian minister, who, small as the stake was, seemed not to relish losing. His Majesty now complimented me upon my play, and was about to add something, when he perceived some one in the crowd, and sent an aide-de-camp for him.

"Ah, my lord, we expected you earlier!" and then said some words in too low a tone for me to hear, motioning towards me as he spoke.

If Waller was surprised at seeing me where I was, it was nothing to the effect produced upon the present party, whom I now recognized as Lord Callonby. Respect for the presence we were in restrained any expression on either side, and a more ludicrous tableau than we presented can scarcely be conceived. What I would have given that the whist party was over, I need not say; and certainly his Majesty's eulogy upon my play came too soon, for I was now so discomposed, my eyes wandering from the table to see if Lady Jane was near, that I lost every trick, and finished by revoking. The King rose half pettishly, observing that "His Excellency seems fatigued;" and I rushed forward to shake hands with Lord Callonby, totally forgetting the royal censure in my delight at discovering my friend.

"Lorrequer, I am indeed rejoiced to see you. And when did you arrive?"

"This evening."

"This evening! and how the deuce have you contrived already, eh? Why, you seem quite at home here!"

"You shall hear all," said I, hastily; "but is Lady Callonby here?"

"No. Kilkee only is with me, — there he is, figuranting away in a galop. The ladies were too tired to come, particularly as they dine at court to-morrow; the fatigue would be too great."

"I have his Majesty's order to invite your Excellency to dinner to-morrow," said the Grand Maréchal, coming up at this instant.

I bowed my acknowledgments, and turned again to Lord Callonby, whose surprise now seemed to have reached the climax.

"Why, Lorrequer, I never heard of this! When did you adopt this new career?"

Not understanding the gist of the question, and conceiving that it applied to my success at court, I answered at random something about "falling upon my legs, good luck," etc., and once more returned to the charge, inquiring most anxiously for Lady Callonby's health.

"Ah! she is tolerably well. Jane is the only invalid; but then we hope Italy will restore her."

Just at this instant Kilkee caught my eye, and rushing over from his place beside his partner, shook me by both hands, saying, —

"Delighted to see you here, Lorrequer; but as I can't stay now, promise to sup with me to-night at the Cross."

I accepted, of course, and the next instant he was whirling along in his waltz with one of the most lovely German girls I ever saw. Lord Callonby saw my admiration of her, and as it were replying to my gaze, remarked, —

"Yes, very handsome indeed; but really Kilkee is going too far with it. I rely very much upon you to reason him out of his folly; and we have all agreed that you have most influence over him, and are most likely to be listened to patiently."

Here was a new character assigned me, — the confidential friend and adviser of the family, trusted with a most delicate and important secret, likely to bring me into most intimate terms of intercourse with them all; for the "we" of Lord Callonby bespoke a family consultation, in which I was deputed as the negotiator. I at once promised my assistance, saying at the same time that if Kilkee really was strongly attached, and had also reason to suppose that the lady liked him, it was not exactly fair, — that, in short, if the matter had gone beyond flirtation, any interference of mine would be imprudent, if not impertinent. Lord Callonby smiled slightly as he replied, —

"Quite right, Lorrequer. I am just as much against constraint as yourself, if only no great barriers exist; but here, with a difference of religion, country, language, habits, in fact everything that can create disparity, the thing is not to be thought of."

I suspected that his Lordship read in my partial defence of Kilkee a slight attempt to prop up my own case, and I felt confused and embarrassed beyond measure at the detection.

"Well, we shall have time enough for all this. Now let us hear something of my old friend Sir Guy. How is he looking?"

"I am unfortunately unable to give you any account of him. I left Paris the very day before he was expected to arrive there."

"Oh! then I have all the news myself in that case; for in his letter, which I received yesterday, he mentions that we are not to expect him before Tuesday."

"Expect him! Is he coming here then?"

"Yes. Why, I thought you were aware of that. He has been long promising to pay us a visit; and at last, by great persuasion, we have succeeded in getting him across the sea, — and, indeed, were it not that he was coming, we should have been in Florence before this."

A gleam of hope shot through my heart as I said to myself, "What can this visit mean?" and the moment after, I felt sick, almost fainting, as I asked if my Cousin Guy was also expected.

"Oh, yes! We shall want him, I should think," said Lord Callonby, with a very peculiar smile.

I thought I should have fallen at these few words. "Come, Harry," thought I, "it is better to learn your fate at once. Now or never; death itself were preferable to this continued suspense. If the blow is to fall, it can scarcely sink me lower than I now feel." So reasoning, I laid my hand upon Lord Callonby's arm, and with a face pale as death, and a voice all but inarticulate, said, —

"My lord, you will pardon, I am sure —"

"My dear Lorrequer," said his Lordship, interrupting me, "for Heaven's sake sit down. How ill you are looking! We must nurse you, my poor fellow."

I sank upon a bench, the light danced before my eyes, the clang of the music sounded like the roar of a waterfall, and I felt a cold perspiration burst over my face and forehead. At the instant I recognized Kilkee's voice, and without well knowing why or how, discovered myself in the open air.

"Come, you are better now," said Kilkee, "and will be quite well when you get some supper and a little of the tokay his Majesty has been good enough to send us."

"His Majesty desires to know if his Excellency is better," said an aide-de-camp.

I muttered my most grateful acknowledgments.

"One of the court carriages is in waiting for your Excellency," said a venerable old gentleman in a tie-wig, whom I recognized as the Minister for Foreign Affairs, as he added, in a lower tone, to Lord Callonby, "I fear he has been greatly overworked lately. His exertions on the subject of the Greek Loan are well known to his Majesty."

"Indeed!" said Lord Callonby, with a start of surprise; "I never heard of that before."

If it had not been for that start of amazement, I should have died of terror. It was the only thing that showed me I was not out of my senses, which I now concluded the old gentleman must be; for I had never heard of the Greek Loan in my life before.

"Farewell! *mon cher collègue*," said the venerable minister as I got into the carriage, wondering, as well I might, what singular band of brotherhood united one of his Majesty's 4-th with the Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Court of Bavaria.

When I arrived at the White Cross I found my nerves, usually proof to anything, so shaken and shattered that, fearing, with the difficult game before me, any mistake, however trivial, might mar all my fortunes forever, I said a "good-night" to my friends and went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DISCOVERY.

"A NOTE for Monsieur," said the waiter, awaking me at the same time from the soundest sleep and the most delightful dream. The billet was thus :—

If your "Excellency" does not intend to slumber during the next twenty-four hours, it might be as well to remember that we are waiting breakfast. Ever yours,

KILKEE.

"It is true, then," said I, following up the delusion of my dream, — "it is true I am really domesticated once more with the Callonbys; my suit is prospering, and at length the long-sought, long-hoped-for moment is come —"

"Well, Harry," said Kilkee, as he dashed open the door, — "well, Harry, how are you? Better than last night, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, considerably! In fact, I can't think what could have been the matter with me; but I felt confoundedly uncomfortable."

"You did! Why, man, what can you mean? Was it not a joke?"

"A joke!" said I, with a start.

"Yes, to be sure. I thought it was only the sequel of the other humbug."

"'The sequel of the other humbug!' Gracious mercy!" thought I, getting pale with horror, "is it thus he ventures to designate my attachment to his sister?"

"Come, come, it's all over now. What the devil could have persuaded you to push the thing so far?"

"Really, I am so completely in the dark as to your meaning that I only get deeper in the mystery by my chance replies. What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Why, the affair of last night, of course. All Munich is full of it; and most fortunately for you, the King has taken it all in the most good-humored way, and laughs more than any one else about it."

"Oh! then," thought I, "I must have done or said something last night, during my illness, that I can't remember now. — Come, Kilkee, out with it. What happened last night that has served to amuse the good people of Munich? For as I am a true man, I forget all you are alluding to."

"And don't remember the Greek Loan, eh?"

"The Greek Loan?"

"And your Excellency's marked reception by his Majesty? By Jove! though, it was the rarest piece of impudence I ever heard of; hoaxing a crowned head, quizzing one of the Lord's anointed, is *un peu trop fort*."

"If you really do not wish to render me insane at once, for the love of mercy say, in plain terms, what all this means."

"Come, come, I see you are incorrigible: but as breakfast is waiting all this time, you shall have your explanations below stairs."

Before I had time for another question, Kilkee passed his arm within mine and led me along the corridor, pouring out, the entire time, a whole rhapsody about the practical joke of my late illness, which he was pleased to say would ring from one end of Europe to the other.

Lord Callonby was alone in the breakfast-room when we entered, and the moment he perceived me, called out, —

"Eh, Lorrequer, you here still? Why, man, I thought you'd have been over the frontier early this morning."

"Indeed, my lord! I am not exactly aware of any urgent reason for so rapid a flight."

"You are not? The devil you are not! Why, you must surely have known his Majesty to be the best-tempered man in his dominions, then, or you would never have played off

such a *ruse*, — though, I must say, there never was anything better done. Old Heldersteen, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, is nearly deranged this morning about it. It seems that he was the first that fell into the trap. But, seriously speaking, I think it would be better if you got away from this. The King, it is true, has behaved with the best possible good feeling, but — ”

“ My lord, I have a favor to ask, perhaps — indeed, in all likelihood — the last I shall ever ask of your Lordship ; it is this : What are you alluding to all this while ? and for what especial reason do you suggest my immediate departure from Munich ? ”

“ Bless my heart and soul ! you surely cannot mean to carry the thing on any farther ? You never can intend to assume your ministerial functions by daylight ? ”

“ My what ? — my ministerial functions ? ”

“ Oh, no ! that were too much, even though his Majesty did say that you were the most agreeable diplomatist he had met for a long time.”

“ I a diplomatist ! ”

“ You, certainly ! Surely you cannot be acting now ! Why, gracious mercy, Lorrequer ! can it be possible that you were not doing it by design ? Do you really not know in what character you appeared last night ? ”

“ If in any other than that of Harry Lorrequer, my lord, I pledge my honor I am ignorant.”

“ Nor the uniform you wore, — don’t you know what it meant ? ”

“ The tailor sent it to my room.”

“ Why, by Jove ! this will kill me ! ” said Lord Callonby, bursting into a fit of laughter, in which Kilkee, a hitherto silent spectator of our colloquy, joined to such an extent that I thought he might burst a blood-vessel. “ Why, man, you went as the *Chargé d’Affaires*. ”

“ I the *Chargé d’Affaires* ! ”

“ That you did, and a most successful *début* you made of it.”

While shame and confusion covered me from head to foot

at the absurd and ludicrous blunder I had been guilty of, the sense of the ridiculous was so strong in me that I fell upon a sofa and laughed on with the others for full ten minutes.

"Your Excellency is, I am rejoiced to find, in good spirits," said Lady Callonby, entering, and presenting her hand.

"He is so glad to have arranged the Greek Loan," said Lady Catherine, smiling, with a half-malicious twinkle of the eye.

Just at this instant another door opened, and Lady Jane appeared. Luckily for me, the increased mirth of the party, as Lord Callonby informed them of *my* blunder, prevented their paying any attention to me; for as I half sprang forward towards her, my agitation would have revealed to any observer the whole state of my feelings. I took her hand, which she extended to me without speaking, and bowing deeply over it, raised my head and looked into her eyes, as if to read at one glance my fate; and when I let fall her hand, I would not have exchanged my fortune for a kingdom.

"You have heard, Jane, how our friend opened his campaign in Munich last night?"

"Oh! I hope, Mr. Lorrequer, they are only quizzing. You surely could not —"

"Could not! What he could not, what he would not do, is beyond my calculation to make out," said Kilkee, laughing, — "anything in life, from breaking an axletree to hoaxing a king." I turned, as may be imagined, a deaf ear to this allusion, which really frightened me, not knowing how far Kilkee's information might lead, nor how he might feel disposed to use it. Lady Jane turned a half-reproachful glance at me, as if rebuking my folly; but the interest she thus took in me I would not have bartered for the smile of the proudest queen in Christendom.

Breakfast over, Lord Callonby undertook to explain to the court the blunder by which I had unwittingly been betrayed into personating the newly arrived minister; and as

the mistake was more of their causing than my own, my excuses were accepted, and when his Lordship returned to the hotel, he brought with him an invitation for me to dine at court in my own unaccredited character. By this time I had been carrying on the siege as briskly as circumstances permitted; Lady Callonby, being deeply interested in her newly arrived purchases, and Lady Catherine, being good-natured enough to pretend to be so also, left me, at intervals, many opportunities of speaking to Lady Jane.

As I feared that such occasions would not often present themselves, I determined on making the best use of my time, and at once led the conversation towards the goal I aimed at, by asking if Lady Jane had completely forgotten the wild cliffs and rocky coast of Clare, amid the tall mountains and glaciated peaks of the Tyrol?

"Far from it," she replied. "I have a most clear remembrance of bold Moher and the rolling swell of the blue Atlantic, and long to feel its spray once more upon my cheek. But then, I knew it in childhood, — your acquaintance with it was of a later date, and connected with fewer happy associations."

"Fewer happy associations, — how can you say so? Was it not there the brightest hours of my whole life were passed; was it not there I first met —"

"Kilkee tells me," said Lady Jane, interrupting me shortly, "that Miss Bingham is extremely pretty."

This was turning my flank with a vengeance; so I muttered something about difference of tastes, etc., and continued: "I understand my worthy cousin Guy had the good fortune to make your acquaintance in Paris."

It was now her turn to blush, which she did deeply, and said nothing.

"He is expected, I believe, in a few days at Munich," said I, fixing my eyes upon her, and endeavoring to read her thoughts. She blushed more deeply, and the blood at my own heart ran cold as I thought over all I had heard, and I muttered to myself, "She loves him."

"Mr. Lorrequer, the carriage is waiting; and as we are

going to the Gallery this morning and have much to see, pray let us have your escort."

"Oh! I'm sure," said Catherine, "his assistance will be considerable, — particularly if his knowledge of art only equals his tact in botany. Don't you think so, Jane?" But Jane was gone.

They left the room to dress, and I was alone, — alone with my anxious, now half-despairing thoughts, crowding and rushing upon my beating brain. "She loves him, and I have only come to witness her becoming the wife of another. I see it all too plainly, — my uncle's arrival; Lord Callonby's familiar manner; Jane's own confession. All, all convince me that my fate is decided. Now, then, for one last brief explanation, and I leave Munich, never to see her more."

Just as I had so spoken, she entered. Her gloves had been forgotten in the room, and she came in, not knowing that I was there. What would I not have given at that moment for the ready-witted assurance, the easy self-possession, with which I should have made my advances had my heart not been as deeply engaged as I now felt it! Alas! my courage was gone; there was too much at stake, and I preferred, now that the time was come, any suspense, any vacillation, to the dreadful certainty of refusal.

These were my first thoughts as she entered; how they were followed, I cannot say. The same wild confusion of my brain, which I once felt when mounting the breach in a storm-party, now completely beset me; and as then, when death and destruction raged on every side, I held on my way, regardless of every obstacle, and forgetting all save the goal before me, so did I now, in the intensity of my excitement, disregard everything save the story of my love, which I poured forth with that fervor which truth only can give. But she spoke not; her averted head, her cold and tremulous hand and half-drawn sigh, were all that replied to me as I waited for that one word upon which hung all my fortune. At length her hand, which I scarcely held within my own, was gently withdrawn. She lifted it to her eyes, but still was silent.

"Enough," said I; "I seek not to pain you more. The daring ambition that prompted me to love you has met its heaviest retribution. Farewell. *You*, Lady Jane, have nothing to reproach yourself with, — *you* never encouraged, you never deceived me. I, and I alone, have been to blame, and mine must be the suffering. Adieu, then, once more, and forever."

She turned slowly round, and as the handkerchief fell from her hand, — her features were pale as marble, — I saw that she was endeavoring to speak, but could not; and at length, as the color came slowly back to her cheek, her lips moved, and just as I leaned forward, with beating heart, to hear, her sister came running forward, and suddenly checked herself in her career as she said, laughingly, —

"*Mille pardons*, Jane, but his Excellency must take another occasion to explain the quadruple alliance; for mamma has been waiting in the carriage these ten minutes."

I followed them to the door, placed them in the carriage, and was turning again towards the house, when Lady Callonby said, —

"Oh, Mr. Lorrequer, we count upon you! You must not desert us."

I muttered something about not feeling well.

"And then, perhaps, the Greek Loan is engaging your attention," said Catherine, — "or, mayhap, some reciprocity treaty is not prospering."

The malice of this last sally told; for Jane blushed deeply, and I felt overwhelmed with confusion.

"But pray come; the drive will do you good."

"Your Ladyship will, I am certain, excuse —"

Just as I had got so far, I caught Lady Jane's eye, for the first time since we had left the drawing-room. What I read there I could not for the life of me, say; but instead of finishing my sentence, I got into the carriage and drove off, very much to the surprise of Lady Callonby, who, never having studied magnetism, knew very little the cause of my sudden recovery.

The thrill of hope that shot through my heart, succeeding so rapidly the dark gloom of my despairing thoughts, buoyed me up; and while I whispered to myself, "All may not yet be lost," I summoned my best energies to my aid. Luckily for me, I was better qualified to act as cicerone in a gallery than as a guide in a green-house; and with the confidence that knowledge of a subject ever inspires, I rattled away about art and artists, — greatly to the edification of Lady Callonby, much to the surprise of Lady Catherine, and, better than all, evidently to the satisfaction of her to win whose praise I would gladly have risked my life.

"There," said I, as I placed my fair friend before a delicious little Madonna of Carlo Dolce, — "there is, perhaps, the triumph of coloring. From the downy softness of that cheek, the luscious depth of that blue eye, the waving richness of those sunny locks, all is perfect. Fortunately so beautiful a head is not a monopoly, for he painted many copies of this picture."

"Quite true," said a voice behind; "and mine at Elton is, I think, if anything, better than this."

I turned, and beheld my good old uncle, Sir Guy, who was standing beside Lady Callonby. While I welcomed my worthy relative, I could not help casting a glance around to see if Guy were also there; and not perceiving him, my heart beat freely again.

My uncle, it appeared, had just arrived, and lost no time in joining us at the gallery. His manner to me was cordial to a degree; and I perceived that, immediately upon being introduced to Lady Jane, he took considerable pains to observe her, and paid her the most marked attention.

The first moment I could steal unnoticed, I took the opportunity of asking if Guy were come. That one fact was to me all, and upon the answer to my question I hung with deep anxiety.

"Guy here? No, not yet. The fact is, Harry, my boy, Guy has not got on here as well as I could have wished. Everything had been arranged among us; Callonby behaved most handsomely, and as far as regarded myself, I

threw no impediment in the way. But still, I don't know how it was, but Guy did not advance, and the matter now — ”

“Pray, how does it stand? Have you any hopes to put all to rights again?”

“Yes, Harry, I think, with your assistance, much may be done.”

“Oh! count upon me, by all means,” said I, with a sneering bitterness that my uncle could not have escaped remarking, had his attention not been drawn off by Lady Callonby.

“What have I done, what sin did I meditate before I was born, that I should come into the world branded with failure in all I attempt? Is it not enough that my cousin, my elder by some months, should be rich while I am poor, honored and titled while I am unknown and unnoticed, but is he also to be preferred to me in every station in life? Is there no feeling of the heart so sacred that it must not succumb to primogeniture?”

“What a dear old man Sir Guy is!” said Catherine, interrupting my sad reflections, “and how gallant! He is absolutely flirting with Lady Jane.”

And quite true it was. The old gentleman was paying his devoirs with a studied anxiety to please that went to my very heart as I witnessed it. The remainder of that day to me was a painful and suffering one. My intention of suddenly leaving Munich had been abandoned, — why, I knew not. I felt that I was hoping against hope, and that my stay was only to confirm, by the most “damning proof,” how surely I was fated to disappointment. My reasonings all ended in one point. “If she really love Guy, then my present attentions can only be a source of unhappiness to her; if she do not, is there any prospect that, from the bare fact of my attachment, so proud a family as the Callonbys will suffer their daughter to make a mere love-match?”

There was but one answer to this question, and I had at last the courage to make it; and yet the Callonbys had

marked me out for their attentions, and had gone unusually out of their way to inflict injury upon me, if all were meant to end in nothing. "If I only could bring myself to think that this was a systematic game adopted by them to lead to the subsequent arrangement with my cousin; if I could but satisfy my doubts on this head—" What threats of vengeance I muttered, I cannot remember, for I was summoned at that critical moment to attend the party to the palace.

The state of excitement I was in was an ill preparative for the rigid etiquette of a court dinner. All passed off, however, happily, and the King, by a most good-natured allusion to the blunder of the night before, set me perfectly at ease on that head.

I was placed next to Lady Jane at dinner; and half from wounded pride, half from the momentarily increasing conviction that all was lost, chatted away gayly, without any evidence of a stronger feeling than that which the mere vicinity of a pretty person is sure to inspire. What success this game was attended with, I know not; but the suffering it cost me, I shall never cease to remember. One satisfaction I certainly did experience, — she was manifestly piqued, and several times turned towards the person on the other side of her, to avoid the tone of indifference in which I discussed matters that were actually wringing my own heart at the moment. Yet such was the bitterness of my spirit that I set down this conduct on her part as coquetry, and quite convinced myself that any slight encouragement she might ever have given my attentions was only meant to indulge a spirit of vanity, by adding another to the list of her conquests.

As the feeling grew upon me, I suppose my manner to her became more palpably cutting, for it ended at last in our discontinuing to speak; and when we retired from the palace, I accompanied her to the carriage in silence, and wished her a cold and distant good-night, without any advance to touch her hand at parting, — and yet that parting I had destined for our last.

The greater part of that night I spent in writing letters.

One was to Jane herself, owning my affections, confessing that even the rudeness of my late conduct was the fruit of it, and finally assuring her that failing to win from her any return of my passion, I had resolved never to meet her more. I also wrote a short note to my uncle, thanking him for all he had formerly done in my behalf, but coldly declining for the future any assistance upon his part, resolving that upon my own efforts alone should I now rest my fortunes. To Lord Callonby I wrote at greater length, recapitulating the history of our early intimacy, and accusing him of encouraging me in expectations which, as he never intended to confirm them, were fated to prove my ruin. More, much more, I said, which to avow I should gladly shrink from, were it not that I have pledged myself to honesty in these "Confessions;" and as they depict the bitterness and misery of my spirit, I must plead guilty to them here. In a word, I felt myself injured. I saw no outlet for redress, and the only consolation open to my wounded pride and crushed affection was to show that if I felt myself a victim, at least I was not a dupe. I set about packing up for the journey, — whither, I knew not. My leave was nearly expired, yet I could not bear the thought of rejoining the regiment. My only desire was to leave Munich, and that speedily. When all my arrangements were completed, I went down noiselessly to the inn-yard to order post-horses by daybreak; there, to my surprise, I found all activity and bustle. Though so late at night, a courier had arrived from England for Lord Callonby, with some important despatches from the government. This would, at any other time, have interested me deeply; now I heard the news without a particle of feeling, and I made all the necessary dispositions for my journey, without paying the slightest attention to what was going on about me. I had just finished, when Lord Callonby's valet came to say that his Lordship wished to see me immediately in his dressing-room. Though I would gladly have declined any further interview, I saw no means of escape, and followed the servant to his Lordship's room.

There I found Lord Callonby in his dressing-gown and nightcap, surrounded by papers, letters, despatch-boxes, and red-tape-tied parcels, that all bespoke business.

"Lorrequer, sit down, my boy. I have much to say to you; and as we have no time to lose, you must forego a little sleep. Is the door closed? I have just received most important news from England; and to begin." Here his Lordship opened a letter and read as follows:—

MY DEAR LORD, — They are out at last, — the majority on Friday increased to forty yesterday evening, when they resigned; the Duke has meanwhile assumed the reins till further arrangements can be perfected, and despatches are now preparing to bring all our friends about us. The only rumors as yet are, L—— for the Colonies, H—— to the Foreign Office, W—— President of the Council, and, we anxiously hope, yourself Viceroy in Ireland. In any case, lose no time in coming back to England. The struggle will be a sharp one, as the outs are distracted, and we shall want you much. Ever yours, my dear lord,

HENRY ——.

"This is much sooner than I looked for, Lorrequer, — perhaps almost than I wished; but as it has taken place, we must not decline the battle. Now, what I wanted with you is this: if I go to Ireland, I should like your acceptance of the Private Secretary's office. Come, come, no objections; you know that you need not leave the army, — you can become unattached; I'll arrange all that. *A propos*, this concerns you, — it is from the Horse Guards; you need not read it now, though, — it is merely your gazette to the company. Your promotion, however, shall not stop there. However, the important thing I want with you is this: I wish you to start for England to-morrow; circumstances prevent my going from this for a few days. You can see L—— and W——, etc., and explain all I have to say; I shall write a few letters and some hints for your own guidance; and as Kilkee never would have head for these matters, I look to your friendship to do it for me."

Looking only to the past, as the proposal suited my

already made resolve to quit Munich, I acceded at once, and assured Lord Callonby that I should be ready in an hour.

"Quite right, Lorrequer, but still I shall not need this; you cannot leave before eleven or twelve o'clock, — in fact, I have another service to exact at your hands before we part with you. Meanwhile, try and get some sleep; you are not likely to know anything of a bed before you reach the Clarendon."

So saying, he hurried me from the room, and as he closed the door, I heard him muttering his satisfaction that already, so far, all had been well arranged.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

SLEEP came on me without my feeling it, and amid all the distracting cares and pressing thoughts that embarrassed me. I only awoke when the roll of the *calèche* sounded beneath my window, and warned me that I must be stirring and ready for the road.

"Since it is to be thus," thought I, "it is much better that this opportunity should occur of my getting away at once, and thus obviate the unpleasantness of any future meeting with Lady Jane, and the thousand conjectures that my departure, so sudden and unannounced, might give rise to. So be it; and I have now only one hope more, — that the terms we last parted on may prevent her appearing at the breakfast-table." With these words I entered the room where the Callonbys were assembled.

"This is too provoking really, Mr. Lorrequer," said Lady Callonby, with her sweetest smile and most civil manner; "quite too bad to lose you now that you have just joined us."

"Come, no tampering with our party," said Lord Callonby; "my friend here must not be seduced by honeyed words and soft speeches from the high-road that leads to honors and distinctions. Now for your instructions." Here his Lordship entered into a very deep discussion as to the conditions upon which his support might be expected and relied upon, which Kilkee from time to time interrupted by certain quizzing allusions to the low price he put upon his services, and suggested that a mission for myself should certainly enter into the compact.

At length breakfast was over, and Lord Callonby said: "Now make your adieux, and let me see you for a moment in Sir Guy's room; we have a little discussion there, in

which your assistance is wanting." I accordingly took my farewell of Lady Callonby, and approached to do so to Lady Jane; but, much to my surprise, she made me a very distant salute, and said, in her coldest tone, "I hope you may have a pleasant journey." Before I had recovered my surprise at this movement, Kilkee came forward and offered to accompany me a few miles of the road. I accepted readily the kind offer, and once more bowing to the ladies, withdrew. "And thus it is," thought I, "that I leave all my long-dreamed-of happiness, and such is the end of many a long day's ardent expectation." When I entered my uncle's room, my temper was certainly not in the mood most fit for further trials, though it was doomed to meet them.

"Harry, my boy, we are in a great want of you here, and as time presses, we must state our case very briefly. You are aware, Sir Guy tells me, that your cousin Guy has been received among us as the suitor of my eldest daughter. It has been an old compact between us to unite our families by ties still stronger than our very ancient friendship, and this match has been accordingly looked to by us both with much anxiety. Now, although on our parts I think no obstacle intervenes, yet I am sorry to say there appear difficulties in other quarters. In fact, certain stories have reached Lady Jane's ears concerning your cousin which have greatly prejudiced her against him, and we have reason to think most unfairly; for we have succeeded in tracing some of the offences in question, not to Guy, but to a Mr. Morewood, who, it seems, has personated your cousin upon more than one occasion, and not a little to his disadvantage. Now, we wish you to sift these matters to the bottom, by your going to Paris as soon as you can venture to leave London. Find out this man, and, if possible, make all straight. If money is wanting, he must of course have it; but bear one thing in mind, that any possible step which may remove this unhappy impression from my daughter's mind will be of infinite service, and never forgotten by us. Kilkee, too, has taken some dislike to Guy.

You have only, however, to talk to him on the matter, and he is sure to pay attention to you."

"And, Harry," said my uncle, "tell Guy I am much displeased that he is not here; I expected him to leave Paris with me, but some absurd wager at the Jockey Club detained him."

"Another thing, Harry, you may as well mention to your cousin, — that Sir Guy has complied with every suggestion that he formerly threw out; he will understand the allusion."

"Oh, yes!" said my uncle. "Tell him roundly he shall have Elton Hall. I have fitted up Marsden for myself, so no difficulty lies in that quarter."

"You may add, if you like, that my present position with the Government enables me to offer him a speedy prospect of a regiment, and that I think he had better not leave the army."

"And say that by next post Hamercloth's bond for the six thousand shall be paid off, and let him send me a note of any other large sum he owes."

"And above all things, no more delays. I must leave this for England inevitably, and as the ladies will probably prefer wintering in Italy —"

"Oh! certainly," said my uncle; "the wedding must take place at once."

"I scarcely can ask you to come to us on the occasion, though I need not say how greatly we should all feel gratified if you could do so," said my lord.

While this cross-fire went on from both sides, I looked from one to the other of the speakers. My first impression was that, having perceived and disliked my attention to Lady Jane, they adopted this *mauvaise plaisanterie* as a kind of smart lesson for my future guidance. My next impression was that they were really in earnest, but about the very stupidest pair of old gentlemen that ever wore hair-powder.

"And this is all?" said I, drawing a long breath, and inwardly uttering a short prayer for patience.

"Why, I believe I have mentioned everything," said Lord Callonby, "except that if anything occurs to yourself that offers a prospect of forwarding this affair, we leave you a *carte blanche* to adopt it."

"Of course, then," said I, "I am to understand that as no other difficulties lie in the way than those your Lordship has mentioned, the feelings of the parties—their affections—are mutual?"

"Oh! of course; your cousin, I suppose, has made himself agreeable. He is a good-looking fellow, and, in fact, I am not aware why they should not like each other, eh, Sir Guy?"

"To be sure; and the Elton estates run half the shire with your Gloucestershire property. Never was there a more suitable match."

"Then only one point remains, and that being complied with, you may reckon upon my services,—nay, more; I promise you success. Lady Jane's own consent must be previously assured to me; without this, I must positively decline moving a step in the matter: that once obtained, freely and without constraint, I pledge myself to do all you require."

"Quite fair, Harry; I perfectly approve of your scruples." So saying, his Lordship rose and left the room.

"Well, Harry, and yourself,—what is to be done for *you*? Has Callonby offered you anything yet?"

"Yes, sir, his Lordship has most kindly offered me the under-secretaryship in Ireland; but I have resolved on declining it, though I shall not at present say so, lest he should feel any delicacy in employing me upon the present occasion."

"Why, is the boy deranged? Decline it! What have you got in the world that you should refuse such an appointment?"

The color mounted to my cheeks, my temples burned, and what I should have replied to this taunt I know not, for passion had completely mastered me. When Lord Callonby again entered the room, his usually calm and pale face was

agitated and flushed, and his manner tremulous and hurried. For an instant he was silent; then, turning towards my uncle, he took his hand affectionately and said, —

“My good old friend, I am deeply, deeply grieved; but we must abandon this scheme. I have just seen my daughter, and from the few words which we have had together, I find that her dislike to the match is invincible, and, in fact, she has obtained my promise never again to allude to it. If I were willing to constrain the feelings of my child, you yourself would not permit it. So here let us forget that we ever hoped for, ever calculated on, a plan in which both our hearts were so deeply interested.”

These words, few as they were, were spoken with deep feeling, and for the first time I looked upon the speaker with sincere regard. They were both silent for some minutes. Sir Guy, who was himself much agitated, spoke first.

“So be it then, Callonby, and thus do I relinquish one — perhaps the only — cheering prospect my advanced age held out to me. I have long wished to have your daughter for my niece, and since I have known her, the wish has increased tenfold.”

“It was the chosen dream of all my anticipations,” said Lord Callonby; “and now Jane’s affections only — But let it pass.”

“And is there then really no remedy? Can nothing be thought of?”

“Nothing.”

“I am not quite so sure, my lord,” said I, tremulously.

“No, no, Lorrequer; you are a ready witted fellow, I know, but this passes even *your* ingenuity. Besides, I have given her my word.”

“Even so.”

“Why, what do you mean? Speak out, man,” said Sir Guy. “I’ll give you ten thousand pounds on the spot if you suggest a means of overcoming this difficulty.”

“Perhaps you might not accede afterwards.”

"I pledge myself to it."

"And I too," said Lord Callonby, "if no unfair strata-gem be resorted to towards my daughter. If she only give her free and willing consent, I agree."

"Then you must bid higher, uncle; ten thousand won't do, for the bargain is well worth the money."

"Name your price, boy, and keep your word."

"Agreed, then. Holding my uncle to his promise, I pledge myself that his nephew shall be the husband of Lady Jane Callonby. And now, my lord, write Harry, *vice* Guy, in the contract, and I am certain my uncle is too faithful to his plighted word, and too true to his promise, not to say it shall be."

The suddenness of this rash declaration absolutely stunned them both; and then, recovering at the same moment, their eyes met.

"Fairly caught, Guy!" said Lord Callonby. "A bold stroke, if it only succeed."

"And it shall, by G——," said my uncle; "Elton is yours, Harry. And with seven thousand a year, and *my* nephew to boot, Callonby won't refuse you."

There are moments in life in which conviction will follow a bold *coup de main* that never would have ensued from the slow process of reasoning. Luckily for me, this was one of those happy intervals. Lord Callonby, catching my uncle's enthusiasm, seized me by the hand and said, —

"With her consent, Lorrequer, you may count upon mine; and faith, if truth must be told, I always preferred you to the other!"

What my uncle added, I waited not to listen to, but with one bound sprang from the room, dashed upstairs to Lady Callonby's drawing-room, looked rapidly around to see if *she* were there, and then, without paying the slightest attention to the questions of Lady Callonby and her youngest daughter, was turning to leave the room, when my eye caught the flutter of a cashmere shawl in the garden beneath. In an instant the window was torn open, I stood

upon the sill, and though the fall was some twenty feet, with one spring I took it, and before the ladies had recovered from their first surprise at my unaccountable conduct, put the finishing stroke to their amazement by throwing my arms around Lady Jane and clasping her to my heart.

I cannot remember by what process I explained the change that had taken place in my fortunes. I have some very vague recollection of vows of eternal love being mingled with praises of my worthy uncle; and the state of my affections and finances were jumbled up together, but still sufficiently intelligible to satisfy my beloved Jane that this time, at least, I made love with something more than *my own* consent to support me. Before we had walked half round the garden she had promised to be mine, and Harry Lorrequer, who rose that morning with nothing but despair and darkness before him, was now the happiest of men.

Dear reader, I have little more to confess. Lord Caltonby's politics were fortunately deemed of more moment than maidenly scruples, and the treasury benches more respected than the trousseau. Our wedding was therefore settled for the following week. Meanwhile every day seemed to teem with its own meed of good fortune. My good uncle, under whose patronage, forty odd years before, Colonel Kamworth had obtained his commission, undertook to effect the reconciliation between him and the Wallers, who now only waited for our wedding before they set out for Hydrabad Cottage, that snug receptacle of curry and Madeira, Jack confessing that he would rather listen to the siege of Java by that fireside than hear an account of Waterloo from the lips of the Great Duke himself.

I wrote to Trevanion to invite him over to Munich for the ceremony, and the same post which informed me that he was *en route* to join us, brought also a letter from my eccentric friend O'Leary, which, his name having so often occurred in these "Confessions," I am tempted to read aloud, — the more so as its contents are no secret, Kilkee having insisted

upon reading it to a committee of the whole family assembled after dinner.

DEAR LORREQUER, — The trial is over, and I am acquitted, but still in Sainte-Pélagie ; for as the Government were determined to cut my head off if guilty, so the mob resolved to murder me if innocent. A pleasant situation this ! Before the trial I was the most popular man in Paris, my face was in every print-shop, plaster busts of me, with a great organ behind the ear, in all the thoroughfares, and my autograph selling at six-and-twenty sous, and a lock of my hair at five francs. Now that it is proved I did not murder the minister at war (who is in excellent health and spirits), the popular feeling against me is very violent, and I am looked upon as an impostor who had obtained his notoriety under false pretences, and Vernet, who had begun my picture for a Judas, has left off in disgust. Your friend Trevanion is a trump ; he procured a Tipperary gentleman to run away with Mrs. Ram, and they were married at Frankfort on Tuesday last. By the by, what an escape you had of Emily ! She was only quizzing you all the time. She is engaged to be married to Tom O'Flaherty, who is here now. Emily's imitation of you, with the hat a little on one side and a handkerchief flourishing away in one hand, is capital ; but when she kneels down and says, "Dearest Emily," etc., you'd swear it was yourself. [Here the laughter of the auditory prevented Kilkee proceeding, who, to my utter confusion, resumed after a little :] Don't be losing your time making up to Lord Callonby's daughter [here came another burst of laughter] ; they say here you have not a chance, and, moreover, she's a downright flirt. ["It is your turn now, Jane," said Kilkee, scarcely able to proceed.] Besides that, her father's a pompous old Tory, that won't give a sixpence with her ; and the old curmudgeon your uncle has as much idea of providing for you as he has of dying. [This last sally absolutely convulsed all parties.] To be sure, Kilkee's a fool, but he is no use to you. ["Begad, I thought I was going to escape," said the individual alluded to ; "but your friend O'Leary cuts on every side of him."]

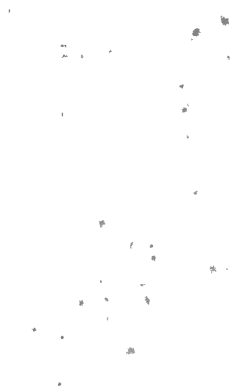
The letter, after some very grave reflections upon the hopelessness of my pursuit, concluded with a kind pledge to meet me soon and become my travelling companion. "Meanwhile," added the writer, "I must cross over to London and look after my new work, which is to come

out soon, under the title of 'The Loiterings of Arthur O'Leary.' "

This elegant epistle formed the subject of much laughter and conversation amongst us long after it was concluded, and little triumph could be claimed by any party, where nearly all were so roughly handled. So passed the last evening I spent in Munich. The next morning I was married.

THE END.





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